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THE NEW YORKER

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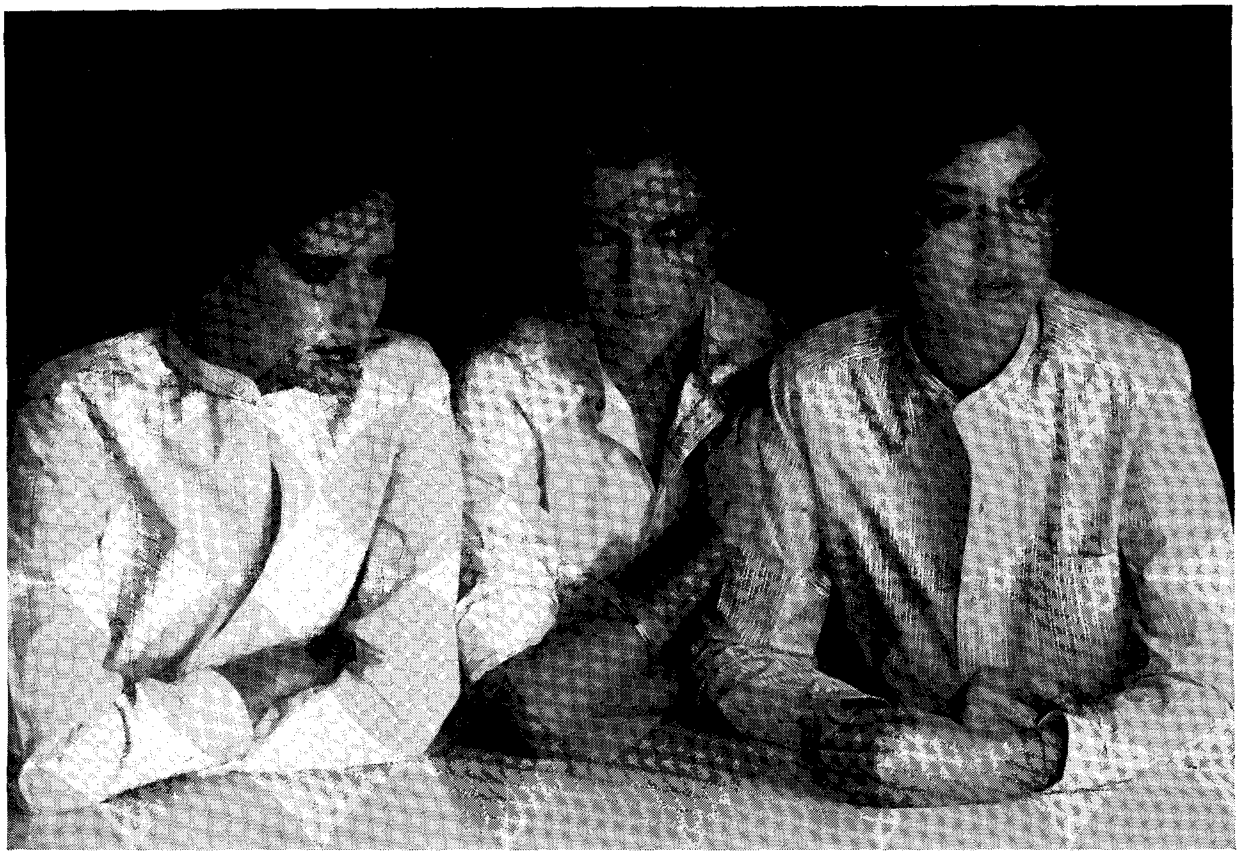

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

African Interlude—Martie Evans-Charles' very promising play, still in the works, about a young, attractive American black woman headed for spinsterhood who is rescued by a brief affair with a visiting African. With Michele Shay and Lou Ferguson as the principals, and Roger Hill, Elaine Jackson, Elaine Graham, and Jimmy Smith in supporting roles. Shauneille Perry directed. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 19. Free.)

Brontosaurus and **Cabin 12**—A pair of one-acters. John Bishop's "Cabin 12," about an inarticulate factory worker and his son at a time of family crisis, is as strong and convincing and ultimately satisfying as Mr. Bishop's "The Trip Back Down," a few years ago, and it is extremely well acted by Edward Seamon and Jonathan Hogan, under Marshall Oglesby's direction. Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," the curtain-raiser, is a monologue with interruptions, delivered, to somewhat puzzling effect, by a rich, harried, antiques-dealing, middle-aged woman. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 19, at 7.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Conjuring an Event—Michael Cristofer heads the cast of a play by Richard Nelson. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—There is more originality and humor (to say nothing of talent) in Sam Shepard's profound tragedy about a California family well endowed with land but literally penniless than one finds in most comedies. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is in every way distinguished. With James Gammon, Olympia Dukakis, Pamela Reed, Ebbe Roe Smith, and Kenneth Welsh, among the able actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Paul Rudd, Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, March 25, at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

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Deathtrap—A superb cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. Ira Levin is the clever author, and the director is Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—A revival of a play by Paul Zindel, with Shelley Winters and Carol Kane. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A beguiling revival of Cole Porter's (and Fred Astaire's) **Gay Divorce** of 1932, with a chipper cast under Robert Brink's direction, and with delightful musical arrangements by Donald Jones. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Nothing is here for tears. Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-

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8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30.)

Museum—Tina Howe's delightful, episodic comedy takes place at an exhibit of modernist American art, and the action is entirely a matter of the responses of the viewers to the invisible paintings and visible artifacts. The performance of the young, refreshing company, under Max Stafford-Clark's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. Admirable set, costumes, and lighting by Robert Yodice, Patricia McGourty, and Jennifer Tipton, respectively. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Offering—An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Gus Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Douglas Turner Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

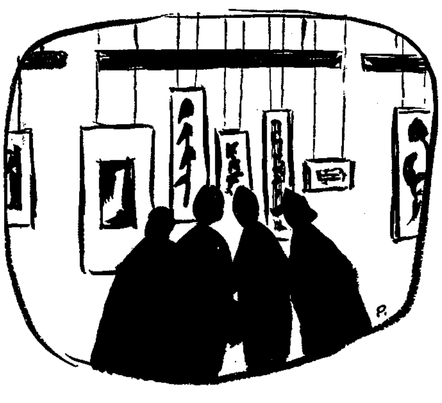
On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A long-winded documentary account of the life of the great singer-athlete-actor. James Earl Jones impersonates Robeson; the text is by Phillip Hayes Dean. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

The Play's the Thing—George Rose's funny performance as an aging, embarrassed actor forced to pronounce the unpronounceable; Kurt Kasznar as a cynical librettist; a lavish suite in a castle on the Riviera (setting by Santo Loquasto); and lavish, witty clothes (costumes by Nancy Potts) are among the delights on hand. A few clinkers are struck as well, but not enough to impair this glorious, frothy comedy by Ferenc Molnár (as adapted by P. G. Wodehouse), which in a sense is about harmless deception but actually is about theatre itself. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 19.)

A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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The Promise—A play by Aleksei Arbuzov. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Red Fox / Second Hangin'—Don Baker, Gary Slemp, and Frankie Taylor, quietly and with no pretensions whatever, but with talent and charm, tell stories about people who lived in the Appalachian Mountains back in the nineties, and their semi-legendary hero, Doc Taylor. The tales are illustrated by projections of old snapshots and accompanied by recordings of country fiddling. Mr. Baker and Dudley Cocke were the writers, Michael Posnick is the director. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 26.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Stages—A play by Stuart Ostrow, with a cast headed by Jack Warden. Directed by Richard Foreman. Previews through Saturday, March 18. Opens officially on Sunday, March 19. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act and **Scenes from Soweto**—A pair of one-acters. "Statements," the most recent of Athol Fugard's strong, affecting plays dealing with the inhuman racial predicament in present-day South Africa, is about the clandestine (and illegal) love affair of a "colored" school principal and a white librarian, and it is very well acted by Robert Christian and Veronica Castang. "Scenes," by Steve Wilmer, which suffers somewhat by comparison, tells of a black South African who returns to Johannesburg from Oxford, is caught up in the racial riots and eventually murdered by the police. Again, Mr. Christian is splendid as the hero, and John Vennema does as well as possible playing the white men in his life, all of them setups. Direction by Thomas Bullard. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 19.)

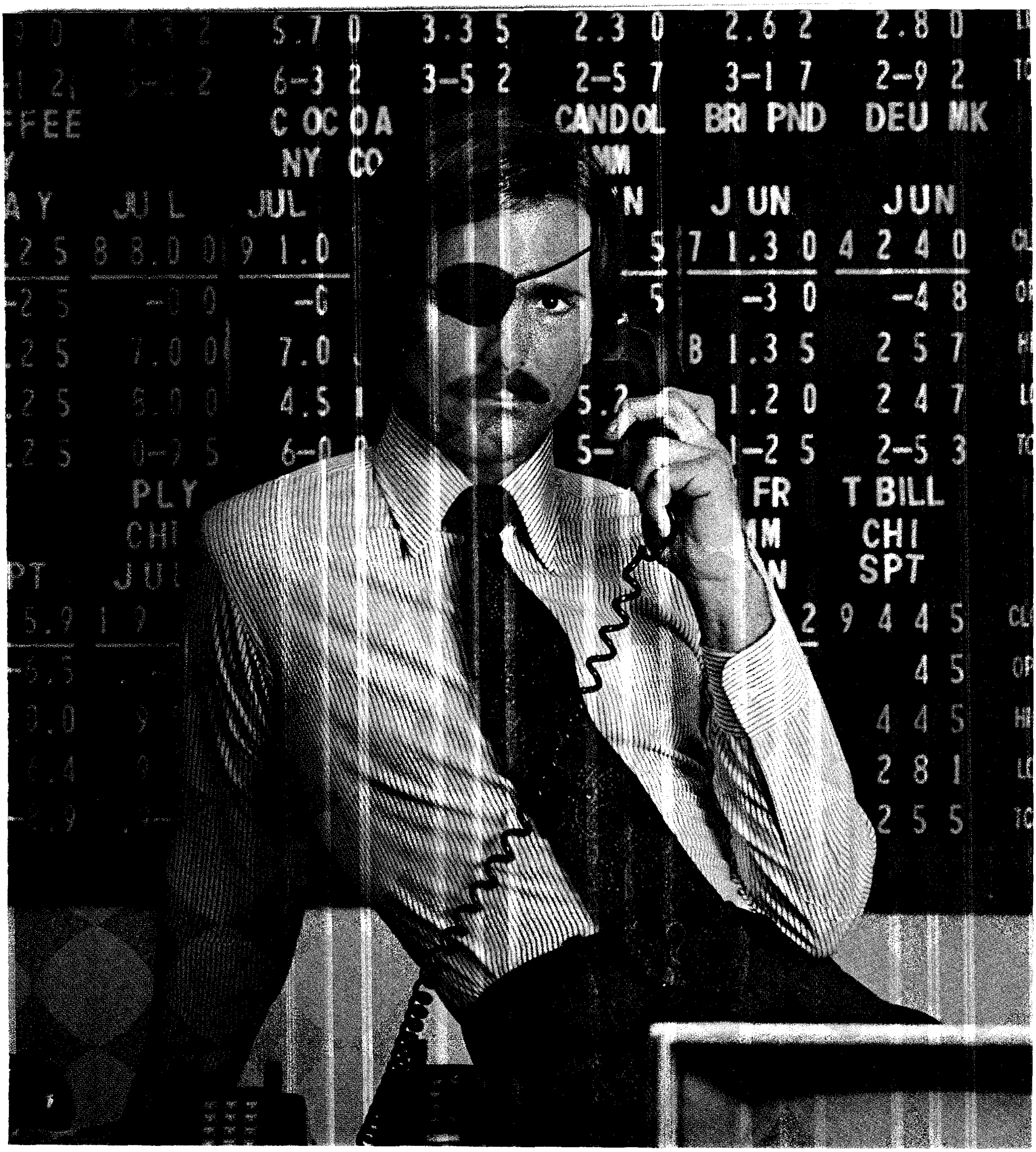
13 Rue de l'Amour—Louis Jourdan, Patricia Elliott, Bernard Fox, and Kathleen Freeman in Georges Feydeau's 1892 farce, adapted and translated by Mawby Green and Ed Feilbert. Directed by Basil Langton. Previews Wednesday, March 15. Opens officially on Thursday, March 16, and will run through Sunday, May 21. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Water Engine—David Mamet's play about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water. Set in a Chicago radio studio in the thirties, it is itself disguised as a broadcast, but in spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. Performed along with it is "Mr. Happiness," a new play by Mr. Mamet. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, March 19.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,432 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west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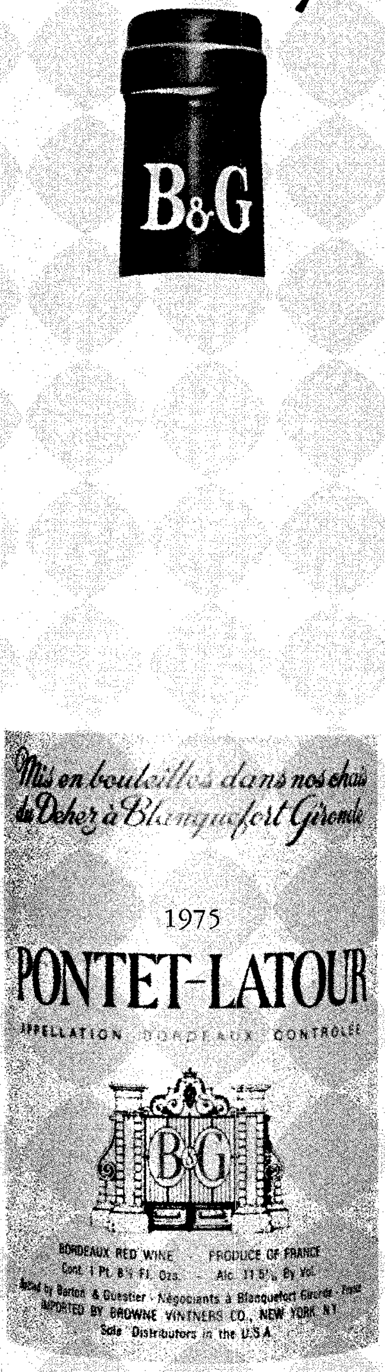
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Carol Swarbrick, Burr Tillstrom (with Kukla and Ollie), and Jack Blackton. Starting Monday, March 20, Bonnie Schon will replace Miss Dussault. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974) in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MASK & WIG SHOW—A musical revue, "Pow! Zowie! Zap!," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Thursday, March 16, at 8. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 21-22, at 8; Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, at 7:30; and Saturday, March 25, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 861-9307, Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1 and 5 and 7.)

CIRCUS—Opening performances of the hundred-and-eighth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's ode to spring which will run through Sunday, June 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 1:30 and 7:30; Friday, March 24, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Saturday, March 25, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Jugglers, clowns, trapeze artists, tumblers, tight-rope walkers, dancers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday and Sunday, March 25-26, at 2 and 4.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "A Thousand Clones," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, March 25, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 682-4600, Monday through Saturday, March 20-25.)

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DANCE

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a five-week season. **SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Wednesday, March 15, and Saturday, March 18, at 8. . . . **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS:** Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, March 19, at 2 and 8. . . . **MINI UMBRELLA:** Diane Gray with her dance company, and Peggy Lyman and Elisa Monte in solo performances, Saturday, March 18, at 2. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement of varied programs of dances set by Mr. Cunningham to the music of John Cage, David Behrman, David Tudor, Takehisa Kosugi, Jon Gibson, and Meredith Monk. The composers will be on hand to perform their own works. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 26.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **PEPSI BETHEL AUTHENTIC JAZZ DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday, March 15, and Friday, March 17, at 8, and Saturday, March 18, at 2. . . . **JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, March 16, and Saturday, March 18, at 8, and Sunday, March 19, at 2. . . . **PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of a brief engagement—Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 8: "Hoopla," "Geometrics," and "Porcelain Dialogues." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 6, and Sunday, March 19, at 2:30: "Schubert," "Déjà Vu," and "Glances." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—A program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 16, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 8; and Sunday, March 19, at 2.)

THÉÂTRE DU SILENCE—A brief engagement by a contemporary dance company (despite its name) from France, appearing here for the first time. Tuesday, March 21, at 7; Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 8; and Sunday, March 26, at 3: "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," "Avalanche," "Le Cordon Infernal," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 7: "Ragtime," "Le Roi des Aulnes," "Ceci Est Cela," "Portrait," "Instantanément," and "Firebird." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Saxophonist David Murray leads a quartet through Saturday, March 18; Tuesday through Saturday, March 21-25, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will head up a quintet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Gary Beach, Maureen Moore, and Gail Nelson sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** is here with a quartet through Saturday, March 18; Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and pianist **NINA SHELDON** will co-pilot a quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—This relatively new restaurant (it opened last November) has been gussied up to look like a cruise ship; in fact, the place, with its open, airy roominess, soft colored lights, and illuminated photographs of Hawaiian beaches on the walls, feels more like Southern California than like Third Avenue. Fine solo pianists can be heard nightly from about seven; some of them are **JILL MCMANUS** (Tuesdays), **ANDY BEY** (Thursdays), **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** (Friday), and **TOM PIERSON** and, from ten, **JAKI BYARD** (Sundays). On Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, singer Jay Clayton and the Jankry Ensemble perform with guest musicians.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** a ragtime, slapstick-rock sextet, will trade sets with the folk-rocking Flying Burrito Brothers on Friday and Saturday, March 17-18; on Sunday and Monday, March 19-20, Roger McGuinn and Gene Clark, who were with the Byrds several years back, will join forces again; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 21-22, British rock and blues singer Long John Baldry will bring in his band; and on Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS** will lead their respective combos. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, March 15-16.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good pianists, and diehard patrons. **JIMMY ROWLES,** the house favorite good pianist, works with **EDDIE GOMEZ,** a moving bassist, from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING,** the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is filling in during Bobby Short's midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other numbers Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON,** who is always elegant, understated, and swinging, presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—young musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Sundays, pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** who was born in Honey Grove, Texas, some seventy years ago and who has been a tap dancer and a politician, plays genuine boogie-woogie. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**BUCK CLAYTON,** one of the stars of the Count Basie band in the thirties and forties, is

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starring here with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, the international café-society singer-pianist, will return to the Aquarium Lounge on Tuesday, March 21, with his collection of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder tunes. He performs from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, March 21, trumpeter DOC CHEATHAM, saxophonist SAM MARGOLIS, and trombonist GEORGE MASSO will sit in with the regulars. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 19, SCOTT HAMILTON, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, featuring pianist NORMAN SIMMONS, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist HOD O'BRIEN works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist JOE PUMA and bassist FRANK LUTHER, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays AL HAIG, JAMIL NASSER, and EDDIE DIEHL perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Electric violinist and saxophonist MICHAL URBANIAK and his wife, vocalist URSULA DUDZIAK, work with a lively, uplifting jazz-rock sextet through Saturday, March 18; on Monday, March 20, baritone DAVID ALLYN will arrive with a backing trio. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist BROOKS KERR is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist AARON BELL and longtime Ellington drummer SONNY GREER on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and both Kerr and Bell are here along with alto saxophonist and clarinettist RUSSELL PROCOPE and drummer SHELTON GARY Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This progressive-country-and-Western-music bar and chili house bills itself as "the biggest honky-tonk north of Abilene," but the place is actually a hangout for homesick Austin, Texas, transplants. On Wednesday, March 15, Delbert McClinton will be here with his Texas-rock band; Thursday through Sunday, March 16-19, Greezy Wheels, a country band from Austin, will move in; Monday and Tuesday, March 20-21, the Mission Mountain Wood Band—it comes from Montana—will perform; Wednesday, March 22, will be given over to Tompall Glaser and his band; and Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25, the Wendel Atkins band will take over.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—FRANCINE CAROLL, a good singer of the thirties canon, is paying tribute to Sophie Tucker Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

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OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Country singer Joe Ely is present on Wednesday, March 15; Thursday through Saturday, March 16-18, Brewer & Shipley, a folk-rock duo, will be onstage; and Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI will head a quartet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PETER BROWN, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side. Pianist MIKE LONGO leads a quintet that features HAROLD VICK on tenor saxophone Thursday through Saturday, March 16-18; Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25, Stella Marrs will sing with a trio. Music from ten. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! SY OLIVER is back and in charge of a dance septet that plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer and actor Carleton Carpenter does the nine-o'clock show, and Geraldine Fitzgerald, the second show, at eleven-thirty, through Saturday, March 18. On Tuesday, March 21, the Harlettes, a vocal trio that used to back up Bette Midler, will arrive with their band. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist BOB DOROUGH'S trio provides the music in this knotty-pine jazz club through Sunday, March 19; on Monday, March 20, guitarist John Scofield will head up a quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 21-25, streamlined and businesslike tenor saxophonist STAN GETZ will work with his latest quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra. Dinner. Music downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine's soul-jazz quartet begins at ten; on Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, solo guitarist LARRY CORYELL will be here. On Mondays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, a jazz-rock organization called Turning Point takes charge. Music all over: In the ground-floor bar area, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, bassist LISLE ATKINSON, and guitarist EDDIE BERG collaborate on Thursdays from ten to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer MAX ROACH and his quartet—trumpeter CECIL BRIDGEWATER, tenor saxophonist BILLY HARPER, and bassist REGGIE WORKMAN—are performing here through Sunday, March 19. Roach's introductions to the pieces tend to be professorial (he's on the faculty of the University of Massachusetts); the group's solos, which are well received, are fashionably long and drawn out and, sometimes, a bit self-indulgent. On Tuesday, March 21, pianist RED GARLAND, who did so much for the Miles Davis groups of the fifties, will bring in a trio. On Mondays, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS institution, in its tenth year—that's longer than Monday-night football—blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian, who knows what he's doing, too, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly. The COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE, and JO JONES, JR.—perform through Thursday, March 23. EDDIE DURHAM, a pioneer electric guitarist—he started out in the twenties—will lead a sextet on Friday and Saturday, March 24-25. Live music from nine to one-thirty, every night but Monday, March 20, when rare records will be played and commented on by Eddie Durham, starting at eight.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—in the music and bar area grow on one. Pianist HAROLD DANKO, who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, and his bassist dazzle their audiences with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage" Tuesdays through Saturdays. JILL MCMANUS, an animated Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, works on Sundays. Music from nine. Dinner.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 15, at 5:45: PHYLLIS NEWMAN. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 22, at 5:45: BOBBI BAIRD.

DIRECTIONS WITH JACK DEJOHNETTE—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, March 15-16, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 10 and at midnight.

JOHN DENVER—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 8.

CLANCY BROTHERS—With Mary O'Dowd. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

OSCAR BRAND—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third

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Dickey Betts & Great Southern—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, March 17, at 8.

Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy—Town Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.

Styx—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, March 18-19, at 8.

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Tommy Flanagan Trio and Roy Eldridge. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 19, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth in a series of programs in which composers (in this case Arthur Schwartz) discuss their collaboration with various lyricists, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, March 19-20, at 8.)

Oregon and **Richard Beirach**—Public Theatre. Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 10 and at midnight.

Renaissance—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Sunday, March 23-26, at 8.

Art Garfunkel—With Dan Hill. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 24, at 8.)

Teruo Nakamura and the Rising Sun—Town Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.

Sylvers—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, March 25-26, at 7 and 11.

Journey, Ronnie Montrose, and **Van Halen**—Palladium. Saturday, March 25, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yannis Amoryanos—Self-consciously naïve paintings of placid jungle animals browsing among pretty flowers. Through Sunday, March 19. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Benny Andrews—Crudely drawn, powerful portraits, many of them ornamented with collage papier-mâché noses and other features, make up this show, provocatively titled "Women I've Known;" they include Eve and Ms. Liberty. Through March 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Small, beautifully colored abstracts done in various mediums and reminiscent of Klee. Through Saturday, March 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938) **and Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)—Landscape paintings from the twenties and thirties by two early members of the Stieglitz gallery group. Through Saturday, March 25. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Brightly colored, sharply defined, and neatly balanced abstract designs painted on shaped canvases (oval, diamond, triangular), plus a new series of his equally brightly colored wood columns, a couple of them eight feet tall. Through Friday, March 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of reclining female figures, a few of them larger than life, and most of them paying homage to Picasso. Through March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A show covering nearly forty years of cartooning by this artist whose work cannot be mistaken for anybody else's, and whose portrayal of action is such that his characters sometimes seem to be bursting off the paper they're drawn on. Through April 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Color abstractions. Through March 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Of the forty known watercolors by this American landscape artist who turned out two thousand oils, twenty-three are on view in this exhibition—most of them quiet and restful sylvan scenes, except for a large, head-on presentation of Niagara Falls and one of Ausable Chasm. Through Saturday, March 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

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William Kienbusch—Small semi-abstract pastel-on-paper works based on country scenes. Through Saturday, March 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ron Martin and Henry Saxe—Representative works by two Canadian artists. The former, a painter, piles black acrylic on black acrylic; the latter, a sculptor, uses rough slabs of cement and metal structural materials in his pieces, one of which takes up a whole room. Through March 26. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings. Through April 1. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

William Ridenhour—Plain brick walls provide the subject matter for this painter, who, curiously, specialized in cellular physiology at Johns Hopkins before he gave up his microscope for the easel. Through March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and graphics, each consisting entirely of a single phrase ("He Enjoys the Co. of Women" and "You Know the Old Story" are two of them). Through April 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Scholder—A new crop of oil paintings by this specialist in untamed, scary-looking Indian warriors and their wives and their tepees. Some of their savage, wolfish dogs are also portrayed. Through April 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Some sober-looking clowns by Rouault; a crooked landscape by Soutine; and one of Dubuffet's gravelly works entitled "Personnages d'Enterrement" are included in this show of European painters. Through March 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: A de Kooning landscape, a vintage Braque, and a large Lichtenstein are included in a select show of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Through April 8. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An unusual Raoul Dufy depicting a jaunty-looking gardener, and a spirited Léger centered on a sadly abused tree trunk are among the paintings now on exhibition. Through April 8. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists: Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele. Through April 29.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Sydney Butchkes—Panels stained a solid color and arranged in harmonious groups of from two to eight pieces. Through March 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani—New paintings and drawings. Among them are four paintings of the same idyllic rural landscape depicted in all seasons, plus this identical view reduced to its geometric parts. Through March 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—Striped monochromatic paintings. Through Thursday, March 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Panoramic landscapes of Manhattan and Maine, painted with a patient, almost primitive attention to detail and with a masterly skill in handling oils. Through Friday, March 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harry Gottlieb—A sampling of the work of this veteran New York social realist painter, consisting of oils, watercolors, and wash drawings, all done in a vigorous style. Through Saturday, March 18. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Allan Hacklin—Sculptures made of a pale Russian plywood polished with white plaster. Through Saturday, March 18. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

James Hagan / Bisson Frères—Rough-hewn abstract wood sculptures. / No-nonsense photographs, taken in 1861, marking the "Première Ascension Photographique au Mont Blanc." Through Saturday, March 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Budd Hopkins—Early-career Abstract Expressionist oils. Through Saturday, March 25. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstractions worked out in diamond-shaped segments on diamond-shaped canvases. Through March 30. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Recent works, most of them studies of heads. Through Saturday, March 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Gouache paintings, mostly of workshop scenes, in which people are building things, plus colorful lithographs based on these works. Through Friday, March 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Outsize paintings of fruits and vegetables that are done with this artist's usual mechanical skill but that seem to have lost their vital life signs somewhere along the way. Through Saturday, March 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Stephen Pace—Recent figurative paintings. Through April 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Symmetrical painted-wood sculptures arranged in groups and pairs. Through Saturday, March 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Paintings and drawings dating from the thirties through the sixties make up an exhibit planned before the artist's death last month. Through April 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rodney Ripps—Friezelike wall pieces. Through Saturday, March 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—New works consisting of fabric pieced together to form chaotic patterns. Through Saturday, March 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Bleak landscapes in England, Scotland, and Maine, most of them transfigured by the glow of spectacular sunsets. Through Saturday, March 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joan Snyder—New works by this feminist polemicist, who uses clippings about sex crimes as collage in her paintings. Through Saturday, March 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—In one of the experimental compositions in this exhibit (two square frames painted side by side on the same canvas and each containing just one brushstroke of thick color), the artist manages to evoke van Gogh and Goya—a small triumph of abstraction and color. The helpful title is "Van Gogh and Goya." Through Saturday, March 25. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—A bravura display of versatility, ranging from drawings made up of infinitesimal pen-and-ink cross-hatching to lively abstracts that are like fireworks against the night sky. Through Saturday, March 18. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Jud Nelson—Oils of repeated floral patterns. / Styrofoam sculptures of common objects—tea bags, a bench, shoes—carved to size. Through April 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

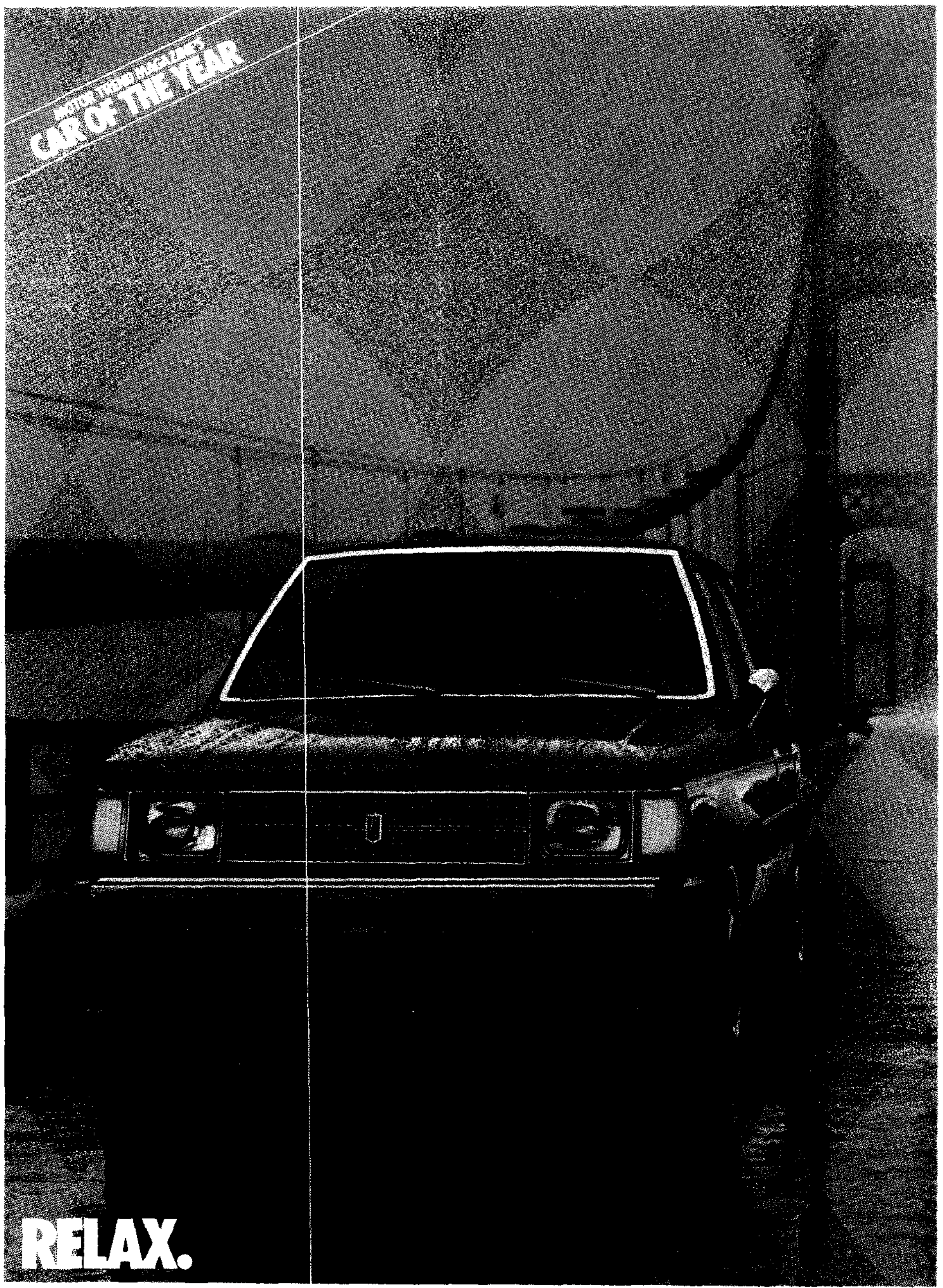
Glass Paperweights—Sixty-five classic nineteenth-century paperweights from French and American factories, the finest example of which is a Clichy-made weight shaped like a flower-filled basket. A benefit exhibit. Through April 1. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: A watercolor aerial view of Machu Picchu by Philip Pearlstein, and Joan Brown's acrylic-on-paper portrayals of men and women in her so-called Dating Series are some of the recent works on paper here. Through March 30. . . . **hammer,** 51 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Pissarro, Bonnard, and others. Through Saturday, March 18. . . . **multiples-goodman,** 38 E. 57th St.: A Dada-esque show called "Objects." Among the objectors are H. C. Westermann, Andy Warhol, and Jasper Johns. Through April 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—The major piece in this show of new sculptures consists of a hundred and fifty-six hot-rolled steel plates, each twenty inches square, laid out flat on the floor in a shape derived from an Egyptian tomb entrance. There are two additional works, one

WHEN IT RAINS IT SHINES.



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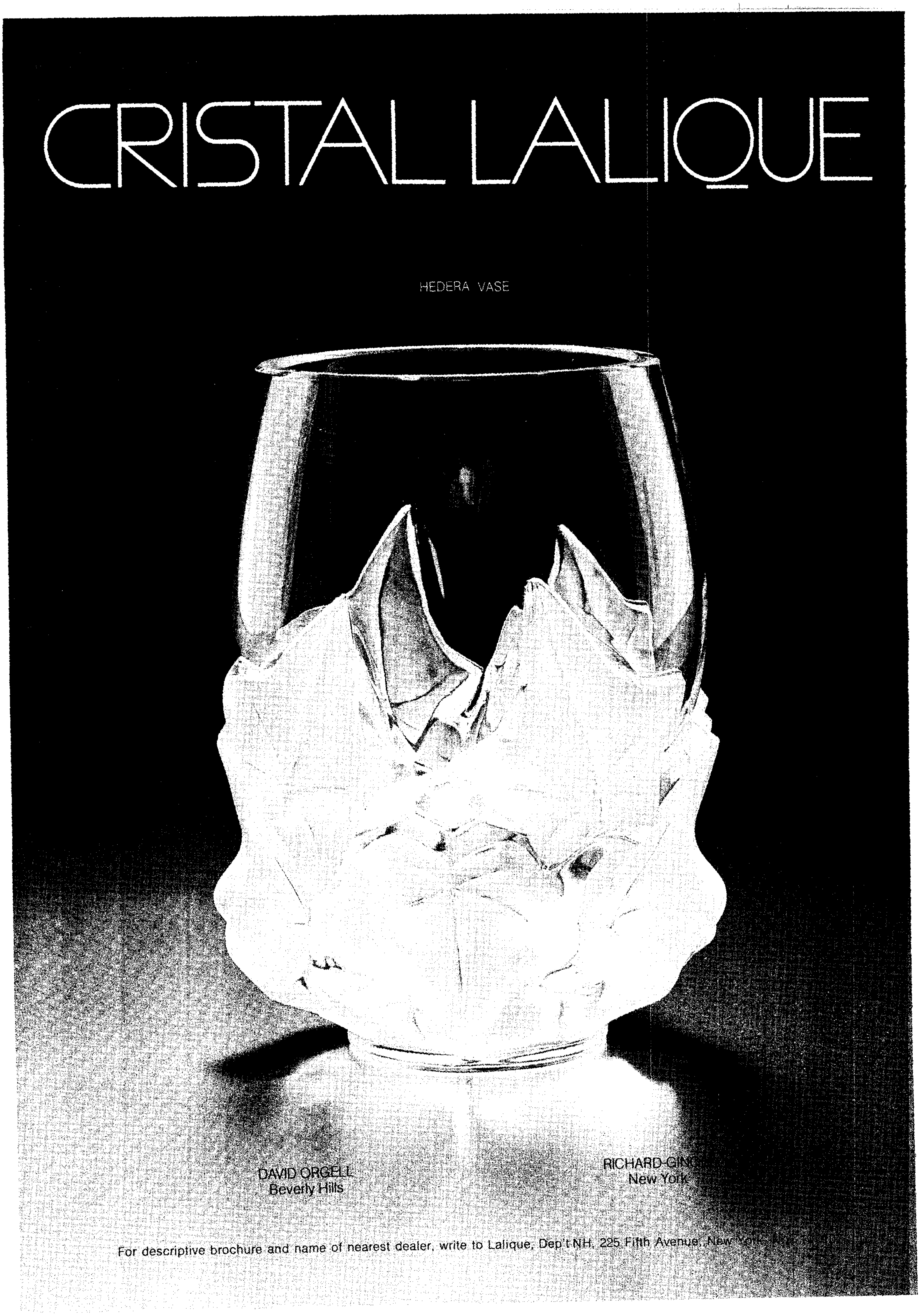

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

made up of forty-five such plates and the other of thirty-six. Through March 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

ALICE AYCOCK—Two of her architectural fantasies for a pleasant shantytown have been built here in wood on a scale almost big enough for somebody to live in. Also shown are drawings for a secret community surrounded by labyrinthine passages that lead nowhere. Through March 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

HENRY CHALFANT—Limestone carvings. Through April 1. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MAUREEN CONNOR—Wall decorations in which dresses and other feminine garments seem to have been taken apart at the seams and reassembled into flat designs. Through March 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

GEORGE GREEN—Large trompe-l'oeil oils in which mill-end remnants of leathery-looking materials are seen hanging down the face of the canvas, like a curtain. Through Thursday, March 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

GORDON HART / STUART SHEDLETSKY—Abstract works on paper in oil, watercolor, and conté crayon. / Four oils on canvas and six large oils on paper. Through April 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PATSY NORVELL—Three models of outdoor sculptures in stone and balsa wood; in one case, a vividly painted snow fence is the central object. Through April 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JOYCE REZENDES / STEVE KELEMEN—Abstract paintings. / Figurative porcelain wall reliefs. Through March 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

GREGORY M. RYAN—Paintings of life in Vernon, Connecticut. Through March 30. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

BEN SCHONZEIT—Easygoing works on paper and a multi-panelled work on canvas devoted to the furnishings of a music room on a Florida estate. Through April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GARY STEPHAN—Large, simple abstract shapes painted in muted acrylics and looking as if they had been welded together, since there is a line of beading where the shapes are joined. Through March 30. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

SELINA TRIEFF—Sulky adolescents, tired dogs, and other figures. Through March 29. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

PAUL WALDMAN / DON JUDD—Long, narrow horizontal panels of a solid slick pastel color, with insets of precisely painted human figures. / Another of Mr. Judd's plywood boxes, this one fifteen feet long, with a sharply tilted floor inside. Through Saturday, March 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

JOE ZUCKER—Huge, blurry compositions in which one can discern pirate ships and related symbols. Through Saturday, March 18. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOW—Large abstract canvases in a sort of happy-go-lucky grid system by Bette Berger and Jeff Pullen; sombre, dark canvases with a burnished, metallic look by John Schiebold; and Styrofoam sculptures by Frank Palaia. Through Saturday, March 25. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

SCULPTURE—New works by Lyman Kipp and Peter Forakis. Through Saturday, March 18. . . . ¶ Sculptured abstract wall pieces by Richard Fishman. Through Saturday, March 25. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

PATRICK IRELAND—An installation in which a rectangle, a triangle, and an arc are outlined in cord suspended from the ceiling and so situated that the viewer, if he stands in the right place, can see that each precisely frames a similar shape painted on the wall in a pastel color. The right places to stand are marked with X's on the floor. Through March 27. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except March 24, from 11 to 4:30.)

MAGGIE KOTUK—Oil paintings by a self-taught artist who simplifies figures and landscapes into large areas of flat color and does not allow the niceties of perspective or academic tradition to interfere with her forthright attack on her subjects. Through March 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

GERRY MOREHEAD—Two acrylic paintings of whales and a representation of a galaxy are included in this exhibition of recent works. Through Saturday, March 18. (Sragow, in a new location at 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRY HAMILTON BENNETT (1843-1908) / **ERWIN BLUMENFELD** (1897-1969)—Panoramic and other views of the Wisconsin Dells. / Manipulated prints (female nudes and abstractions), plus portraits. Through April 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BARON DE MEYER (1869-1946)—A series of thirty-three photographs of Nijinsky in his 1912 "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," reprinted this year by Richard Benson. Through April 8. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

JANIE EISENBERG / BILL ARON—Esposito, Koch, Murdoch, Abzug are some of the names that surface at an exhibition of photographs taken at political rallies, dinners, and meetings. / The Jewish community on the lower East Side. Through Sunday, March 19. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

JAN GROOVER AND DAVID HAXTON—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

NICKOLAS MURAY (1892-1965)—Portraits of celebrities made in the twenties (some of them appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair*), including a series of Monet at Giverny and another series of Eugene O'Neill with his wife and child on a beach at Provincetown. Through April 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—A group of about seventy-five prints made prior to the outbreak of the First World War is on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JOHN THOMSON (1837-1921)—A record of his travels in China, Cyprus, and Cambodia, as well as an early essay on street people in London. Through April 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Hill and Adamson, and others. Through April 15. . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Color photography, some of it conceptual some of it surreal, by Joanne Muhlberg, Al Souza, and seven others. Through April 1. (Open Mondays.). . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Robert Frank are among the photographers whose works are included in a show centered on streets of America in the forties and early fifties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Works by a dozen contemporary photographers using turn-of-the-century processes. Through Wednesday, March 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The cube and its permutations—three-dimensional and on paper—in a Sol LeWitt retrospective. Through April 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Starts Thursday, March 16. . . . ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Early Steichen prints. Through March 28. . . . ¶ Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23. . . . ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26. . . . ¶ A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through April 16. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by artists who include Benglis, Dine, Rauschenberg, Warhol) borrowed from fifteen corporation art collections. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through Sunday, March 19. . . . ¶ Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neill Welliver. Through May 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

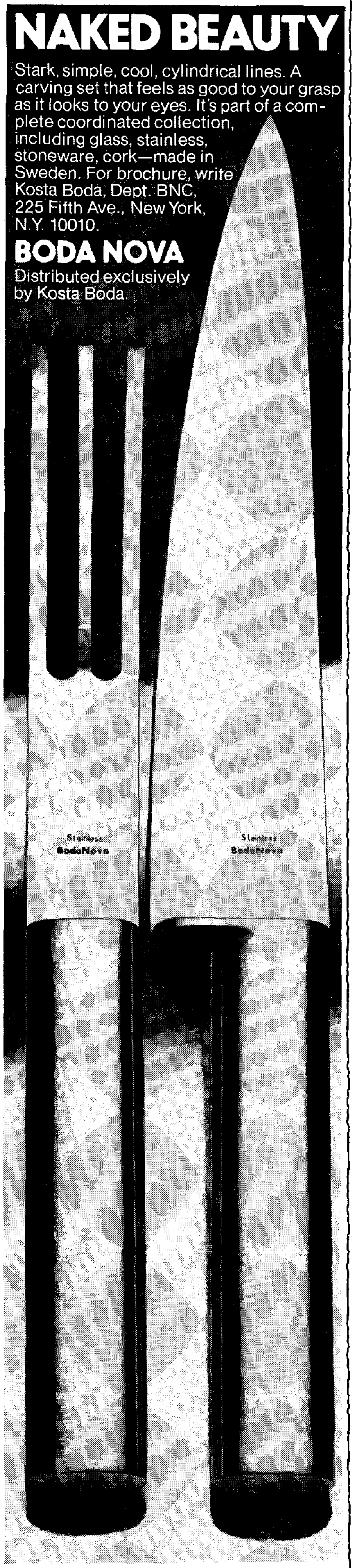
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures by Mel Edwards, including freestanding abstract works combining steel and industrial materials. . . . ¶ Arthur Carraway's paintings incorporate traditional African art forms. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through March 26.

MUSIC

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OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 15: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 16: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 17: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 18: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 18: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 20: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 21: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 22: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 23: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 24: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 25: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 25: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rose-Marie Freni, Eunice Hill, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Heather Thomson, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Luis Lima, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, and John Lankston; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Dennis Bailey, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 19, at 1: "La Fanciulla del West," with Arlene Saunders, Jacque Trussel, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 19, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and David Holloway; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 22, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Cynthia Clarey, Martha Thigpen, Lando Bartolini, David Holloway, Richard T. Gill, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patti Allison, Gwenlynn Little, Henry Price, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and Melvin Lowery; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday, March 16, at 8:30; Friday, March 17, at 2; Saturday, March 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 21, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin); and Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2; Saturday, March 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 28, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Julius Grossman conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

BRANDENBURG ENSEMBLE—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Benita Valente, soprano; Stephanie Brown, piano; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 19, at 3.)

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL CONCERT—John F. Grady directing an orchestra composed of members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano, and other soloists. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 19, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

STRING REVIVAL—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra in a program entitled "Salute to Italy." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concert of the season, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 25, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

PRO ARTE CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Haydn's *oratorio "The Creation," in English, with* Sheri Greenawald, soprano; John Aler, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 3.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Faye Robinson, soprano; Joy Blackett, contralto; Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; Bruce Fifer, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the choristers of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

FRITZ JAHODA—Piano, with a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.)

MARK ZELTSER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 15, and Wednesday, March 22, at 8, the third and fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 3, with John Graham, viola, the fourth in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten "great" quartets and the cycle of quintets.)

JEAN-PHILIPPE COLLARD—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 16, at 8.)

TATIANA TROYANOS—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 17, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8, with the Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30, a program of flute sonatas, with John Steele Ritter, harpsichord.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Osian Ellis, harp; James Atherton, tenor; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8, and Sunday, March 19, at 5.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one to honor Roger Sessions and Beveridge Webster, played by Mr. Webster, piano, and the Audubon String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—The last in a series of recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Music from Aston Magna—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music for Eastertime. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 19, and Sunday, March 26, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Mondays through Fridays.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the second of two performances of a program celebrating his Golden Jubilee. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 19, at 4.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 13. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 19, at 8.)

Michel Block—Piano, in an all-Albeniz recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 21, at 8.)

Ani Kavafian—Violin, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 21, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in the first two of three all-Schubert recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 22, and Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Baroque Bacchanal," with the Festival Grande Bande, a baroque chamber orchestra. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8.)

Yehuda Hanani and James Dick—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 23, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.)

Diabolus Musicus—Members of the New York Philharmonic in an all-Schubert program, with Larry Newland, conductor. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

Eugenia and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute and violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Olivier Messiaen Retrospective Concert—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, with Cherry Rhodes, organ; Leon Kirchner, conductor; Judith Nicosia, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and a wind-percussion orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 18, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, March 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, March 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, March 24. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 18, at 1:15. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, March 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, March 25, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays, except Wednesday, March 15; last day Monday, May 22. Through Saturday, March 18, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be 1:30. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 18; the Distaff Handicap, Friday, March 24; and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 25. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Chicago, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, March 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Judith Johnson Sherwin and Jane Shore reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Edith Konecky, Cynthia Macdonald, and Alicia Ostriker reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, March 21, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joanne Kyger and David Shapiro reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 22, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Cartes Postales—Seven hundred or so French postcards, ranging in time from the eighteen-nineties to the First World War and in subject matter from the opening of the Eiffel Tower to portraits of Czar Nicholas and his family. There are scenic ones, historical ones, comic ones, lovesick ones, and risqué ones. Through May 5. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The newly renovated Conservatory, funded by Mrs. Enid A. Haupt, will open its doors on Saturday, March 18, at noon. Among the exhibits will be a fern forest with a waterfall; a tunnel featuring moss and aquarium plants as well as mushrooms; a children's greenhouse, showing the relation between grocery goods and growing plants; and a section devoted to parterre gardening. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, noon to 7, and Sunday, March 19, noon to 5.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, March 24, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 15, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Janet K. Bird and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; collected by Arthur Murray and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and carpets; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 22, at 2: The John J. McDonough Collection of American paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 16. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 22, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 16.

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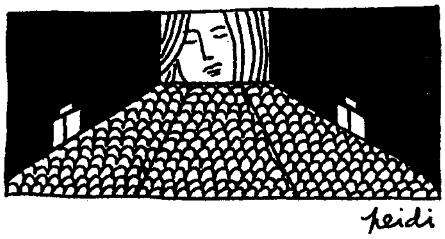
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Saturday Night Fever."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 21: "Semi-Tough" and "The Last Detail."
From March 22: "The Goodbye Girl" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Big Sleep."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 16: "The One and Only."
From March 17: "American Hot Wax."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Gray Lady Down."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Big Sleep."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 18: "The Duellists."
From March 19: "Coma."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through March 18: "Coma."
From March 19: "Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 16: "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."
From March 17: "Casey's Shadow."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 16: "The Serpent's Egg."
From March 17: "Straight Time."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Turning Point."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Fingers."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Little Night Music."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 21: "Saturday Night Fever."
From March 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coma."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Betsy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 16: "The Boys in Company C."
From March 17: "American Hot Wax."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Blue Collar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Big Sleep."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Gray Lady Down."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Betsy."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coma."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Crossed Swords."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Julia."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 21: "Semi-Tough."
From March 22: "The Goodbye Girl."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Summer Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Furtivos."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coma."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 16: "The Man Who Loved Women."
Through March 17: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 21: "Semi-Tough" and "Demon Seed."
From March 22: "The Goodbye Girl" and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 15: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg; and "Man Is Not a Bird" (1966), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev.
March 16: "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "The Birthday Party" (1968), directed by William Friedkin, with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols.
March 17-18: "La Strada" (†) and "8½." (†)
March 19: "The 39 Steps" (†); and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.
March 20: "Major Barbara" (†); and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
March 21: "Red Beard" (†); and "Downtown" (1955), in Japanese, directed by Yasuki Chiba, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 22: "Masculine Feminine" (†) and "A Married Woman." (†)
March 23: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." (†)

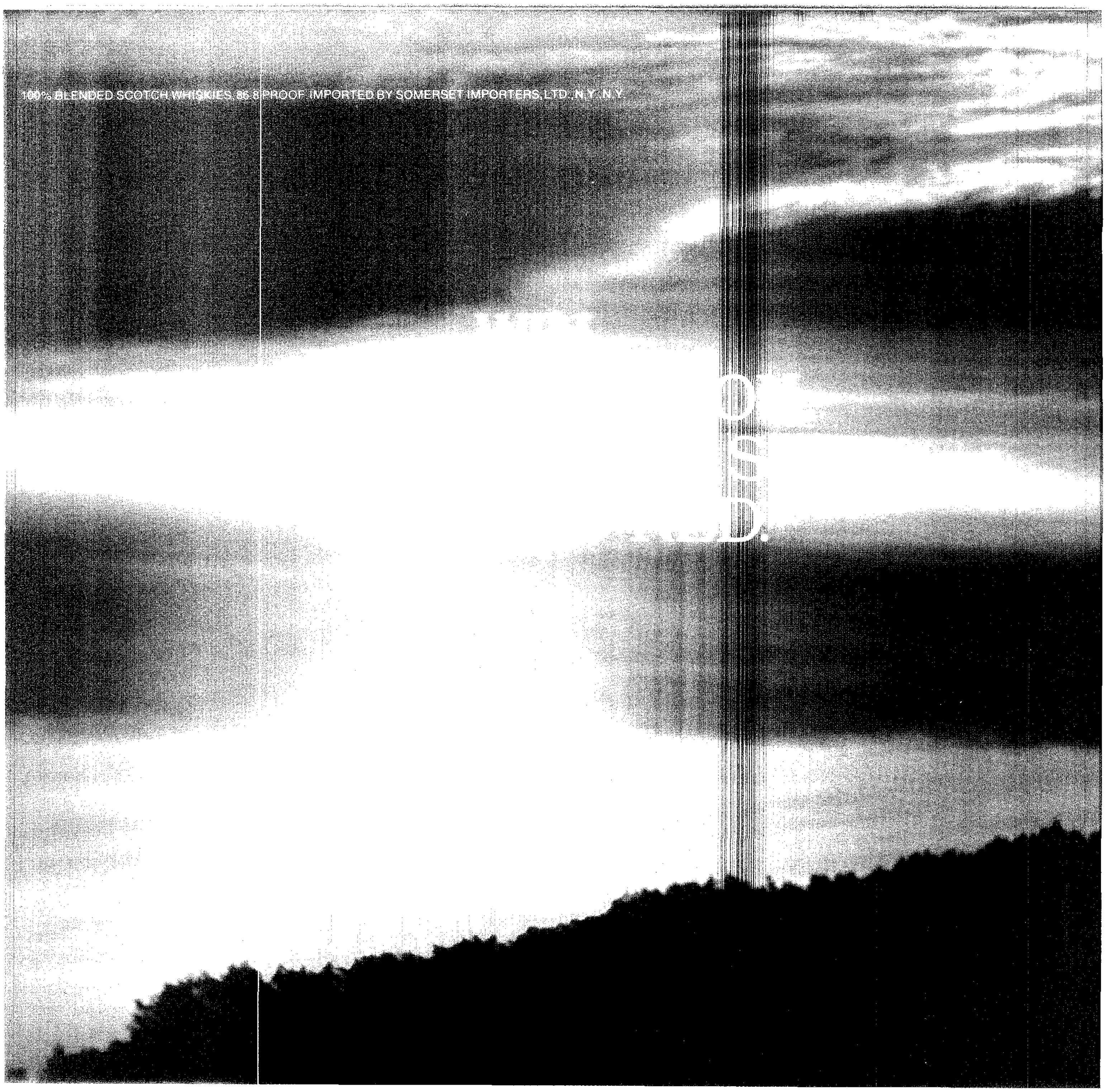
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 15: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffee, Jean Hagen, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
March 16: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
March 17: "The Last Tycoon" (†) and "The Day of the Locust." (†)
March 18: "The 39 Steps" (†); and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason.
March 19 (matinée only): "The Bolshoi Ballet" (†); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film with an English narration.
March 19 at 8 and 10: "La Vase," (1970), in French, directed by Heinz Von Cramer, with Eugene Ionesco (who will be present).
March 20: "Rules of the Game" (†) and "Days and Nights in the Forest." (†)
March 21: "Hour Zero" (1976), in German, directed by Edgar Reitz; and "You Can't Eat Without Knife and Fork" (1977), in German, directed by Masud A. Rajai.
March 22: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1976), in German, directed by Klaus Kirschner.
March 23: "Expulsion from Paradise" (1976), in German, directed by Niklaus Schilling; and "C'est la Vie Rrose" (1977), in German, directed by Hans-Christof Stenzel.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 16: "Bobby Deerfield" (1977), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Al Pacino and Marthe Keller; and "The Panic in Needle Park" (1971), directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn.
March 17-18: "Greetings" (†) and "Hi, Mom!" (†)
March 19-20: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey.
March 21: "Alfie" (†) and "Georgy Girl." (†)
March 22-23: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 15: "The Window" (1949), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.
March 16-18: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
March 19-20: "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Sinbad the Sailor" (1947), directed by Richard Wallace, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, and Anthony Quinn.
March 21-22: "Cat People" (†) and "The Curse of the Cat People." (†)
From March 23: "Bringing Up Baby" (†) and "Stage Door." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 21: "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jane Fonda, David Warner, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox.
From March 22: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 15: "This Thing Called Love" (1940),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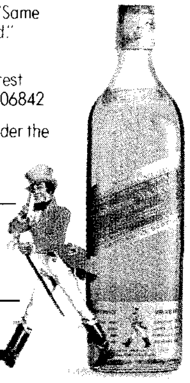

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directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Binnie Barnes, and Allyn Joslyn; and "She Wouldn't Say Yes" (1946), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman.

March 16: "Sanders of the River" (1935), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Paul Robeson, Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks; and "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

March 17-18: "The Third Man" (†) and "The Trial." (†)

March 19: "The Gilded Lily" (1935), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "Three-Cornered Moon." (†)

March 20: "Little Man, What Now?" (1934), directed by Frank Borzage, with Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery; and "So Red the Rose" (1935), directed by King Vidor, with Margaret Sullavan and Walter Connolly.

March 21: "You Belong to Me" (1934), directed by Alfred Werker, with Helen Morgan; and "Applause." (†)

March 22: "Guilty as Hell" (1932), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Richard Arlen; and "Secrets of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Paul Lukas, Edward Arnold, and Onslow Stevens.

March 23: "That Certain Age" (1938), directed by Edward Ludwig, with Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper; and "I'll Be Yours" (1947), directed by William Seiter, with Deanna Durbin and Tom Drake.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 16 at 2:30: "Love Under One Umbrella" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles.... ¶ March 16 at 6: "Tora-San, Our Lovable Tramp" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles.... ¶ March 16 at 8:30: "Tora-San's Selected Poems" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles.... ¶ March 17 at 2:30: A retrospective of cutout animation: Formalists.... ¶ March 17 at 6: "Mayerling" (1936), in French, directed by Anatole Litvak, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux; English subtitles.... ¶ March 18 at noon: A retrospective of cutout animation: Pioneers.... ¶ March 18 at 2:30: A retrospective of cutout animation: Formalists.... ¶ March 18 at 5: A retrospective of cutout animation: Expressionists, not recommended for children.... ¶ March 19 at noon: A retrospective of cutout animation: Pioneers.... ¶ March 19 at 2:30: "On the Avenue" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and the Ritz Brothers.... ¶ March 19 at 5: "J'Accuse" (1938), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Victor Francen, English subtitles; the shortened version released in the United States.... ¶ March 20 at noon: A program of three short films.... ¶ March 20 at 2:30: "Mayerling."... ¶ March 20 at 6: "America's Sweetheart: The Mary Pickford Story" (1977), directed by John Edwards, narrated by Henry Fonda, with commentary by Miss Pickford.... ¶ March 21 at noon: A program of three short films.... ¶ March 21 at 2:30: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), directed by Alexander Korda, with Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ March 21 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the sixth and seventh sections ("An Army Camp" and "Impressions of a City") of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China.... ¶ March 23 at 2:30: "The Men" (1950), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, and Jack Webb.... ¶ March 23 at 6: "The Key" (1958), directed by Carol Reed, with Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, and William Holden.... ¶ March 23 at 8:30: "The Guns of Navarone" (1961), directed by J. Lee Thompson, with Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, and Irene Papas. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 15: "Residual Regions" (1976-78), an installation by Francesc Torres.... ¶ Starting March 18: A video installation by Peter Campus. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Warhol, Brakhage, Anger, Sonnier, Bear, Samatowicz, Broughton, Peterson, and others. Showings March 15 at 7; March 16-17 at 7 and 9; March 18 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8; March 19 at 8; and March 21-23 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 16-19: A program of six short documentaries under the title "Working."... ¶ Starting March 23: "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1975), in German, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films. March 15: "The Arizonian," directed by Charles Vidor, with Richard Dix, Margot Grahame, and Preston Foster.... ¶ March 16: "Oil for the Lamps of China," directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, and Jean Muir.... ¶ March 21: "Pension Mimosas," directed by Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay and Arletty; in French with no English subtitles.... ¶ March 22: "Becky Sharp," directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, and Cedric Hardwicke.... ¶ March 23: "La Bandera," directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Robert Le Vigan, Pierre Renoir, Viviane Romance, and Annabella; in French with no English subtitles. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Cinema Village; March 21.)

American Hot Wax—With Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; starting March 17.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Applause (1929)—Helen Morgan, Joan Peers, Henry Wadsworth, and Dorothy Cumming in a revolutionary talkie about burlesque by Rouben Mamoulian. The talk is trite but the techniques aren't. Made in Paramount's New York studios. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz (1974)—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Olympia; starting March 22.)

The Betsy—The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. His energy blasts through the film's largo style; it's a personal triumph. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, and Jane Alexander. (2/27/78) (U.A. East, and Waverly.)

The Big Sleep—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Michael Winner. (Bay Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

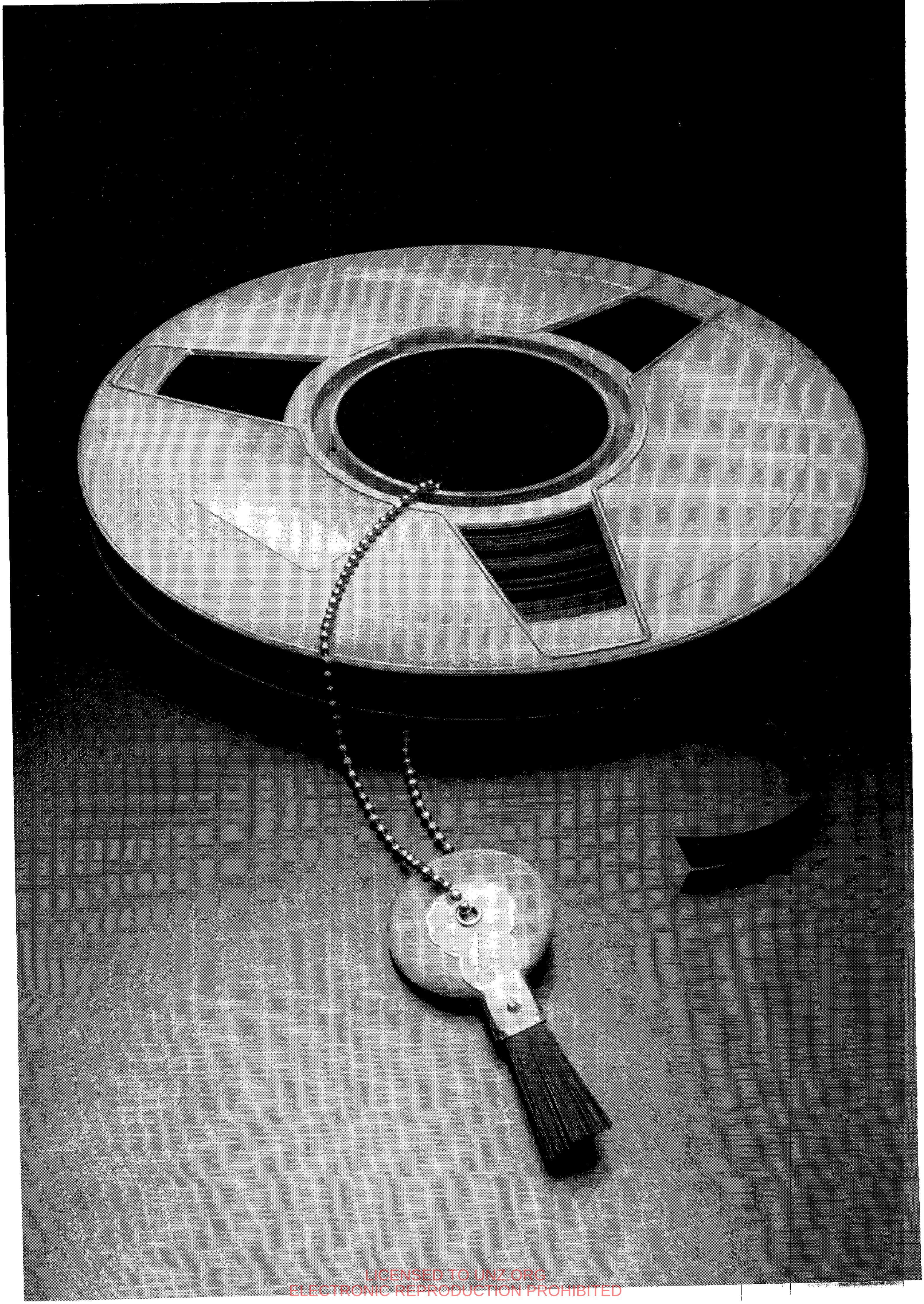
Blue Collar—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (86th St. East.)

Blue Country—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Bolshoi Ballet (1957)—Repertory filmed during the first tour of England by a world-conquering company. Ulanova in "The Dying Swan" and excerpts from "Giselle," Raissa Struchkova in "Walpurgis Night," and such other bombshells as "Spring Waters," the Spanish Dance from "Swan Lake," and the Polonaise and Cracovienne from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19, matinée only.)

The Boys in Company C—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum; through March 16.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screen-



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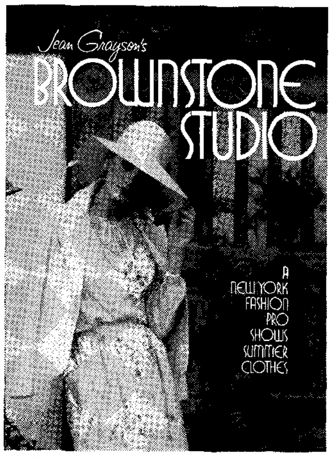

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Regency; starting March 23.)

CASEY'S SHADOW—With Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet; starting March 17.)

CAT PEOPLE (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much better than the almost totally incompetent horror trash that was being turned out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband. (Regency; March 21-22.)

THE CHILDREN OF THEATRE STREET—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

COMA—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Plaza; through March 18.... ¶ Fine Arts; starting March 19.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

CROSSED SWORDS—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall.)

THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (1944)—Val Lewton produced this misbegotten sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People" (see above). In this one, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a true oddity, since Lewton perversely refused to give the studio the feline shocker it wanted, and instead tried to make a poetic film about a lonely child's need of an imaginary friend. The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting, but it has some unusual qualities; David Riesman devotes several pages to it in "The Lonely Crowd." Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Regency; March 21-22.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST (1975)—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE FOREST (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterji and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

DEMON SEED—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Olympia; through March 21.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

THE DUELLISTS—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful; its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts; through March 18.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17-18.)

FINGERS—In the first film he has directed, the writer James Toback seems to be playing the literary-adolescent's game of wanting to go crazy so he can watch his own reactions. Because he doesn't censor his masculine racial fantasies, his foolishness and his terrible ideas pour out freely. The protagonist (Harvey Keitel) is an artist with the soul of a violent hood. Toback doesn't just risk self-parody—he falls into it. Yet the film never seems ridiculous, because he's got true moviemaking fever. With Jim Brown, Tisa Farrow, and Michael V. Gazzo. (3/13/78) (Cinema II.)

FURTIVOS—Directed by José Luis Borau. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio.)

THE FURY—With Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, and Amy Irving; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné.)

GEORGY GIRL (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Cinema Village; March 21.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 22.)

GRAY LADY DOWN—With Charlton Heston, David Carradine, and Stacy Keach; directed by David Greene. (Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

GREETINGS (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented actors, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoe-string of less than forty thousand dollars. (Cinema Village; March 17-18.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Cinema Village; March 17-18.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Baronet; through March 16.)

House Calls—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, and Richard Benjamin; directed by Howard Zieff. (Loews Tower East.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 21.)

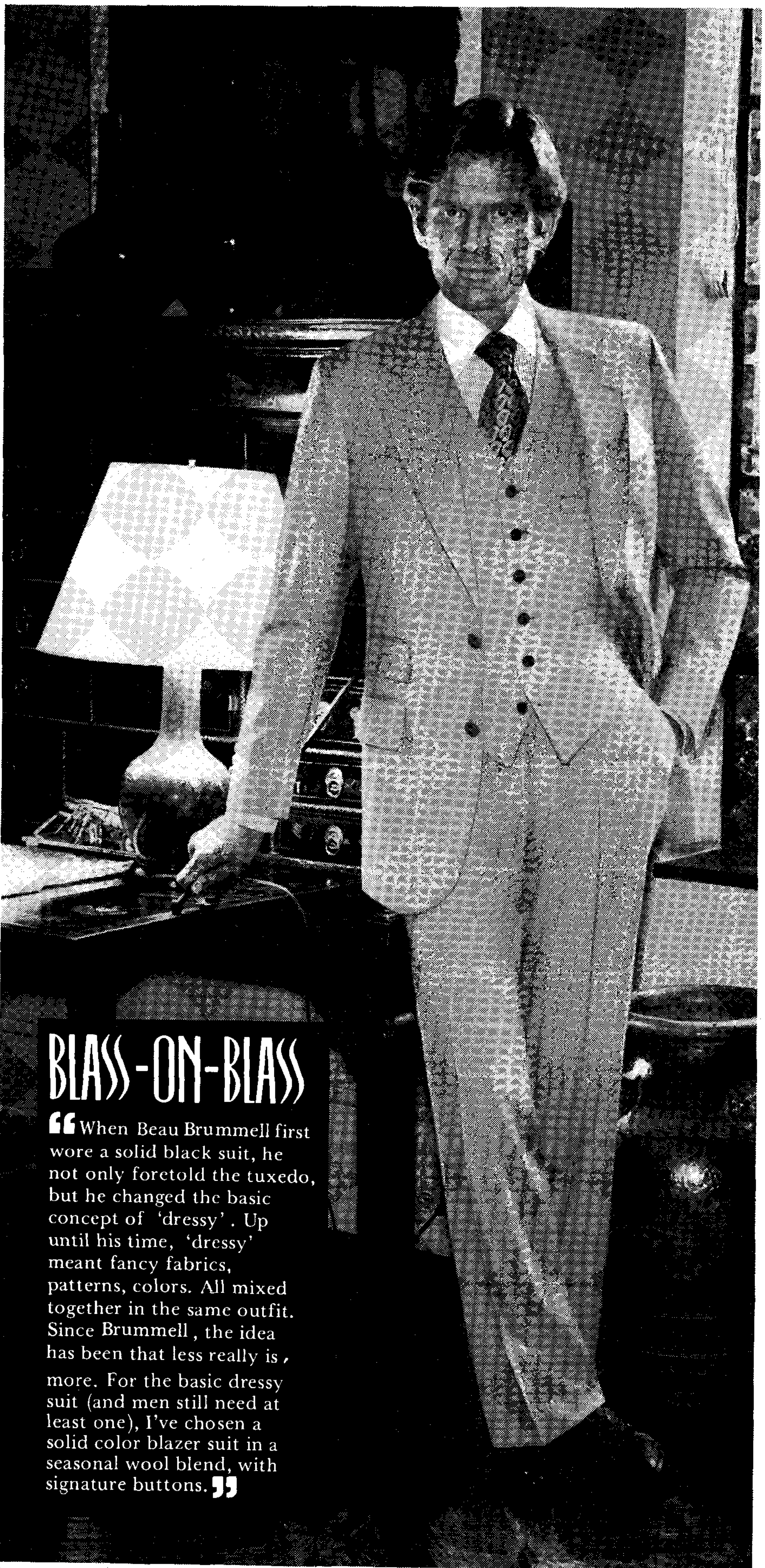
The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. (11/29/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

A Little Night Music—Based on the Stephen Sondheim musical, with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold. Directed by Harold Prince. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I.)

Madame Rosa—With Simone Signoret, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In French. (Plaza; starting March 19.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 20.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (New Yorker; through March 16.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces octuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, and Freddie Steele. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 23.)

The One and Only—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (34th St. East; through March 16.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 21.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Art, Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through March 21.)

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The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

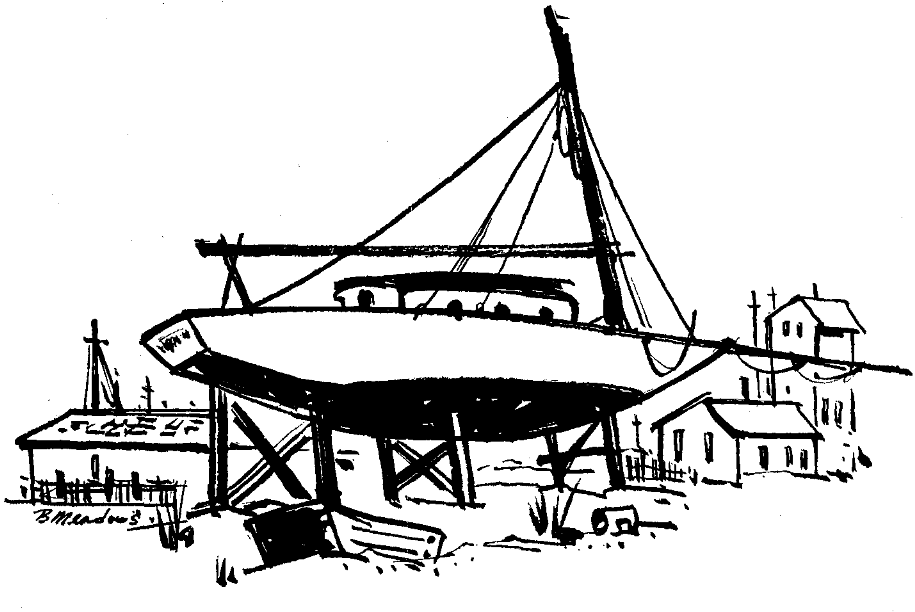
Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through March 21.)

The Serpent's Egg—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Coronet; through March 16.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Regency; starting March 23.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17-18.)

Straight Time—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Coronet; starting March 17.)



Summer Paradise—With Birgitta Valberg and Sif Ruud, directed by Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of the highest class. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17-18.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19.)

Three-Cornered Moon (1933)—This Paramount Pictures comedy about a prosperous, easy-going Brooklyn family (Mary Boland is the vague, likable mother) and what happens when the stock-market crash wipes them out begins promisingly. It has a good cast, including Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Lyda Roberti, and Wallace Ford, and with a little more intelligence and discretion it might have gone well. Instead, we get the younger generation whimpering about "what'll we do now?" Elliott Nugent directed, from a Broadway play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 19.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17-18.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

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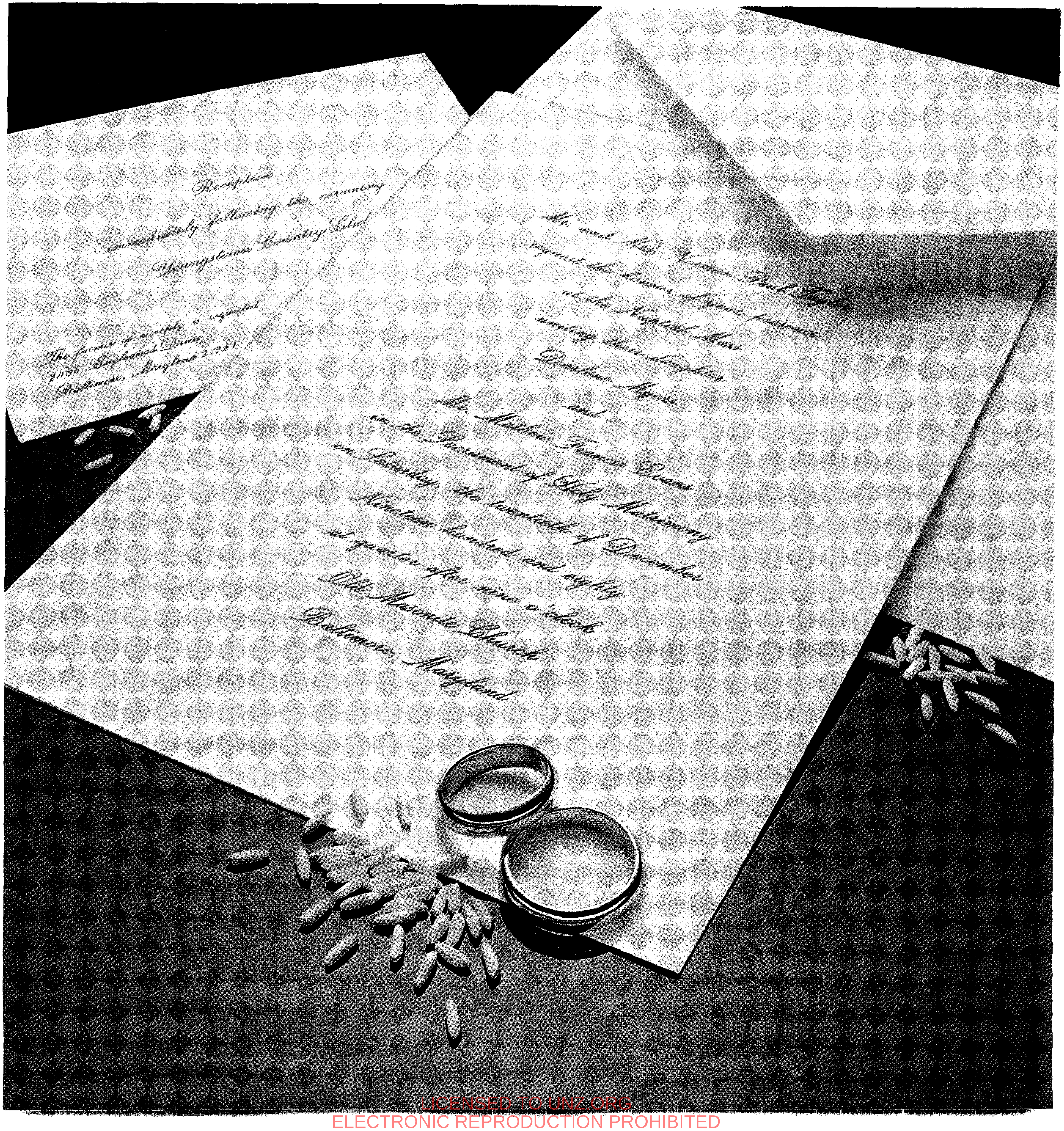
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER the recent rains and mud slides in southern California, we got the following letter from an ex-New Yorker who lives in Pacific Palisades, on a hill overlooking the ocean:

Our house stayed put, but our long, steep driveway didn't. The earth just oozed out from under the crackled blacktop, leaving a crust with not enough pie. We got our cars out shortly before the white picket fence and the nasturtium border slipped down the hill. The rains were merciless. You prayed that the vegetation would hold the hillsides together. Then you remembered that this same vegetation had been holding on to the dry hillsides for dear life only a few weeks ago. It's a problem out here—putting down deep enough roots. One of our friends up the street, a film producer who moved out from New York several years ago, hardly slept during the two worst nights of the storm. He was convinced that the hillside behind him would come down and engulf his house. "I don't know what I'm doing here," he said, pacing up and down as the rain beat on the skylight in the dining room. "I'm going to sell this place the minute the sun comes out. I'm a city boy. What do I know about mud?" I shared his feelings. Braving the elements is all right, but mud is squalid. It oozes and seeps. One reads of avalanche dogs doing valorous deeds in the Alps, but who's ever heard of a mud dog?

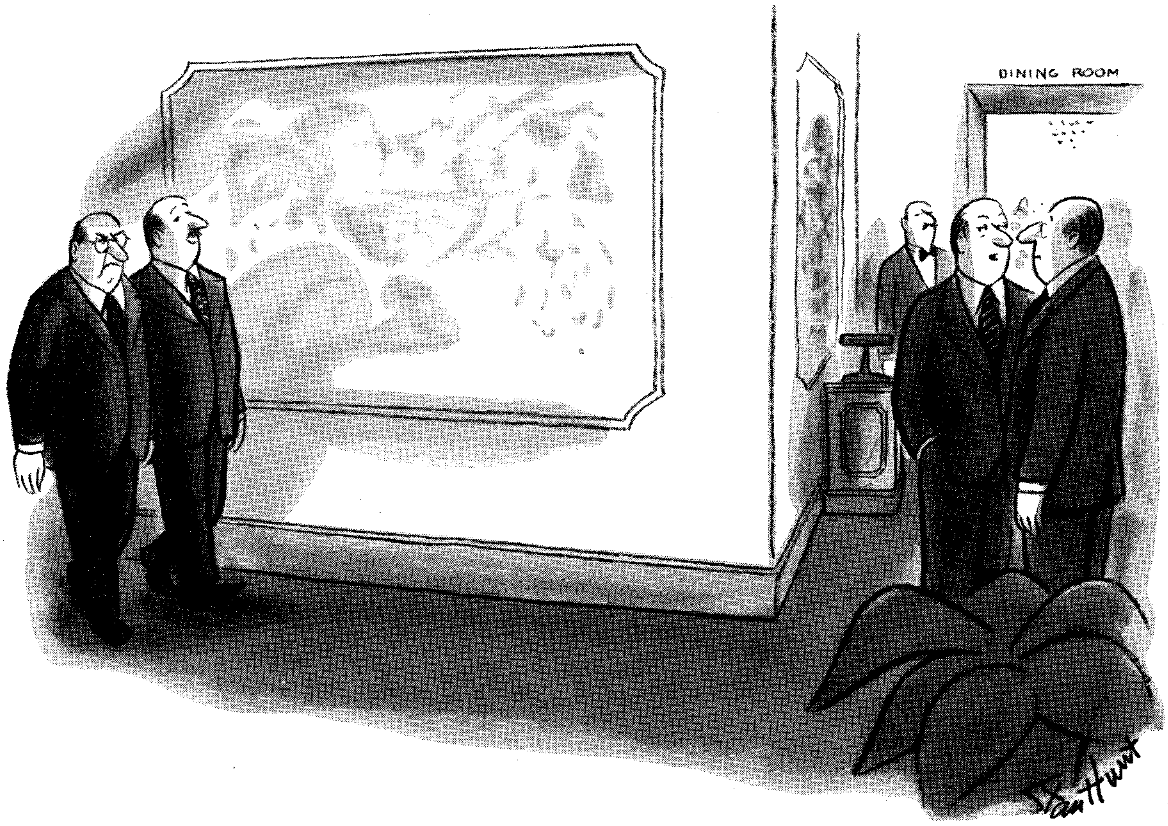
My friend was also concerned about an agent he knows whose house is perched on a cliff in a notorious mud-slide area near Malibu. "He had an ocean view through some of the cracks in his walls even before all this nonsense started," my friend said. I asked if the agent had known that his house was unstable when he bought it. "Sure he did. It had a bad geological." Geological surveys are required before you can buy or build a house in a slide area, but there are people who are willing to gamble on bad geologicals. "That's an agent for you," my friend said. "It doesn't matter what they're buying, they always go for the deal." As he looked out at the hillside behind his house, searching for telltale oozes, he talked of his attorney, who lives in a high-rise apartment in Santa Monica. "That's where I ought to be. When something goes wrong, you call the super." The attorney, he said, had another client who was beside himself because he'd just rented Burgess Meredith's house in Malibu for the coming summer and now the house seemed to be falling into the ocean. An English friend who works as a script girl called from her rented house near Laurel Canyon, in Hollywood, to say that her roof had collapsed, and that she was supposed to have Sunday brunch at Burgess Meredith's house but she couldn't reach him by phone and she wasn't sure what to do. That night, Burgess Meredith was on the eleven-o'clock news. He was the symbol of beleaguered Malibu. Meredith's house was still standing, but his teahouse was gone. In his wonderful, tinder-dry voice, he likened the ocean to a big animal playing with a mouse. "It let us off this time," he said, looking almost jaunty in his windbreaker and black cap.

When I looked down at the ocean from my own house the next morning, I saw dozens of surfers riding the huge, muddy waves in the rain. One surfer, his yellow surfboard under his arm, came speeding down Sunset Boulevard on a skateboard, crossed Pacific Coast Highway just as the light turned green, and coasted right into the parking lot that overlooks the surfers' beach. That's what I call learning to flow with life.

• •

Birds in the Snow

IN the final days of winter, we've been looking into a question that has stayed with us ever since the first big near-blizzard, back in January: Where do the birds who live in this city go when it snows? Mostly, it seems, they go home, like just about everyone else. They don't need protection from the snow itself—they can shake it off—but they like to get away from any wind and from freezing rain. Staying warm is no problem: birds maintain higher body temperatures than people, and all they have to do to insulate themselves effectively is fluff out their feathers. What's remarkable is the adaptability of feathers; they ordinarily hug close to a bird, streamlining it so successfully that there is no drag when it flies. The principal hazard of a big snowfall for birds is that the snow covers up their food supplies, and birds have to eat frequently to keep their body temperatures up. But eating is less of a problem in the city than it used



"Holbuckle is very up on what's going on in the world. Grigby doesn't give a damn."

• •

to be, because a lot of New Yorkers—many more than only a few years ago—have bird feeders outside their windows or in their back yards. Richard Edes Harrison, the artist, cartographer, and amateur ornithologist, who lives in a brownstone on the slope of Beekman Hill, says that he feeds birds only during a blizzard or an ice storm—a practice he earnestly recommends to fellow-citizens. Birds fed at a feeder get dependent on being fed regularly at that feeder and stop looking around elsewhere for food. Harrison urges city people with country houses not to feed the birds in the country unless they're planning not to go back to the city that winter. This year, Harrison bought a bag of feed in January and at appropriate times scattered the feed near his back door, and he says he had a fair turnout after each of our two near-blizzards—as many as five mourning doves at a time, a junco, a white-throated sparrow, and a purple grackle (rather uncommon in New York in winter) as well as batches of pigeons, English sparrows, and starlings, three birds abundantly present year round in the city. There are a couple of blue jays living permanently on or near his block, but they didn't show up. Harrison thinks they would prefer a feeder. The English sparrows—ornithologists also call them house sparrows—stopped hanging around as soon as the snows started to melt. Harrison says he saw both house sparrows and rock doves—which is what ornithologists call pigeons—going through courting antics during both of the big snowstorms.

Pigeons are known to breed twelve months a year in New York. Wild pigeons are native to the area, but all New York City pigeons are probably descended from pigeons that have escaped or been released from pigeon coops, and no one knows for sure just when escaped pigeons first became a part of city life. Pigeons live on ledges that don't have to be any wider than about eight inches, preferably on the lee side of buildings near parks, squares, and lawns; and there are plenty of suitable ledges and insets and ornamental cornices and louvers on almost all our parkside buildings, because architects only recently became aware that they had for years been incorporating into their designs nesting sites for pigeons and other birds commonly considered pest birds. A few years back, the Urban Wildlife Research Center, in Ellicott City, Maryland, reviewed the plans for the new city of Columbia, Maryland, and pointed out that a number of the standard house designs that had been drawn up were bound to attract pest birds; the ornamental louvers over the garage doors, for instance, were perfect for house sparrows. Pigeons also live on the I-beams under the city's bridges, and several years ago there was a January report of a pigeon nest on the ledge of a hotel window in Nome. Breeding space, and not climate, seems to be the key factor in the increase or decrease of pigeon populations.

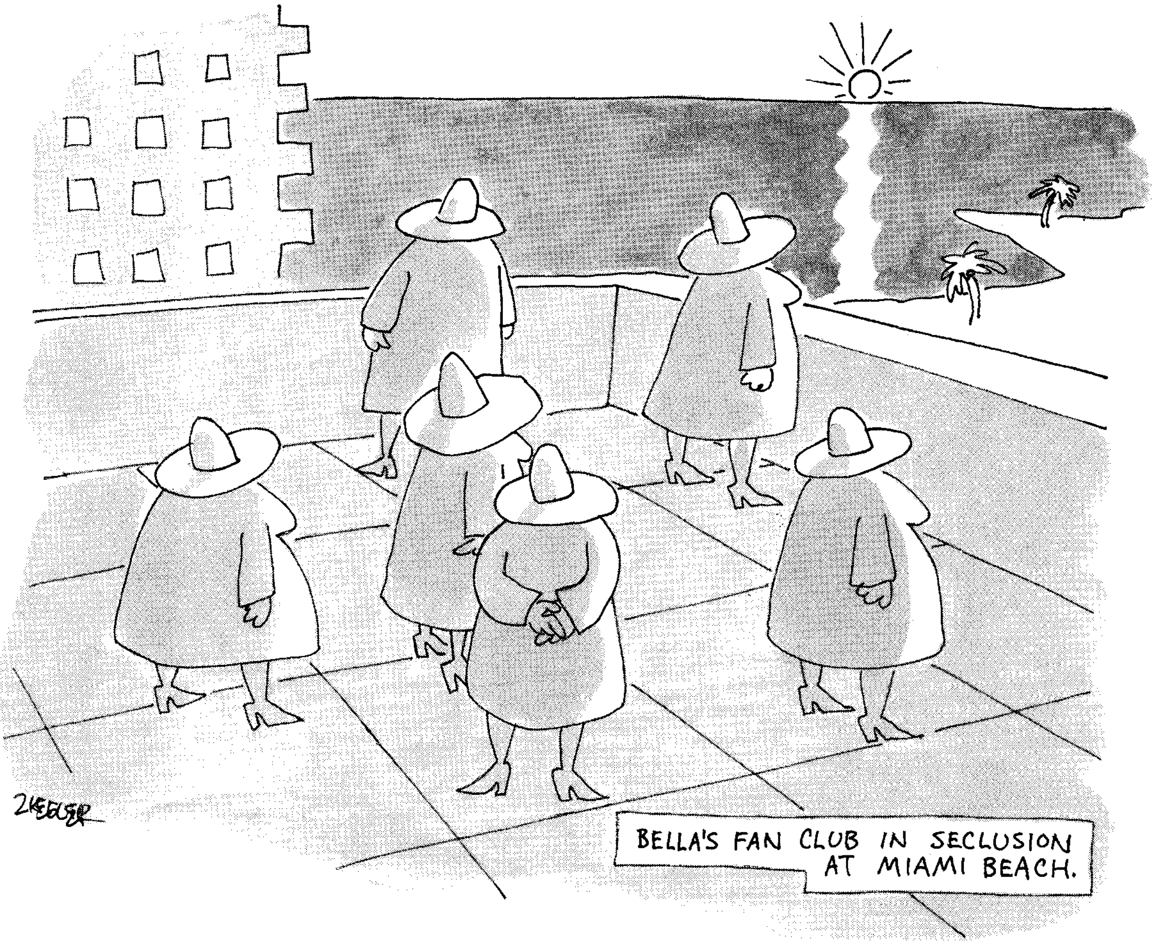
The 1977 Lower Hudson Christmas Count of birds in the area reported sightings of a hundred and twenty-eight species of birds in Manhattan and in and around the nearby Hackensack Meadows, and reported the presence of four hundred and seventy-four thousand starlings. In Christmas Count numbers, starlings are New York's No. 1 bird, followed by herring gulls and ring-billed gulls. The Christmas Count, which has been an annual event since 1900, is not confined to Christmas Day; it is the work of seventy or eighty observers, and records observations made in any one twenty-four-hour period in the last two weeks of December. There are Christmas Counts all over the country, each of them confined to a circular area fifteen miles across. They are the most widespread bird censuses we have, and the Lower Hudson Count, which in recent years has been turning up more species than the Southern Nassau Count or the Bronx-Westchester Count, is the product of an exceptional amount of spadework. Richard Ryan, the director of the Turtle Back Zoo, in West Orange, New Jersey, who has compiled the last thirty-one Lower Hudson Counts, and who is considered an expert on starlings, has not yet released all his 1977 findings, but he was happy to fill us in on the starling statistics when we called him up at his house. The majority of the city's starlings roost underneath the Alexander Hamilton Bridge, the fifteen-year-old bridge over the Harlem River at 178th Street which connects the Cross Bronx Expressway to the George Washington

Bridge. There's also a small roost on the roof of a bus garage at 219th Street and Tenth Avenue, in Inwood, and an even smaller roost on the roof of City Hall. The Alexander Hamilton Bridge became an evening hangout for hundreds of thousands of starlings almost as soon as it opened, replacing the former favorite starling haunt—the arches under the Riverside Drive viaduct at 125th Street, which in the forties and fifties sheltered up to four hundred thousand birds a night but is now used only sporadically, and primarily by Jersey starlings, most of which currently drop at night into the reeds near Giants Stadium, a few miles west of the Lincoln Tunnel. For starlings under the Alexander Hamilton Bridge, security from people, cats, and raccoons is particularly good: the bridge has no pedestrian walkway, and the arch span is satisfactorily high off the water.

Not only starlings but small numbers of meadowlands birds used to congregate under the Riverside Drive viaduct, and the viaduct also used occasionally to attract a peregrine falcon or two looking for a starling snack. So far, no peregrines have been sighted near the bridge, but a pair of peregrines has been seen in recent months cruising Third Avenue below Fifty-ninth Street; in fact, these largest and noblest of city birds, which were once thought to have been all but wiped out by DDT, have been making a comeback, thanks to the efforts of the Peregrine Fund, a private, nonprofit enterprise being conducted at the Laboratory of Ornithology at Cornell, which raises pairs in a peregrine barn and then releases them from various places, including some towers in the Jersey salt marshes. Peregrines can cover a large area quickly, reaching speeds of from seventy to eighty miles an hour, so if your vantage point is an office window you don't have long to track them before they're out of sight.

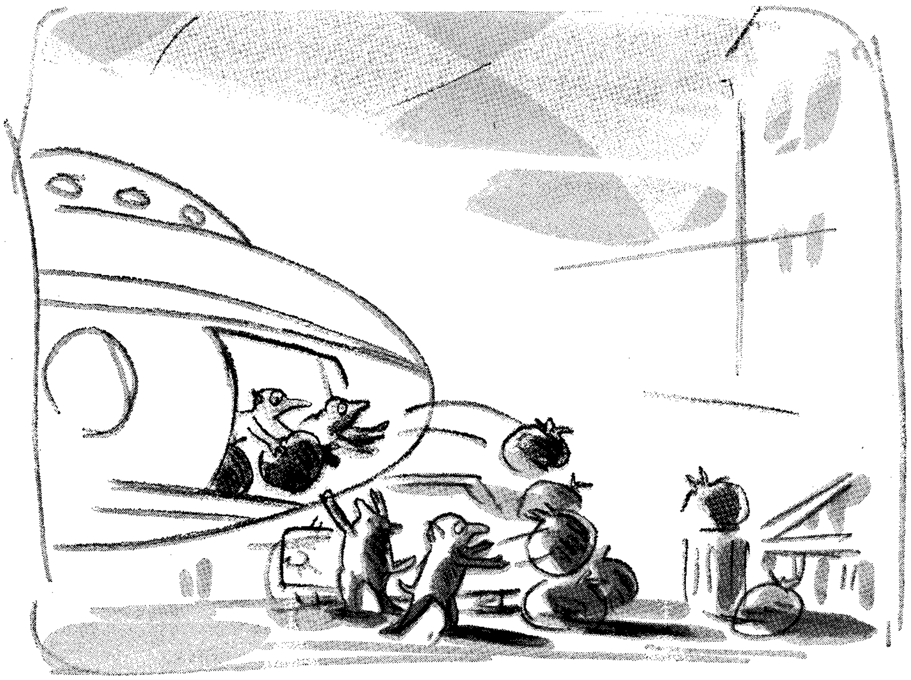
Starlings are generally looked on with disfavor by farmers, city dwellers, and bird-watchers alike. John Bull's authoritative "Birds of the New York Area," published in 1964, calls them "dirty and noisy" and mentions their "obnoxious habit of driving off desirable native birds, such as Flickers and Bluebirds, ganging up on them, and usurping their nesting holes." But Ryan, who seems to like starlings, points out that they are our No. 1 anti-Japanese-beetle weapon. A starling will pull out Japanese-beetle grubs by the hundred for a meal; and it is certainly true that the Japanese beetle is far less of a problem for local gardeners than it was twenty years ago. The 1977 Lower Hudson Count will report a couple of hundred thousand fewer starlings than the 1976 count, but Ryan says this difference may have more to do with the counters than with the birds. The count at the Alexander Hamilton Bridge began on December 18th, when there was a sleet storm all day. "Far fewer people were turning their faces to the sky on the eighteenth," Ryan said. Another problem was lighting conditions. The starlings usually come in to roost toward sundown, but when the weather is bad, it's harder to find food, so they come in somewhat later than usual and are harder to see. Ideally, a count in any one spot, like the Alexander Hamilton Bridge, should be made by four people, each facing a different quarter of the sky. A counter practices estimating bird numbers by throwing handfuls of uncooked rice on a table at home, estimating the total number of grains, and then counting to see how far off he is. With practice comes accuracy. Then, on a count, each counter watches only a piece of a quadrant—say, a third. He watches one bird come all the way in, timing it from the first sighting until it disappears under the bridge. Using that interval as a yardstick, he can figure out how many birds per minute are coming through the piece of sky he's watching, and then multiply that figure by three to get the total number of birds coming through the quadrant. Finally, the counter compares notes with the three other counters in his group. In reality, according to Ryan, a single counter frequently has to go out by himself, and can only stand there and mutter, "Jeez, there're a lot of birds." It's almost impossible to count starlings in the morning; they depart at first light, before dawn. Starlings are anxious for food in the morning, and early-morning bird-watchers in the North Bergen meadows, across the Hudson, have reported sighting streams of birds coming from New York through the pre-dawn murk.

The total number of species sighted in the 1977 count—a hundred and twenty-eight—was also off a little from



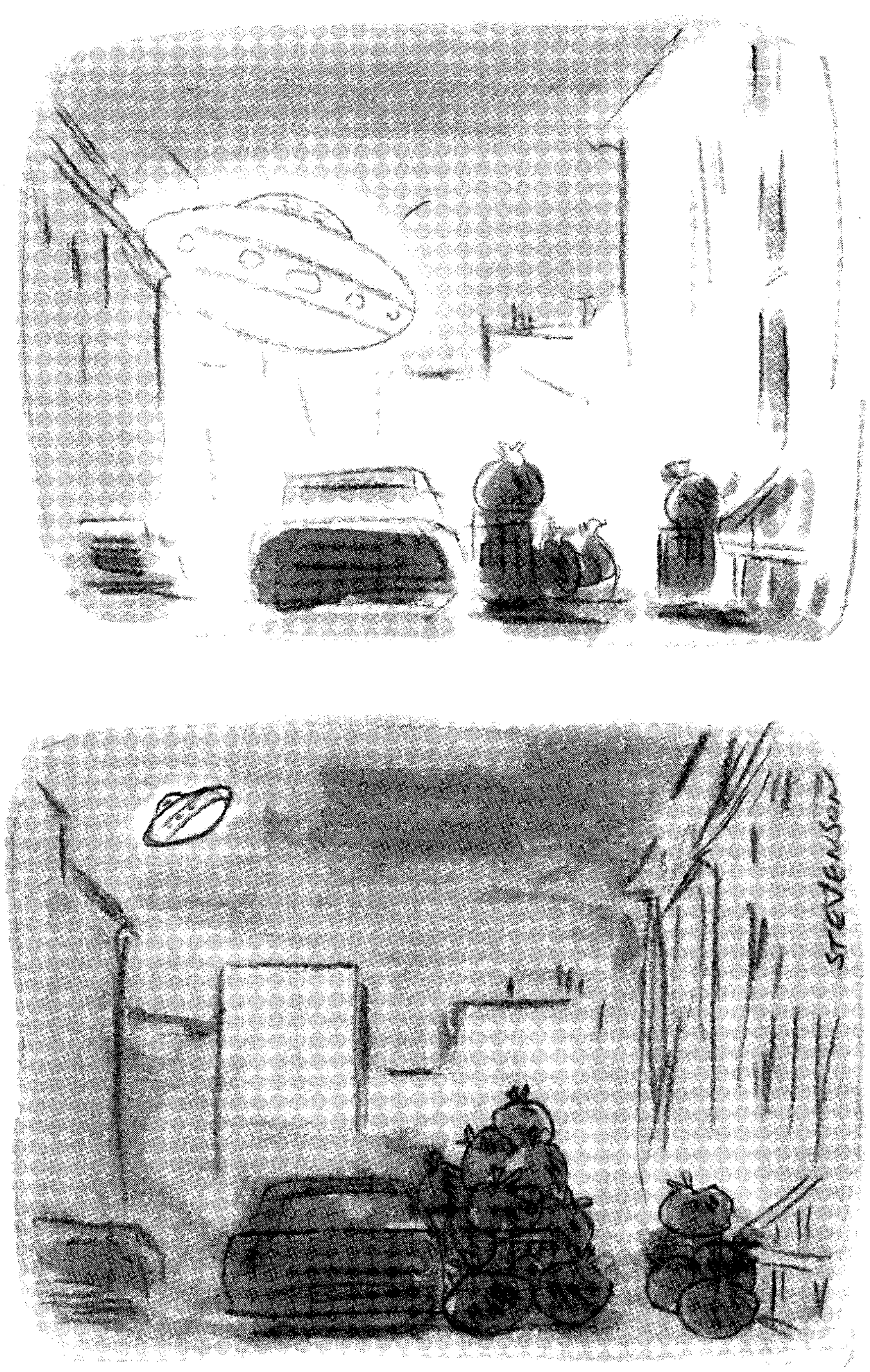
BELLA'S FAN CLUB IN SECLUSION AT MIAMI BEACH.

1976, as was, in general, the number of individuals sighted. In addition to this year's problems of observing, the severe, though locally less snowy, winter of a year ago probably contributed to the decline: species whose range extends only as far north as New York probably had less nesting success here last spring. Several species, though, are definitely increasing in numbers, no matter what. Lower Hudson Christmas Counts now regularly turn up six hundred or more blue jays and from a hundred and fifty to three hundred crows. A couple of decades ago, fifteen or twenty blue jays were a lot, and a count might not report a single crow. Among the other species sighted this year were loons, grebes, various owls, gulls, ducks, sparrows, woodpeckers, and nuthatches, and also horned larks, chickadees, cedar waxwings, mockingbirds, and house finches; the house finches first settled in the area in the forties, when dealers who had them learned that house finches were protected, and released them. Relatively little is known even today about the nocturnal habits of smaller birds, but in a heavy snowstorm most non-ledge dwellers probably seek shelter in the low branches of a thick hawthorn bush, in a dry evergreen, in a dry brush pile, or in big briar tangles and thickets. If snow drifts over the tops of the bushes, they have a kind of natural igloo and are safe from the wind. There are frequent reports in ornithological literature of chickadees, titmice, and small woodpeckers all bunching up together during a storm in a small woodpecker hole or in a natural cavity on the lee side of a tree. Gulls, whatever the weather, like to sit in the middle of the biggest, widest open place they can find, so that they can see any predator long before it has a chance to creep up on them. In the New York area, this usually means the parking lots at Jones Beach. Garbage that gulls feed on at landfills can be covered by a heavy snowfall, and then the gulls control the beaches, but sewers keep running night and day, so the Bonaparte's gulls that feed there can go right on eating after a snowstorm. Ducks have been seen under the lee sides of the piers at Liberty Island during a storm; and during the December sleet storm a Christmas counter encountered a bunch of sandpipers calmly feeding away on a sand dune in the middle of a Jersey mud flat. Most ocean-front species seem to disappear completely during a snowstorm, and some ornithologists theorize that they simply head out to sea and fly beyond the storm, to where the waves are rolling in a way that is easier to sit on. Pheasants, which are sighted regularly in Fort Tryon and Inwood Parks and in Pelham Bay Park, in the Bronx, are probably in the best shape of all when it snows. They are fantastically durable birds and can go for as long as ten days without any food at all.



Municipal Jokes

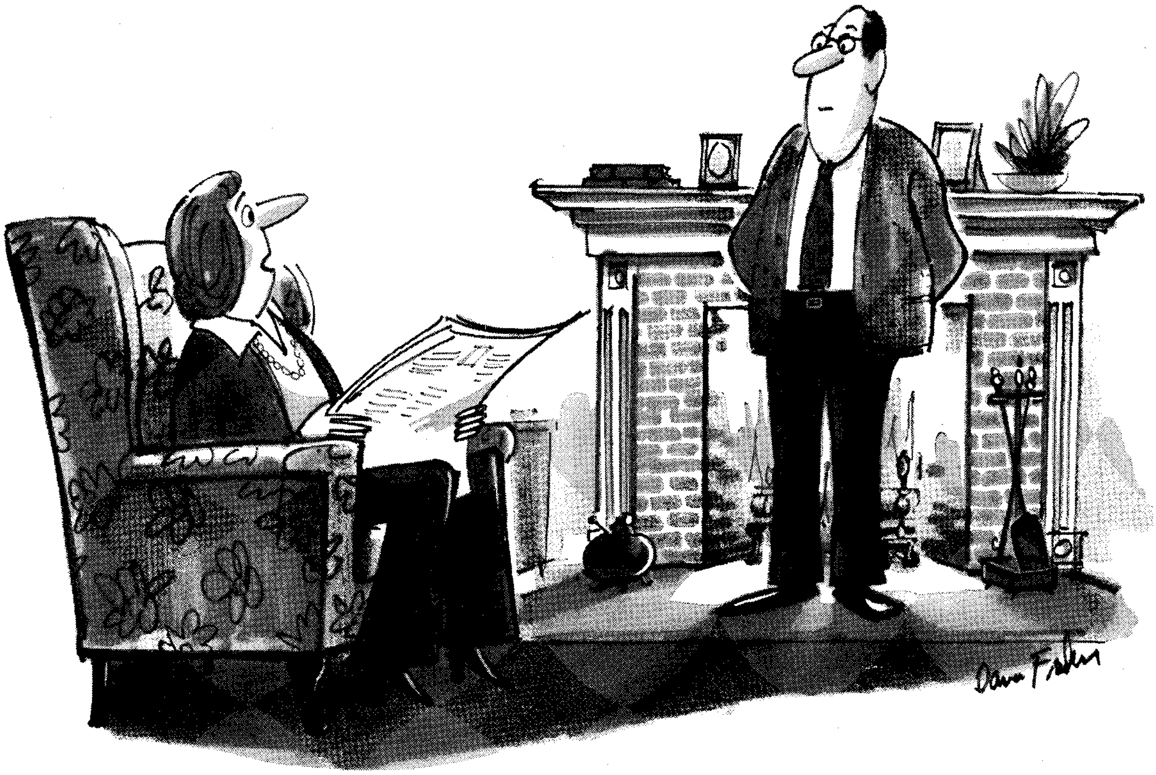
THE latest Inner Circle show, "Big Apple Turnover," concentrated, predictably, on the financial crunch ("How did we find that extra five hundred thousand dollars in the budget? Simple. Zuccotti put it back"), the growing pains of a new administration ("We have four hundred and eighty-four items on the Board of Estimate calendar . . . but we're laying over five hundred and ninety-six of them"), and the uneasy truce between City Hall and Albany (Governor Hugh Carey to Mayor Edward Koch: "I know the places you go to. I read the funnies." Koch to Carey: "I *wondered* where your fiscal ideas came from"). The Inner Circle, as we've mentioned before, is a group of a hundred past and present City Hall reporters who present an evening of political satire every year in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton. Nearly every major politician in the state attends, because (a) he hopes to be mentioned in the script, (b) he wants to be seen,



and (c) he's afraid that if he's *not* there somebody will notice. This year, there were three acts, set, sequentially, in an anonymous banana republic (the décor consisted of a sign saying "Little Abe's Big Apple Saloon," which was reversed to read "Crazy Eddie's"), in the Board of Estimate chamber (an emergency meeting found the board dressed in angelic white robes, with City Council President Carol Bellamy and Comptroller Harrison Goldin wearing halos), and in the Empire Gym, a seedy staging ground for past, present, and future gubernatorial contenders. The banana republic featured a chorus of scruffy Latin bandits in sombreros and baggy white pants (Regular Democrats), a line of bald high-kicking chorus girls (City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite and his City Council Schlockettes), and a muscular Wonder Woman (Carol Bellamy, played by the *News* reporter William Federici) wearing an abbreviated red-and-blue satin costume. There were also a catty duet ("Bosom Buddies") sung by Bella Abzug (the *News* reporter Beth Fallon) and Bess Myerson (the WNBC-TV commentator Mary Alice Williams) and a stirring rendition of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, led by a frenetic Herman Badillo (the *News* reporter Tom Poster), whose text went, "Herm Badillo! Herm Badillo! Loves Power! Loves Power! And he'll campaign forever and ever. He reigneth! Campaigneth! Campaigneth and reigneth! Hallelujah!"

Act II featured a maniacal Board of Estimate meeting. (Sample joke: The Calendar Clerk says, "In the matter of snow. The bad news is that it's twenty-eight inches. The good news is that it's filled up all the potholes." Second sample joke: Koch says, "I'd like to commend the president of the Board of Education for this highly effective reading program for our students," and President Stephen Aiello of the Board of Education replies, "What do you mean students? This is for the *teachers*.") Act III featured Governor Carey (the WNBC-TV newsman Jimmy Ryan) singing, "Y'got trouble, folks, right here in New York. Trouble with a capital T and that rhymes with C and that stands for cash;" the Carter brothers (Ellen Fleysher, the former CBS reporter who is now the Police Department's Deputy Commissioner for Public Information, and the WNBC-TV newsman Bob Teague) as a hustle dance team; John Lindsay (the WABC-Radio newsman Joe Famiglietti) doing a brief buck-and-wing across the stage to the tune of "Me and My Shadow;" and the recently appointed lifetime water-supply president, Stanley Friedman (the Associated Press correspondent Joe Schoener), in the guise of Gunga Din carrying a couple of buckets filled with money. There were jokes about the City Council president (Bellamy: "How'm I doing?" Koch: "In your job, what's to do?"), state pension funds (State Comptroller Arthur Levitt: "I'm the sole guardian of these pension funds. I will not betray that trust." Koch: "But, Arthur, it's not *your* pension." Levitt: "Oh, they didn't tell me that. That's different"), and the pension board ("How about something for the working press? Pass the liver bill." "Ah—bourbon renewal").

At the end of the show, Mayor Koch stepped onstage to make the mayor's traditional reply, which turned out to be five minutes of rapid-fire insult jokes ("We have a special award for the editorial staff of the *Times*. An all-expense-paid cruise to the Bermuda Triangle"). Then, announcing that the city needed outside help to solve the financial crisis, the Mayor introduced the cast of "The Magic Show" and invited it to take over. "I need a couple of tricks," he said. "Like levitating the budget, sawing expenses in half, and making Westway disappear." The actor who portrays Crazy Eddie (a hi-fi salesman) in television commercials showed up to



"Have we ever had a President that wasn't indefatigable?"

announce that he would cut the city budget while raising the salaries of his executives ("My prices are INSANE!"), and the Mayor's celebrated look-alike, Frank Perdue, the chicken man, made a brief appearance to suggest, "After eight years of charisma, four years of the clubhouse, and two months of competence, why not try a little chicken?" The show ended with the Mayor sawing Miss Budget, a shapely redhead, in half ("Proxmire will never believe this"). The big cast party that followed was so saturated with politicians trying to influence one another that there was scarcely room to dance.

Barrels

As a young English friend greeted us, she pulled off her woollen hat, saying, "As soon as this wretched winter's over, I'm going to *burn* this thing." She went on, "I keep getting letters from my country aunts. They all tell me how much they are longing for spring. But they're better off than I am. Where they are, the snowdrops and the crocuses are out, and it's lambing time again. It's been a snowy winter for them, too, but there are just a few drifts left in the shade of stone walls, and the fields are starting to turn green."

We remembered that she was something of a gardener in Manhattan, and asked if she had seen any signs of spring outside her windows.

"Well, you know, I have this long, thin bowling alley of a balcony," she said. "In summer, I can sunbathe on it, but only sidewise, and as a garden I suppose it's a bit of a joke. On the parapet, there are three huge Keatsian urns, made of concrete and as big as I am. At each end, there is a big wooden box that I planted last year with flowering shrubs. I step out there every day now. The urns have lost the snow hats they had for weeks. The bulbs in them are sticking up an inch or two. And the forsythia and the honeysuckle buds are definitely swelling."

Did she have plans for this year's garden?

"Plans! I dream about it! It's going to be a jungle, a cottage garden in the sky. I'm all set to make a little yellow awning, and I have visions of the urns swathed in ivy. I spend hours with the catalogues these days. Wayside Gardens. Tillotson's old-fashioned roses. And the American branch of Thompson & Morgan, because my aunts at home use that firm. I've drilled the drainage holes in my barrels, and they're all clustered round the grand piano in my living room, waiting to go outside. One day last November or December, I was scuttling down Broadway—you know how I'm always late. I spotted a group of big wooden barrels sitting on the pavement outside Zabar's. They were nicely rotund-looking things, bound with metal rings, and stamped with black lettering: HIGH MOUNTAIN SUPREME COFFEE. PRODUCT OF JAMAICA, W. I. ZABAR'S, NEW YORK. VIA SAN JUAN. I knew I wanted one of those barrels to plant a shrub in. I pushed my way through the crowd inside the store. The man said I couldn't have just one, but if I'd take all five off his hands by six o'clock that evening, I could have them for *a few dollars each.* I agreed. Later that afternoon, I made some frantic telephone calls, and persuaded the most reliable of my car-owning friends to help me out. He double-parked his jalopy outside the delicatessen, then discovered he'd forgotten the key to the boot. 'We'll have to make two trips,' he said. He put one barrel in the passenger seat beside him, and two in the back seat. I stayed close beside the two other barrels, on the pavement. Darkness had fallen, and I didn't like the greedy way the Friday-evening crowd milling round Zabar's was eying them. 'It's O.K.!' he shouted over to me through the window of the car. 'They fit in just like people!' I watched him pull away. He was peering carefully over the steering wheel, and looking very conscious of his responsibilities. From a distance, his passengers were three rather dumpy figures, holding themselves very upright. I remember thinking that that's the way it must look when I take my aunts out for a drive. On the second trip to my apartment house, I was a member of the barrel party. At first, I thought I couldn't possibly find room for more than two of the barrels on my balcony and that in time I'd give away the rest. But I've thought about those barrels all winter. Now that I've drilled the drainage holes, I've decided to use all five."

What did she think of planting in them?

"Mock orange. Climbing and rugosa roses. Clematis. Wisteria. Azalea. Hydrangea. Weigela. Flowering cherry. Rhododendron. More honeysuckle. Maybe silver-lace vine."

How many barrels did she say she had?

"Oh, that's right," she said regretfully. "Only five."

IS THERE A WRITER IN THE HOUSE?

SOME fifteen years ago, I began harboring a suspicion that the individual writer as such was obsolescent and would soon become as extinct as Battenberg insertions, Pluto Water, and Ayvad's Water Wings. Behind more and more of the craft, it struck me, there was becoming visible a corps of assistants, catalysts, technicians, and *accoucheurs*, but, at the same time, these incubators, these keepers of the flame who had breathed on the vital spark, were being denied screen credit. My conviction was shortly verified by a 1965 dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* from the Baltic: "Helsinki, Finland—Kati Kirstina's first book comes off the press this fall. A combination of poetry and prose, it will be dedicated to her mother. Mrs. Kirstina is especially proud, since Kati is only 3 years old." The dedication, clearly, should have been shared with Mrs. Kirstina's obstetrician, who had also helped out. Three years later, a prominent English press figure begrudged a similar debt. Alongside his photograph in the London *Times* was the caption "Charles Douglas Home, Defence Correspondent of *The Times*, is 29. He says he entered journalism with the publication of a story in the January 1944 issue of *Lilliput*. He was five years old at the time and had dictated it to his mother." Again, nary a mention of physician, nanny, or wet nurse. I was about to indite a letter to the World Health Organization, urging its obstetrical members to withhold prenatal care unless their names appeared on title pages, when the New York *Times* carried an account of an even more flagrant omission: "Ahmedabad, India (AP)—Three-year-old Surjit Shah has published his first collection of short stories, entitled 'Black, Black Rain.' The book, dictated to Surjit's father in the Gujarati language, has been translated into English by 8-year-old Claudia Kohn."

As if I still needed proof of the growing hypertrophy in authorship, it was afforded me last summer in London. Like many another Briton, a friend of mine there named Max Waxwing is involved in a multitude of enterprises. A partner in an art gallery, he conducts a health-food restaurant and a wine bar, deals in vintage cars, imports cork ice buckets from Portugal, and sells medieval oak furniture to persons avid for medieval oak furniture. Months before, he had casually mentioned a book he was writing about primitive and self-taught painters, and I asked how it was progressing.

"Ah, very slowly, I'm afraid," he said, downcast. "Half the time, he just sits there."

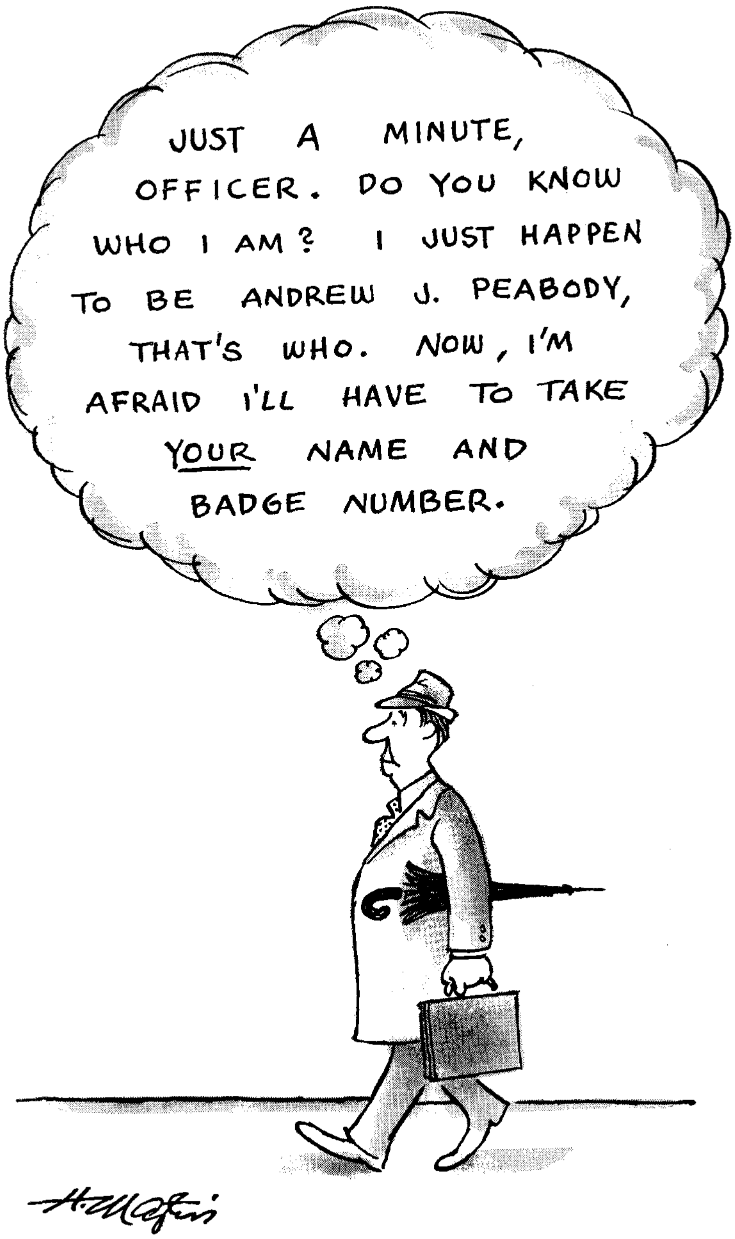
"Who does?"

"Why, the word man. The chap who's putting down the text."

"But you said you were writing it."

"So I am. I give him all the gen, and he whips it into shape."

"Oh, I see. It's a collaboration."


JUST A MINUTE, OFFICER. DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I JUST HAPPEN TO BE ANDREW J. PEABODY, THAT'S WHO. NOW, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR NAME AND BADGE NUMBER.

He bridled. "Not at all. Everything in the book"—he tapped his forehead—"originates right here. He doesn't know damn all about primitive painting."

"Then why do you bother with him?"

"Because that's his profession, man," he said, plainly annoyed at my stupidity. "You expect me to sit down and type out the whole thing?"

"Wouldn't it be simpler if you just reeled it off to a secretary?"

Waxwing compressed his lips. "That's *his* job, for Chrissake. I tell him the facts, and he goes off and dictates it to some wretched bint he's living with."

"Aha, now I get it." Light dawned. "She's the one does the writing."

"Well, she or her flatmate—a repulsive little worm from Zaire or wherever." He dusted his hands. "At any rate, I'll be finished with the rough draft in a few days, and then I begin polishing. That's going to take plenty of midnight oil."

So careworn was he already at the prospect that I urged him to husband his strength for only vital changes, and we parted.

Emerging from Crown Passage into Pall Mall a fortnight afterward, I collided with him. His usual natty garb had given way to the broad-brimmed black Stetson affected by W. B. Yeats, together with a waterproof draped impresario style over his shoulders. "Just come from my publishers," he said wanly. "Gad, what a nightmare. I've had to fight like a tiger to keep them from castrating my work."

My heart bled for him, having endured a like travail myself, but he waved aside my condolences. "Philistines, that's all they are," he spat. "You spend hours evolving a phrase, a nuance, and slash goes the blue pencil. I tell you, it's enough to make a chap give up writing."

"Now, stop talking nonsense," I reproved. "Where would Eugène Sue and Irving Wallace and Rod McKuen be today if they'd quit?"

"I guess you're right,"

he said, brightening. "Well, can't stand here gossiping all day. I'm due at Christina Foyle's literary luncheon and then that four-thirty symposium about the book on the BBC."

"Hold on a second—I'm confused. Your book hasn't come out yet, has it?"

He looked around furtively. "Not officially, but remember the worm from Zaire I spoke of? Her cousin—brilliant tutor at the University of Leeds—is brushing up the rough spots in the tapes as soon as they finish detoxifying him. There aren't any actual copies so far in the shops, but everyone in Paternoster Row is buzzing about it."

While I cocked my ear dutifully for such sibilance the rest of my stay, I failed to hear any, nor have I since. Soon after arrival in New York, though, I encountered another instance of pullulating creativity. Through a mouthful of food at Downey's, Rebecca Earwig, a press agent I know, disclosed that she and one Mumtaz Mahal were writing a cookbook.

"Not the favorite wife of Shah Jehan?" I asked incredulously. "Honey, she's been dead for three hundred and fifty years."

"No, this one performed in a Bengali dance troupe that was stranded at the Hotel Edison. I and she are penning a book of the favorite recipes of celebs like Olivia de Havilland, Celeste Holm, and Josh Logan, together with their most sparkling show-biz anecdotes."

"Gee, that ought to be a blitzkrieg. How does one go about writing a cookbook?"

"Well, I call up the diverse personalities, and she does the recording."

"On what—palm leaves?"

"Of course not—on a cassette. Then Mumtaz sets up an audition with a publisher."

"You mean she dances while he listens to the recipes?"

"You know," she said, breathing fire, "sometimes you can be a very aggravating person."

"I'm sorry, I expressed myself badly. What you're saying is that you transcribe the tapes—"

"*I* don't transcribe anything," she said haughtily. "My girl Friday handles that kind of thing. When she's through, the result is edited for like grammatical errors and fluffs."

"By you and this Bengali?"

"No, we haven't time. I'm enmeshed with my P.R. work, and she's grading cardamom seeds in a store downtown. There's some cockamamie instructor in the night school at Brandeis revising the script."

"Won't you have to acknowledge indebtedness to him and the secretary for their coöperation?"

"Are you out of your skull?" she snapped. "I and Mumtaz midwifed the idea between us. Nobody can use the recipes or even the jokes without they pay us a fee!"

So incensed was she at my skepticism that she forgot to demand my favorite recipe—upside-down cookies—and, as for the eventual publication party, I stand less chance of being invited than Father Damien's lepers on Molokai.

WITH mass authorship erupting all over the place, I became fearful lest I, too, be shanghaied into some congeries of the sort, and I kept my guard up. Unfortunately, it was down one morning when a telephone caller identified himself as Adrian Luftmensch, of Honeyfogle House, a firm of publishers outside my ken. Before I could tell him to put an egg in his shoe and beat it, the man was entreating me to lunch with him.

"What is it about? I can't seem to place your organization."

"That so? Just look us up in Dun & Bradstreet," he said, sensing that I would as likely possess the Book of Kells. "But never mind that—just answer me one question. Is one hour of your time worth five hundred thousand dollars?"

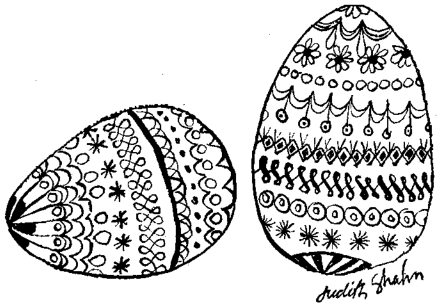
"Yes, and I've already wasted a bundle on you. I've got a five-act tragedy in verse about H. P. Lovecraft on the front burner, so talk fast."

"I can't over the phone, friend. It's too delicate. Listen, where can we meet—The Four Seasons, Lutèce, '21'? No, on second thought, that's dangerous. If we're seen eating together, some columnist might squeal. . . . Wait, I've got it. Do you know Esteban's, a Puerto Rican fast-food shop at Columbus Avenue and a Hundred and Fifth Street?"

After five minutes of senseless wrangling, we compromised on a rathskeller off Vesey Street, of fragrant memory in Horatio Alger's novels. Thither I went, where once honest bootblacks rescued flaxen-haired maidens from runaway steeds, and found Luftmensch, a toothy entrepreneur exuding charm as specious as his Donegal tweeds. The *plat du jour*—rinderbrust with brown mucilage sauce—came with a side order of flattery for my past achievements, foremost among which, declared Luftmensch, were those matchless Potash and Perlmutter stories. Having dissipated the illusion that I was Montague Glass, I enjoined him to state his business.

"Reet," he said. "We heard on the grapevine that not long ago you and someone else succeeded in communicating through the Ouija board with a number of famous deceased authors."

So the news had leaked out. "Well,



BAIGNEUSE

(By Jules Scalbert, Salon de 1912, According to a Postcard)

Like some exquisite afterthought she lingers
Froward, as if the stream nearby had taught her
Half-stillness, and had shown evasion to her
Body of water

Lying along its bank in waves of light and
Deep shade that tells truly of caves and hollows
Of solace in bright hills; the light-splashed eye then
Leads to what follows

Beyond the musing sepias of faintly
Naughty postal cards like part of the river
Not shown in the picture. But near her knee the
Flickering quiver

Of old nostalgic light on the bit of water
Calls up caverns it has wandered inside of
(Below one of the rocks this slow stream now steers
Warily wide of).

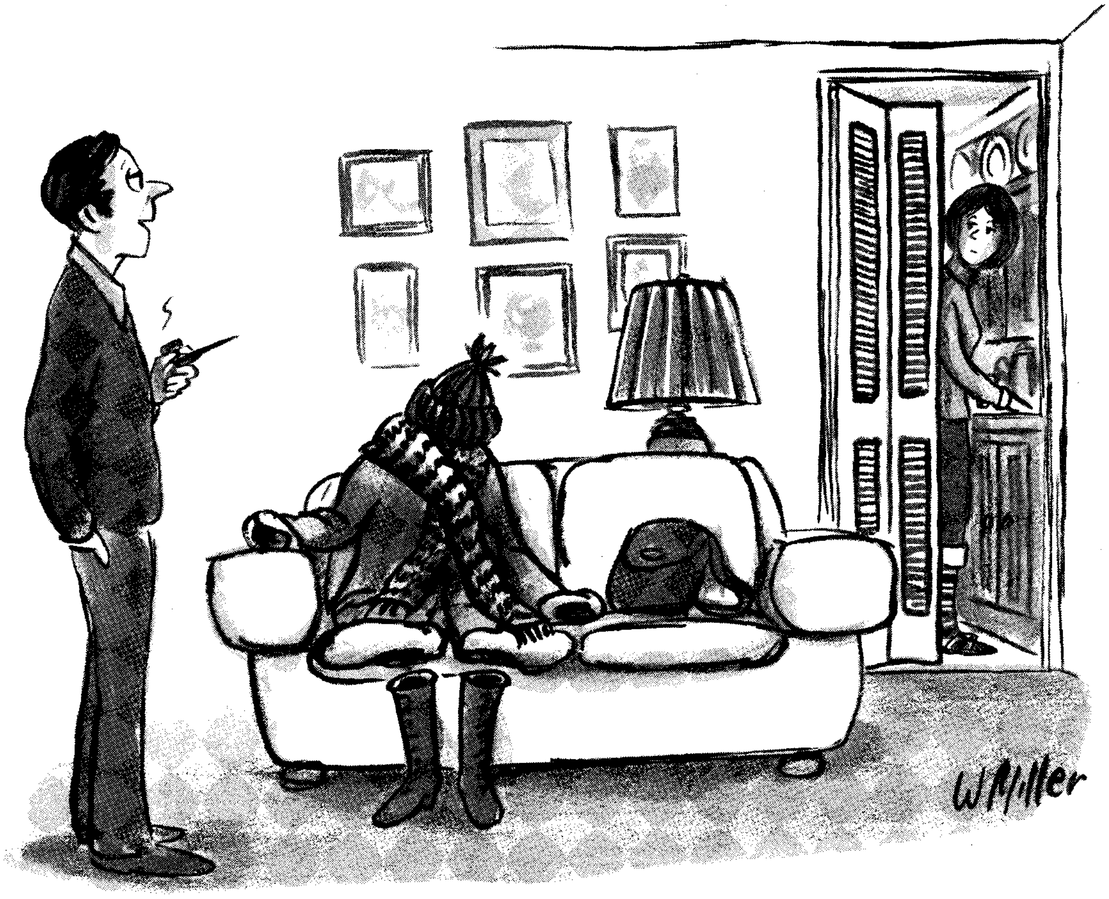
—John Hollander

yes. A colleague and I conversed briefly with Booth Tarkington, Rex Beach, Scott Fitzgerald, and Alexander Woollcott. What of it?”

“What *of* it? Man alive, it’s a scientific breakthrough!” He hugged himself in excitement. “But first—are you satisfied that they were the McCoy, the actual bona-fide scribes?”

“Incontestably. A Madame Blavatsky monitored the exchange at their end. She attested to their legitimacy.”

“Wow-*ee!*” he crowed. “Do you realize what a sensational book—what a paperback, movie, TV series it could make? This is the biggest thing since Isaac Newton’s fall of gravity, the landing on the moon!” His eyes protruded so alarmingly from their sockets that for a moment I feared a syncope. “I can get you a larger advance than Mailer and all those crumb-bums put together!”



“Oh, there you are. For a moment I thought your ‘look’ came in without you.”

• •

Frail vessel that I was, I must confess my heart skipped a beat at his words. It was not the prospect of the riches he held forth, though they would have bought me the leisure, as well as the necessary quills and ink, to complete my great work on Lovecraft. Rather, it was the elation at the acclaim that would accrue for having breached the veil to the hereafter—that is, if I could establish that the planchette we had employed was unaffected by vodka Martinis.

Luftmensch, however, must have construed my hesitation as reluctance, for he whipped out a blank check and scrawled his signature on it. “Here—you want evidence of my good faith? Fill in any amount you like—fifty, a hundred dollars—to bind the deal.”

“Slow down, brother.” I restored the jar of horseradish he had overturned. “I’ve got a bunch of commitments to meet—a child’s life of Vito Genovese, a history of woodworking among the Amish. I don’t know when I could get to this book.”

“You won’t have to—that’s the twisteroo!” he exulted. “My nephew Pincus, a graduate of Pace University, has a part-time job at the *Village Voice* sorting those classified ads for cohabitation. In his free time, he could take down your whole story in shorthand.”

“It’s not as simple as all that. There’s a legal problem. We’d have to get clearances from the departed.”

“What are you saying, Mr. Perlmutter? How can a ghost sign a release?”

“I beg your pardon.” My voice suddenly turned icy. “Incorporeal, insubstantial, even ectoplasmic these revenants may be, but I consider the term ‘ghost’ a vulgarism and impermissible.”

“Right, right,” he chattered. “I didn’t mean they were spooks—just that their signatures wouldn’t stand up in court.”

“Well, that tears it, I guess,” I said, rising abruptly. “Doubtless some influential firm, like Harper & Row or Random House, can work out these minutiae. Nice meeting you, Luftmensch.”

“Wait, wait. Don’t be so hasty.” Dew speckled his forehead in the uprush of inspiration. “How about this idea? We plant you and your friend on the Johnny Carson show with the Ouija. You contact these—uh, phantoms, or whatever you call ’em. And right there, with all of America watching, they agree for you to go ahead with the book. Is that legal enough for you—seventeen million witnesses?”

“An ingenious solution,” I congratulated him, struggling to keep my temper. “We research the material, endure the agony of creation, possibly suffer the contumely of the critics, only to share the billing and royalties with Johnny Carson and the whole NBC network? Why, you little measle, I’ve a good mind to give you a biff in the snoot!”

So there we were, scuffling away like two demented roosters, when the door opened and who should come in but Herbert Mitgang, Israel Shenker, and John Leonard, all of the *Times*. God only knows why they had chosen to dine in a dingy fleabag off Vesey Street, unless perchance they were holding an Ochs roast, but, skilled newshawks all, they knew a hot story when they saw one, and they sped to their typewriters. Each wrote his version with no reliance on tipsters, tapes, or legmen, and Luftmensch and I shared equal discredit. Granted the entire episode was sordid from start to finish, still there was nobody without whose help it could never have been written.

—S. J. Perelman

DEATH IN JERUSALEM

"TILL then," Father Paul said, leaning out of the window of the train for Dublin. "Till Jerusalem, Francis."

"Please God, Paul." As Francis spoke, the train began to move, and his brother waved from the window and he waved back, a modest figure on the platform. Everyone in the town said Francis might have been a priest as well, meaning that Francis's quietness and meditative disposition had an air of the cloister about them. But Francis contented himself with the running of Daly's hardware business, which his mother had run until she was too old for it. "Are we game for the Holy Land next year?" Father Paul had repeatedly asked that July, during his annual visit home. "Will we go together, Francis?" He had brushed aside all Francis's protestations, all attempts to explain that the shop could not be left, that their mother would be confused by the absence of Francis from the house. Rumbustiously Father Paul had pointed out that their sister Kitty was in charge of the household of which Francis and their mother were part, and that Kitty's husband, Myles, could surely be trusted to look after the shop for a single fortnight. For thirty years, ever since he was seven, Francis had wanted to go to the Holy Land. He had savings that he'd never spent a penny of; you can't take it with you, Father Paul had stated more than once.

On the platform Francis watched until the train could no longer be seen, his thoughts still with his brother. The priest's ruddy countenance smiled again behind cigarette smoke; his bulk remained impressive in the clerical clothes—the collar pinching the flesh of his neck, his black shoes scrupulously polished. There were freckles on the backs of his large, strong hands; he had a fine head of hair, gray and crinkly. In an hour and a half's time the train would creep into Dublin, and he'd take a taxi. He'd spend a night in the Gresham Hotel before catching his plane back to America. In the bar he'd probably fall in with another priest, have a drink or two, maybe play a game of bridge after his meal. That was his brother's way and always had been—an extravagant, easy way of smiles and good humor. It was what had taken him to America in the first place and made him successful there. In order to raise money for the church that he and Father Steigmuller intended to build by 1980, he took parties of the well-to-do from San Francisco to Rome and Florence, to Chartres and Seville and the Holy Land. He was good at raising money—not just for the church but for the boys' home of which he was president, and for the Hospital of Our Saviour, and for St. Mary's Old People's Home, on the west side of the city. But every July he flew back to Ireland, to the town in County Tipperary where his mother and brother and sister still lived. He stayed in the house above the shop, which he might have inherited himself on the death of his father, which he'd rejected in favor of the religious life. Mrs. Daly was eighty now. In the shop she sat silently behind the counter, in a corner by the chicken wire, wearing black clothes only. In the evenings she sat with Francis in the lace-curtained sitting room while the rest of the family occupied the kitchen. It was for her sake most of all that Father Paul made the journey every summer, considering it his duty.

Walking back to the town from the station, Francis was aware that he was missing his brother. Paul was fourteen years older and in childhood had often taken the place of their father, who had died when Francis was five. His brother had possessed enviable strength and knowledge; he'd been a hero, an example of success. In later life he had become an example of generosity as well: ten years ago he'd taken their mother to Rome, and their sister Kitty and her husband two years later; he'd paid the expenses when their sister Edna had gone to Canada; he'd helped two nephews to make a start in America. Francis, in childhood, hadn't had a healthy freckled face like his brother's, just as in middle age he didn't have a ruddy complexion and a stoutness and an easiness with people. Francis was slight, his sandy hair receding, his face rather pale. His breathing was sometimes labored because of wheeziness in the chest. In the hardware shop he wore a brown cotton coat.

"Hullo, Mr. Daly," a woman said to him on his way from the station. "Father Paul's gone off, has he?"

"Yes, he's gone again."

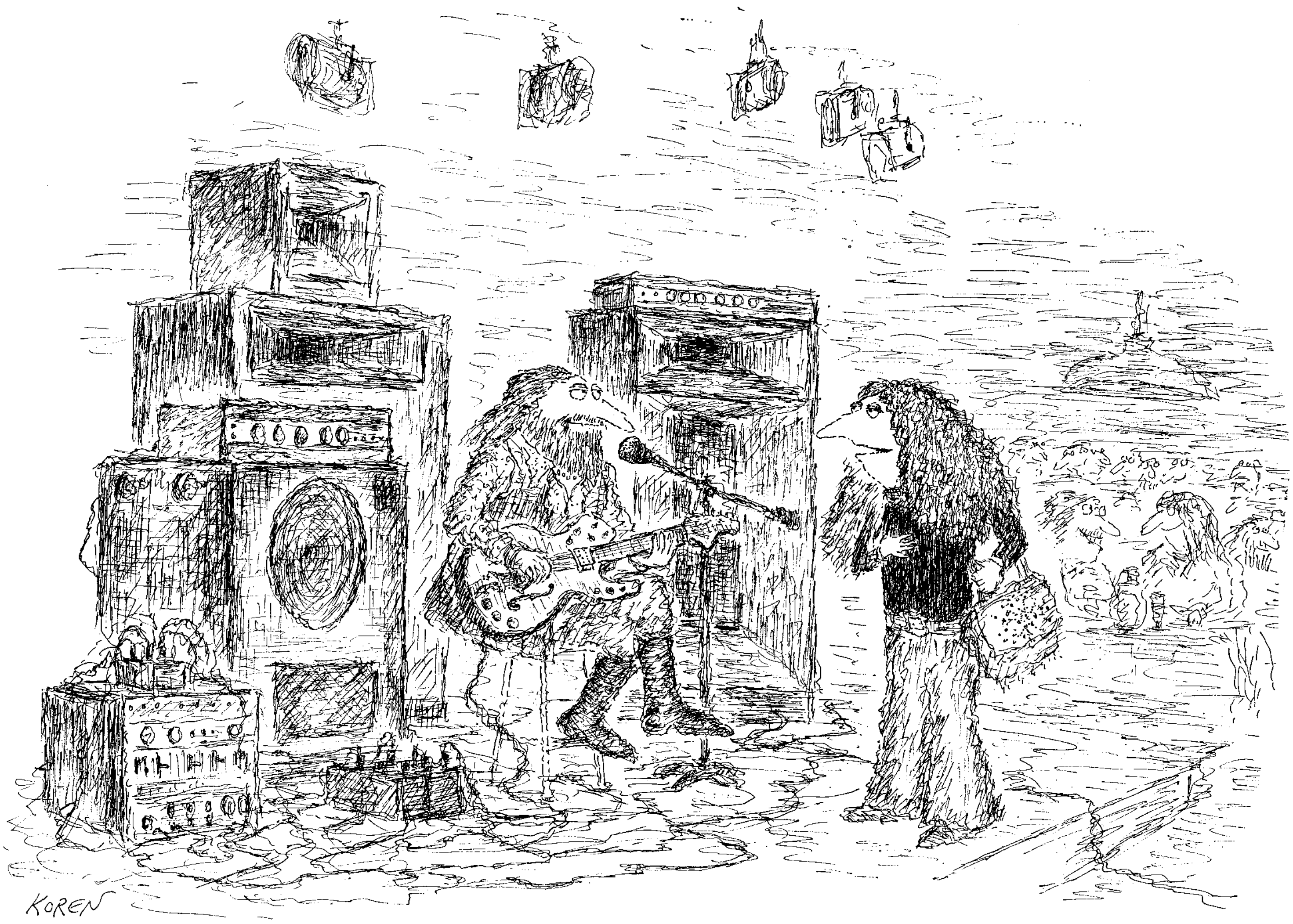
"I'll pray for his journey so," the woman promised, and Francis thanked her.

A YEAR went by. In San Francisco another wing of the boys' home was completed and another target was reached in Father Paul and Father Steigmuller's fund for the church they planned to have built by 1980. In the town in County Tipperary there were baptisms and burial services and First Communions. Old Loughlin, a farmer from Bansha, died in Flynn's grocery and bar, having gone there to celebrate a good price he'd got for a heifer. Clancy, from behind the counter in Doran's drapery, married Maureen Talbot; Mr. Nolan's plasterer married Miss Driscoll; Johneen Lynch married Seamus from the chips shop, under pressure from her family to do so. A local horse, from the stables on the Limerick road, was said to be an entry for the Fairyhouse Grand National, but it turned out not to be true.

Every evening of that year Francis sat with his mother in the lace-curtained sitting room above the shop. Every weekday she sat in her corner by the chicken wire, watching while he counted out screws and weighed staples, or advised about yard brushes or tap washers. Occasionally, on a Saturday, he visited the three Christian Brothers who lodged with Mrs. Shea, and afterward he'd tell his mother about how the authority was slipping these days from the nuns and the Christian Brothers, and how Mrs. Shea's elderly maid, Agnes, couldn't see to cook the food anymore. His mother would nod and hardly ever speak. When he told a joke—what young Hogan had said when he'd found a nail in his egg, or how Agnes had put mint sauce into a jug with milk in it—she never laughed, and looked at him in surprise when he laughed himself. But Dr. Grady said it was best to keep her cheered up.

All during that year Francis talked to her about his forthcoming visit to the Holy Land, endeavoring to make her understand that for a fortnight the next spring he would be away from the house and the shop. He'd been away before for odd days, but that was when she was younger. He had sometimes visited an aunt in Tralee, but the aunt had died, and he hadn't left the town for three years.

Francis and his mother had always



"I love the honesty of your lyric."

• •

been close. Before his birth two daughters had died in infancy, and his very survival had struck Mrs. Daly as a gift. He had always been her favorite, the one among her children whom she considered least able to stand on his own two feet. It was just like Paul to have gone blustering off to San Francisco instead of remaining in County Tipperary. It was just like Kitty to have married a useless man. "There's not a girl in the town who'd touch him," she'd said to her daughter at the time, but Kitty had been headstrong and adamant, and there was Myles, doing nothing whatsoever except cleaning other people's windows for a pittance and placing bets in Donovan's, the turf accountant's. It was the shop and the arrangement Kitty had with Francis and her mother that kept up Kitty and her children, three of whom had already left the town, which in Mrs. Daly's opinion they mightn't have done if they'd had a better type of father. Mrs. Daly often wondered what her own two babies who'd died might have grown into, and imagined that they might have been like Francis, about whom she'd never had a moment's worry. Not in a million years would he give you the feeling that he was too big for his boots, the way Paul sometimes did with his lavishness and his talk of America. Francis wasn't silly like Kitty, or so sinful you couldn't forgive him, the way you couldn't forgive Edna, even though she was dead and buried in Toronto.

Francis understood how his mother felt about the family. She'd had a hard life, left a widow early on, trying to do the best she could for everyone. In turn, he did his best to compensate for the struggles and disappointments she'd suffered, cheering her in the evenings while Kitty and Myles and the youngest of their children watched the television in the kitchen. His mother had ignored Myles for ten years, ever since the day he'd taken money out of the till to pick up the odds on Gusty Spirit at Phoenix Park. And although Francis got on well enough with Myles, he quite understood that there should be a long aftermath to that day. There'd been a terrible row in the kitchen—Kitty screaming at Myles and Myles telling lies and Francis trying to keep them calm, saying they'd give the old woman a heart attack.

She didn't like upsets of any kind. All during the year before he was to visit the Holy Land, Francis read the New Testament to her in order to prepare her. He talked to her about Bethlehem and Nazareth and the miracles of the loaves and the fishes and all the other miracles. She kept nodding, but he often wondered if she didn't assume that he was casually referring to episodes in the Bible. As a child he had listened to such talk himself, with awe and fascination, imagining the walking on the water and the temptation in the wilderness. He had imagined the Cross carried to Calvary, and the rock rolled back from the tomb, and the rising from the dead on the third day. That he was now to be in such places seemed extraordinary to him, and he wished that his mother was younger so she could appreciate his good fortune and share it with him when she received the postcards he intended to send her every day. But her eyes seemed always to tell him that he was making a mistake, that somehow he was making a fool of himself by doing such a showy thing as going to the Holy Land. "I have the whole itinerary mapped out," his brother wrote from San Francisco. "There's nothing we'll miss."

IT was the first time Francis had been in an airplane. He flew by Aer Lingus from Dublin to London and then changed to an El Al flight to Tel Aviv, where he was to meet Father Paul. He was nervous and he found the journey exhausting. All the time he seemed to be eating, and it was strange being among so many people he didn't know. "You will taste honey such as never before," an Israeli businessman in the seat next to his on the airplane assured him. "And Galilean figs. Make certain to taste Galilean figs." Make certain, too, the businessman said, to experience Jerusalem by night and at dawn. He urged Francis to see places he had never heard of: the Yad Va-Shem, the treasures of the Shrine of the Book. He urged him to honor the martyrs of Masada and to learn a few words of Hebrew as a token of respect. He told him of a shop where he could buy mementos and warned him against Arab street traders.

"The hard case," Father Paul said, embracing Francis at the Tel Aviv airport. Father Paul had had a drink or two, and he suggested another when they arrived at the Plaza Hotel in Jerusalem. It was half past nine in the evening. "A quick little nightcap," Father Paul insisted, "and then hop into bed with you, Francis." They sat in an enormous open lounge with low, round tables and square modern armchairs. Father Paul told Francis it was the bar.

They had said what had to be said in the car from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Father Paul had asked about their mother, and Kitty and Myles. He'd asked about other people in the town—old Canon Mahon and Sergeant Malone. He and Father Steigmuller had had a great year of it, he reported: as well as everything else, the boys' home had turned out two tip-top football players. "We'll start on a tour at half-nine in the morning," he said. "I'll be sitting having breakfast at eight."

Francis went to bed, and Father Paul ordered another whiskey, with ice. To his great disappointment there was no Irish whiskey in the hotel, so he was having to content himself with Haig. He fell into conversation with an American couple, making them promise that if they were ever in Ireland they wouldn't miss out County Tipperary. At eleven o'clock the barman said he was wanted at the reception desk, and when Father Paul went upstairs and announced himself he was given a message in an envelope. It was a telegram that had come, the girl said in poor English. Then she shook her head, saying it was a telex. He opened the envelope and learned that their mother had died.

FRANCIS fell asleep immediately and dreamed that he was a boy again, out fishing with a friend whose identity he couldn't remember now.

On the telephone Father Paul ordered whiskey and ice to be brought to his room. Before drinking it, he took his jacket off and knelt by his bed to pray for his mother's salvation. When he'd completed the prayers, he walked slowly up and down the length of the room, occasionally sipping at his whiskey. He argued with himself and finally arrived at a decision.

FOR breakfast they had scrambled eggs that looked like yellow ice cream, and orange juice that was delicious. Francis asked about bacon, but Father Paul said that bacon was not readily available in Israel.

"Did you sleep all right?" Father Paul inquired. "Did you have the jet lag?"

"Jet lag?"

"A tiredness you get after jet flights. It'd knock you out for days."

"Ah, I slept great, Paul."

"Good man."

They lingered over breakfast. Father Paul reported a little more of what had happened in his parish during the year—in particular about the two young football players from the boys' home. Francis told about the decline in the cooking at Mrs. Shea's boarding house, as related to him by the three Christian Brothers. "I have a car laid on," Father Paul said, and twenty minutes later they walked out into the Jerusalem sunshine.

The hired car stopped on the way to the walls of the old city. It drew into a lay-by at Father Paul's request, and the two men got out and looked across a wide valley, dotted with houses and olive trees. A road curled along the distant slope opposite. "The Mount of Olives," Father Paul said. "And that's the road to Jericho." He pointed more particularly. "You see there, that group of eight big olives?" he said. "Just off the road, where the church is?"

Francis thought he did but was not sure. There were so many olive trees, and there was more than one church.

"The Garden of Gethsemane," Father Paul said.

Francis did not say anything. He continued to gaze at the distant church with the clump of olive trees beside it. Wild flowers were profuse on the slopes of the valley—smears of orange and blue on land that looked poor. Two Arab women herded goats.

"Could we see it closer?" he asked, and his brother said that definitely they would. They returned to the waiting car, and Father Paul ordered it to the Gate of St. Stephen.

Tourists heavy with cameras thronged the Via Dolorosa. Brown, barefoot children asked for alms. Stallkeepers pressed their different goods: cotton dresses, metalware, mementos, sacred objects. "Get out of the way," Father Paul kept saying to them, genially laughing to show he wasn't being abrupt. Francis wanted to stand still and close his eyes, to visualize for a moment the carrying of the Cross. But the ceremony of the Stations, familiar to him for as long as he could remember, seemed unreal. Try as he would, Christ's journey refused to enter his imagination, and his own plain church seemed closer to the heart of the matter than the noisy lane he was now being jostled on. "God damn it, of course it's genuine," an angry American voice proclaimed, in reply to another voice, which insisted that cheating had taken place. The voices argued about a piece of wood, neat beneath plastic in a little

box—a sample or not of the Cross that had been carried.

They arrived at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and at the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross, where they prayed. They passed through the Chapel of the Angel, to the tomb of Christ. Nobody spoke in the marble cell, but when they left the church Francis overheard a quiet man with spectacles saying it was unlikely that a body would have been buried within the walls of the city. They walked to Hezekiah's Pool and out of the Old City at the Jaffa Gate, where their hired car was waiting for them.

"Are you peckish?" Father Paul asked, and although Francis said he wasn't, they returned to the hotel.

"DELAY FUNERAL TILL MONDAY" was the telegram Father Paul had sent. There was an early flight on Sunday, in time for an afternoon one from London to Dublin. With luck there would be a late train on Sunday evening, and if there wasn't they'd have to fix a car. That would give them four and a half days. "FUNERAL ELEVEN MONDAY," the telegram at the reception desk confirmed. "Ah, isn't that great?" said Father Paul to himself, crumpling the telegram.

"Will we have a small one?" he suggested in the open area that was the bar. "Or better still a big one." He laughed. He was in good spirits in spite of the death that had taken place. He gestured at the barman, wagging his head and smiling jovially.

His pink face had reddened in the morning sun; there were specks of sweat on his forehead and his nose. "Bethlehem this afternoon," he laid down. "Unless the jet lag—?"

"I haven't got the jet lag."

In the Nativity Boutique, Francis bought for his mother a small metal plate with a fish on it. He had stood for a moment—scarcely able to believe it—on the spot where the manger had been, in the Church of the Nativity. As in the Via Dolorosa, it had been difficult to clear his mind of the surroundings that crowded in: the exotic Greek Orthodox trappings, the foreign-looking priests, the Oriental smell. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, he'd kept thinking—for somehow the church seemed more the church of the Three Kings than of Joseph and Mary and their child. Afterward they returned to Jerusalem—to the Tomb of the Virgin and the Garden of Gethsemane. "It could have been anywhere," he heard the quiet, bespectacled man from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre remark in Gethsemane. "They're only guessing."

Father Paul rested in the late afternoon, lying down on his bed with his jacket off. He slept from half past five until quarter past seven and awoke refreshed. He picked up the telephone and asked for whiskey and ice, and when it arrived he undressed and had a bath, relaxing in the warm water with the drink on a ledge in the tiled wall beside him. There would be time to take in Nazareth and Galilee. He was particularly keen that his brother should see Galilee, because Galilee had atmosphere and was beautiful. There wasn't, in his own opinion, very much to Nazareth, but it would be a pity to miss it all the same. It was at the Sea of Galilee that he intended to tell his brother of their mother's death.

"We've had a great day," Francis wrote on a postcard that showed an aerial view of Jerusalem. "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Our Lord's tomb is, and Gethsemane and Bethlehem. Paul's in great form." He addressed it to his mother, and then wrote other cards, to Kitty and Myles, and to the three Christian Brothers at Mrs. Shea's, and to Canon Mahon. He gave thanks that he was privileged to be in Jerusalem. He read St. Mark and some of St. Matthew. He said his Rosary.

"Will we chance the wine?" Father Paul said at dinner—not that wine was something he went in for, but a waiter had come up and put a large padded wine list into his hand.

"Ah, no, no," Francis protested, but already Father Paul was running his eye down the list.

"Have you local wine?" he inquired of the waiter. "A nice red one?"

The waiter nodded and hurried away, and Francis hoped he wouldn't get drunk—red wine on top of the whiskey he'd had in the bar before the meal. He'd only had the one whiskey, not being much used to it, and made it last through his brother's three.

"I heard some boyos in the bar," Father Paul said, "making a great song and dance about the local red wine."

Wine made Francis think of the Holy Communion, but he didn't say so. He said the soup was delicious, and he drew his brother's attention to a custom in the hotel—a porter ringing a bell and walking about with a person's name chalked on a little blackboard on the end of a rod.

"It's a way of paging you," Father Paul explained. "Isn't it nicer than bellowing out some fellow's name?" He smiled his easy smile, his eyes beginning to water as a result of the drinks he'd had. He was beginning to feel a strain: he kept thinking of their mother lying there, of what she'd say if she knew what he'd done, how she'd savagely upbraid him for keeping the fact from Francis. Out of duty and humanity he had returned each year to see her, because, after all, you only had the one mother. But he had never cared for her.

Francis went for a walk after dinner. There were young soldiers on the streets with what seemed to be toy guns, but he knew that the guns were real. In the shopwindows there were television sets for sale, and furniture and clothes, just like anywhere else. There were advertisements for some film or other—two writhing women without a stitch on them, the kind of thing you wouldn't see in County Tipperary. "You want something, sir?" a girl said, smiling at him with broken front teeth. The siren of a police car or an ambulance shrilled urgently nearby. He shook his head at the girl. "No, I don't want anything," he said, and then realized what she had meant. She was small and very dark, no more than a child. He hurried on, praying for her.

When he returned to the hotel, he found his brother in the lounge with other people, two men and two women. Father Paul was ordering a round of drinks and called out to the barman to bring an extra whiskey. "Ah, no, no," Francis protested, anxious to go to his room and to think about the day, to read the New Testament, and perhaps to write a few more postcards. Music was coming from speakers that could not be seen.

"My brother, Francis," Father Paul said to the people he was with, and the people all gave their names, adding that they came from New York. "I was telling them about Tipp," Father Paul said to his brother, offering his packet of cigarettes around.

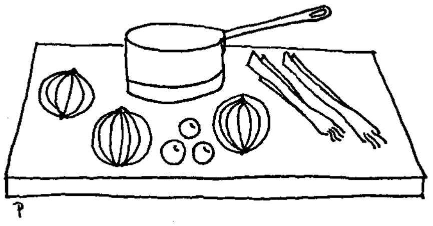
"You like Jerusalem, Francis?" one of the American women asked him, and he replied that he hadn't been able to take it in yet. Then, feeling that he didn't sound enthusiastic enough, he added that being there was the experience of a lifetime.

Father Paul went on talking about County Tipperary and then spoke of his parish in San Francisco, the boys' home and the two promising football players, the plans for the new church. The Americans listened, and in a moment the conversation drifted on to the subject of their travels in England, their visits to Istanbul and Athens, an argument they'd had at customs in Tel Aviv. "Well, I'm ready to hit the hay," one of the men announced eventually, standing up.

The others stood up, too, and so did Francis. Father Paul remained where he was, gesturing again in the direction of the barman. "Sit down for a nightcap," he urged his brother.

"Ah, no, no—" Francis began.

"Bring us two more of those," the priest ordered abruptly, and the barman hurried away. "Listen," said Father Paul. "I've something to tell you."



After dinner, while Francis had been out on his walk, before Father Paul had got into conversation with the Americans, he had said to himself that he couldn't stand the strain. It was the old woman stretched out above the hardware shop, already stiff as a board, with the little lights burning in her room: he kept seeing all that, as if she wanted him to, as if she were trying to haunt him. He didn't think he could go on—nice as the idea was—with what he'd planned, with waiting until they got up to Galilee.

Francis didn't want to drink any

EATING RICE

Solemn willows of grain

Or clumps of China balanced prettily to the mouth

It is sweet

It is the comfort of all bland ease

Rice matches ten ingredients

Accommodation is subtle art

It tastes good alone

The Long March maneuvers across the meal

History is at the table

The grains are dead bodies

Rice tells of mourned brigades

It is the purity of war

It is the heat of resistance

Shensi Province is there

Airy mountains sit on a fork

Rice is as white as their glacial snow

Each grain is a completed page of white

It is as incandescent as Blake

The waiter brings seconds effortlessly

There is always enough

After dinner we recall pressed duck

Bass in bean sauce

Rice is forgotten

It doesn't need applause

—Jack Galef

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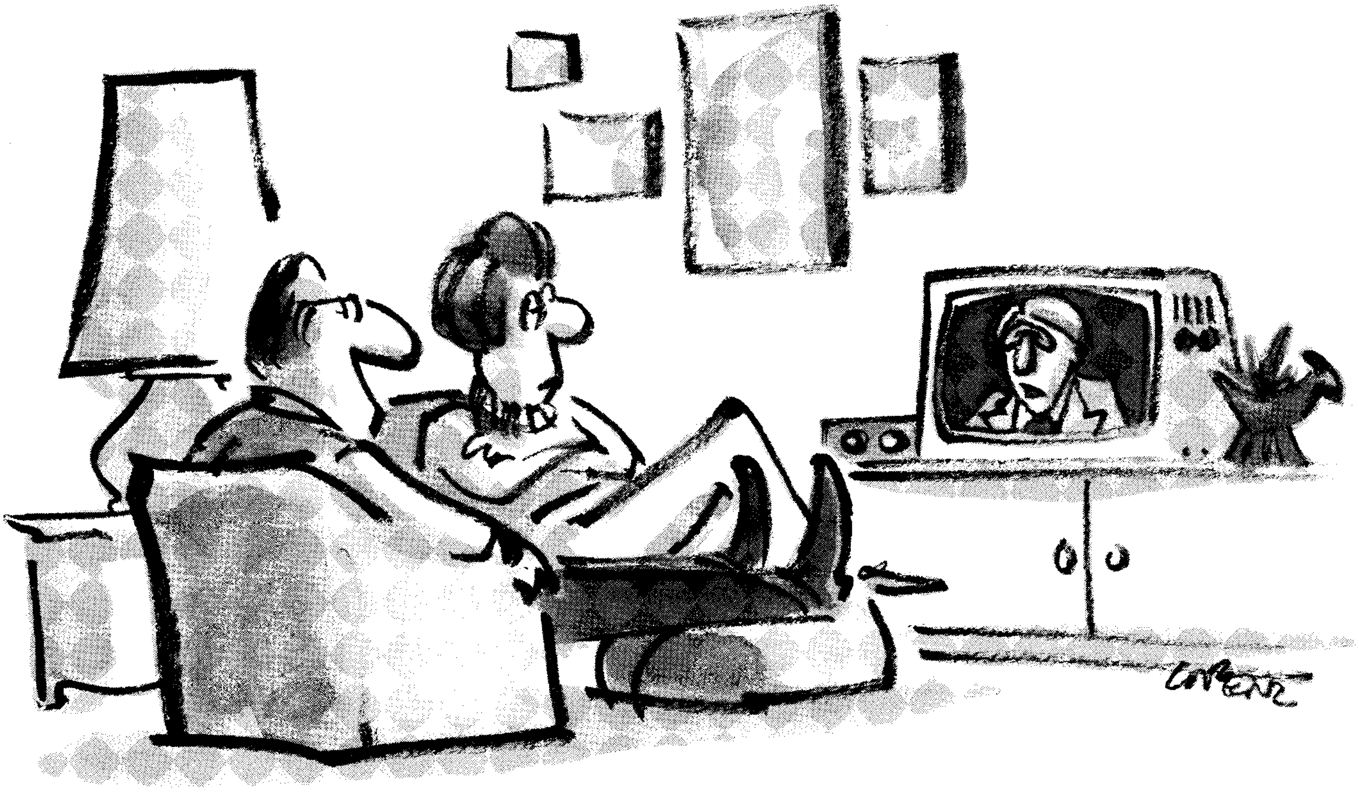

"And here's a roundup of local forecasts: The National Weather Service predicts dropping temperatures and heavy snow; Accu-Weather says look for light flurries, with no significant accumulation; and our own Weather Central has issued a major-storm advisory and suggests evacuation of all low-lying coastal areas."

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more. He hadn't wanted the whiskey that his brother had ordered for him earlier, nor the one the Americans had ordered for him. He didn't want the one that the barman was bringing. He thought he'd just leave it there, hoping his brother wouldn't see it. He lifted the glass to his lips, but he managed not to drink any.

"A bad thing has happened," Father Paul said.

"Bad? How do you mean, Paul?"

"Are you ready for it?" He paused. Then he said, "She died."

Francis didn't know what he was talking about. He didn't know who was meant to be dead, or why his brother was behaving in an odd manner. He didn't like to think it, but he had to: His brother wasn't fully sober.

"Our mother died," Father Paul said. "I'm after getting a telegram."

The huge area that was the lounge of the Plaza Hotel, the endless tables and people sitting at them, the swiftly moving waiters and barmen—Francis saw them with a feeling that he was not where he appeared to be, that he wasn't sitting with his brother, who was wiping his lips with a handkerchief. In his confusion he thought for a moment that he was struggling his way up the Via Dolorosa again, and then that he was in the Nativity Boutique.

"Take it easy, boy," his brother was saying. "Take a mouthful of whiskey."

Francis didn't obey that injunction. He asked his brother to repeat what he had said before, and Father Paul repeated that their mother had died.

Francis closed his eyes and tried as well to shut away the sounds around them. He prayed for the salvation of his mother's soul. "Blessed Virgin, intercede," his own voice said in his mind. "Dear Mary, let her few small sins be forgiven."

Having rid himself of his secret, Father Paul felt instant relief. With the best of intentions, he had been foolish to think he could maintain the secret until they arrived in a place that was perhaps the most suitable in the world for hearing of the death of a person close to you. He took a gulp of his whiskey and wiped his mouth with his handkerchief again. He watched his brother, waiting for his eyes to open.

"When did it happen?" Francis asked eventually.

"Yesterday."

"And the telegram only came—"

"It came last night, Francis. I wanted to save you the pain."

"Save me? How could you save me? I sent her a postcard, Paul."

"Listen to me, Francis—"

"How could you save me the pain?"

"I wanted to tell you when we got up to Galilee."

Francis couldn't understand his brother: he couldn't understand what he meant by saying a telegram had come last night, why at a moment like this he was talking about Galilee. He didn't know why they were sitting in this noisy place when they should be back in Ireland.

"I fixed the funeral for Monday," Father Paul said.

Francis nodded, not grasping the significance of this arrangement. "We'll be back there this time tomorrow," he said.

"No need for that, Francis. Sunday morning's time enough."

"But she's dead—"

"We'll be there in time for the funeral."

"We can't stay here if she's dead."

It was this, Father Paul realized, that he'd been afraid of when he'd argued with himself and made his plan. If he'd knocked on Francis's door the night before, Francis would have wanted to return immediately without seeing a single stone of the land he had come so far to be moved by.

"We could go straight up to Galilee

in the morning," Father Paul said quietly. "You'll find comfort in Galilee, Francis."

But Francis shook his head. "I want to be with her," he said.

Father Paul lighted a cigarette. He nodded at a hovering waiter, indicating his need of another drink. He said to himself that he must keep his cool—an expression he was fond of. "Take it easy, Francis," he said.

"Is there a plane out in the morning? Can we make arrangements now?" Francis looked about him as if for a member of the hotel staff who might be helpful.

"No good will be done by tearing off home, Francis. What's wrong with Sunday?"

"I want to be with her."

Anger swelled within Father Paul. If he began to argue, his words would become slurred: he knew that from experience. He must keep his cool and speak slowly and clearly, making a few simple points. It was typical of her, he thought, to die inconveniently.

"You've come all this way," he said as slowly as he could without sounding peculiar. "Why cut it any shorter than we need? We'll be losing a week anyway. She wouldn't want us to go back."

"I think she would."

He was right in that. Her possessiveness in her lifetime would have reached out across a dozen continents for Francis. She'd known what she was doing by dying when she had.

"I shouldn't have come," Francis said. "She didn't want me to come."

"You're thirty-seven years of age, Francis."

"I did wrong to come."

"You did no such thing."

The time he'd taken her to Rome, she'd been difficult for the whole week—complaining about the food, saying everywhere was dirty. Whenever he'd spent anything, she'd disapproved. All his life, Father Paul felt, he'd done his best for her. He had told her before anyone else when he'd decided to enter the priesthood, certain that she'd be pleased. "I thought you'd take over the shop," she'd said.

"What difference could it make to wait, Francis?"

"There's nothing to wait for."

As long as he lived, Francis knew, he would never forgive himself. As long as he lived, he would say to himself that he hadn't been able to wait a few years, until she'd passed quietly on. He might even have been in the room with her when it happened.

"It was a terrible thing not to tell me," he said. "I sat down and wrote her a postcard, Paul. I bought her a plate."

"So you said."

"You're drinking too much of that whiskey."

"Now, Francis, don't be silly."

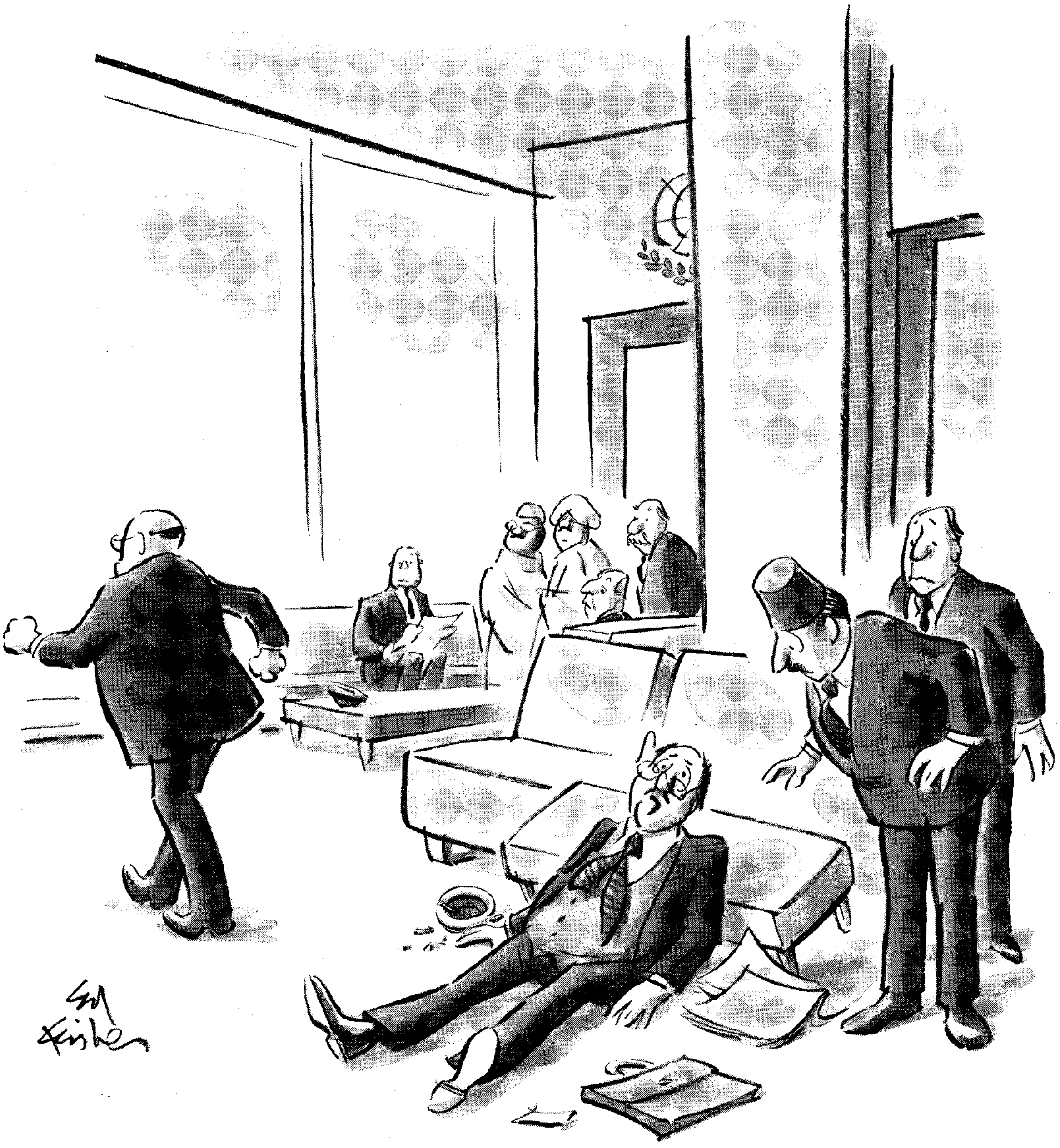
"You're half drunk and she's lying there."

"She can't be brought back, no matter what we do."

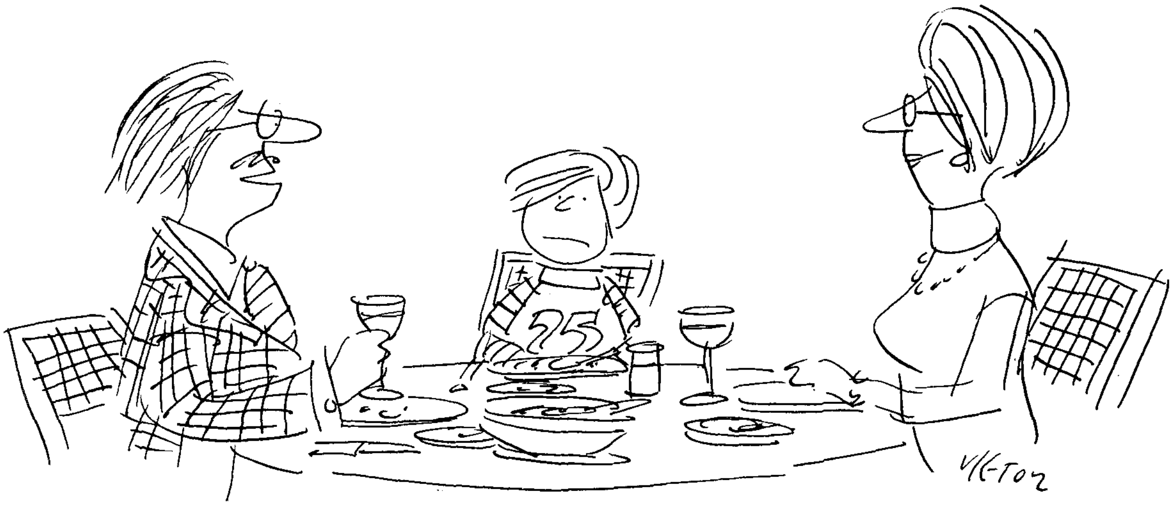
"She never hurt anyone," Francis said.

Father Paul didn't deny that, although it wasn't true. She had hurt their sister Kitty, constantly reproaching her for marrying Myles, long after Kitty had seen it was a mistake. She'd driven Edna to Canada when Edna, still unmarried, had a miscarriage that only the family knew about. She had made a shadow out of Francis, although Francis didn't know it. Having failed to hold on to her other children, she had grasped her last-born to her, as if she had borne him to destroy him.

"It'll be you who'll



"I used a standard obscure diplomatic code word, but perhaps it wasn't obscure enough."



"Tommy, your mother and I think it's time you become part of the decision-making process."

say a Mass for her?" Francis said.

"Yes, of course it will."

"You should have told me."

Francis realized why, all day, he'd been disappointed. From the moment when the hired car had pulled into the lay-by and his brother had pointed across the valley at the Garden of Gethsemane, he'd been disappointed and had not admitted it. He'd been disappointed in the Via Dolorosa and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and in Bethlehem. He remembered the bespectacled man who'd kept saying that you couldn't be sure about anything. All the people with cameras made it impossible to think, all the jostling and pushing was distracting. When he'd said there was too much to take in, he'd meant something different.

"Her death got in the way," he said.

"What do you mean, Francis?"

"It didn't feel like Jerusalem, it didn't feel like Bethlehem."

"But it is, Francis, it is."

"There are soldiers with guns all over the place. And a girl came up to me on the street. There was that man with a bit of the Cross. There's you, drinking and smoking in this place—"

"Now, listen to me, Francis—"

"Nazareth would be a disappointment. And the Sea of Galilee. And the Church of the Loaves and Fishes." His voice had risen. He lowered it. "I couldn't believe in the Stations this morning. I couldn't see it happening the way I do at home."

"That's nothing to do with her death, Francis. You've got a bit of jet lag, you'll settle yourself up in Galilee. There's an atmosphere in Galilee that nobody misses."

"I'm not going near Galilee." He struck the surface of the table, and Father Paul told him to contain himself. People turned their heads, aware that anger had erupted in the pale-faced man with the priest.

"Quieten up," Father Paul commanded sharply, but Francis didn't.

"She knew I'd be better off at home," he shouted, his voice shrill and reedy. "She knew I was making a fool of myself, a man out of a shop trying to be big—"

"Will you keep your voice down? Of course you're not making a fool of yourself."

"Will you find out about planes tomorrow morning?"

Father Paul sat for a moment longer, not saying anything, hoping his brother would say he was sorry. Naturally it was a shock, naturally he'd be emotional and feel guilty; in a moment it would be better. But it wasn't, and Francis didn't say he was sorry. Instead he began to weep.

"Let's go up to your room," Father Paul said, "and I'll fix about the plane."

Francis nodded but did not move. His sobbing ceased, and then he said, "I'll always hate the Holy Land now."

"No need for that, Francis."

But Francis felt there was, and he felt he would hate, as well, the brother he had admired for as long as he could remember. In the lounge of the Plaza Hotel he felt mockery surfacing everywhere. His brother's deceit, and the endless whiskey in his brother's glass, and his brother's casualness after a death seemed like a scorning of the Church that honored so steadfastly the mother of its founder. Vivid in his mind, his own mother's eyes had told him he was making a mistake and upbraided him for not heeding her. Of course there was mockery everywhere—in the splinter of wood beneath plastic, and the soldiers with guns that were not toys, and the writhing nakedness in the Holy City. He'd become part of it himself, sending postcards to the dead. Not speaking again to his brother, he went to his room to pray.

"EIGHT in the morning, sir," the girl at the reception desk said, and Father Paul asked that arrangements be made to book two seats on the plane, explaining that it was an emergency, that a death had occurred. "It will be all right, sir," the girl promised.

He went slowly downstairs to the bar. He sat in a corner and lighted a cigarette and ordered two whiskeys and ice, as if expecting a companion. He drank them both himself and ordered two more. Francis would return to County Tipperary, and after the funeral he would take up again the life she had ordained for him. In his brown cotton coat he would serve customers with nails and hinges and wire. He would regularly go to Mass and to Confession and to Men's Confraternity. He would sit alone in the lace-curtained sitting room, lonely for the woman who had made him what he was.

Father Paul lighted a fresh cigarette from the end of his previous one. He continued to order whiskey in two glasses. Already he could sense the hatred that Francis had earlier felt taking root in himself. He wondered if he would ever again return in July to County Tipperary, and imagined that he would not.

At midnight he rose to make the journey to bed and found himself unsteady on his feet. People looked at him, thinking it disgraceful for a priest to be drunk in Jerusalem, with cigarette ash all over his clerical clothes.

—WILLIAM TREVOR

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Maybe the movies are more business than art. One might conclude this by reading Stanley Kauffmann's erudite analysis in the latest New Republic of Harold Pinter's screenplay of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Peru."—*Bruce McCabe in the Boston Globe.*

A work that towers above the very Andes it immortalized.

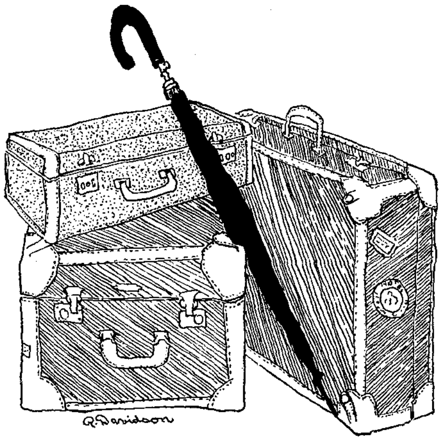
A REPORTER IN EUROPE

HAMBURG

ULRIKE MEINHOF was a journalist when she left Hamburg ten years ago. She was already a celebrity then—a kind of reigning radical among the reporters here—and she was much courted by the worldly *Bürger* of the city, who were entertained, and maybe a little chastened, by her furious polemics against their values. Even now, a lot of them claim Ulrike Meinhof as their own, the way they might claim Helmut Schmidt, the West German Chancellor, who got his start in Hamburg, too. They make elaborate distinctions between the "purity" of Ulrike Meinhof's political passion and the mindless passion of the various gangs that have terrorized the country in her name.

Hamburg is an arrogant, anglophilic city. For centuries its merchant ships have sailed the sixty-eight miles down the Elbe to the North Sea and on to England, and it is not really surprising—considering the euphemistic genius of a people who can call their atomic-waste depots "disposal parks"—that there are Hamburgers around now who refer to the Second World War as an "unfortunate interruption" in an old relationship. People here like to compare their city to an English city—to Bath or, better still, Kensington. They tend to ignore the fact that the English themselves think of Hamburg, with its notorious Reeperbahn, as the sin city of the Western world. Hamburgers strolling at dusk along the promenade at Övelgönne can look across the Elbe at the surreal silhouette of one of the biggest industrial complexes in Western Europe, but there is still a party at the university most years on Queen Victoria's birthday, and the town fathers pursue a turn-of-the-century English style that, for all their good intentions, is entirely German in its earnestness. The guest who does not bring flowers to his hostess is not apt to get invited back in Hamburg. The stranger who does not think to put on black tie for dinner at the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten ruins everybody else's party. This is a city of manners and title and a great deal of "*Herr Professor*" and "*gnädige Frau*," and yet the people here refer to the Jeanne d'Arc of German terrorism as Ulrike.

Ulrike was different, they say. Ulrike was an intellectual, and impressionable, like all intellectuals. Poor Ulrike would still be entertaining Hamburg with her magazine columns and her angry charm if she had not fallen into bad company—the company, that is, of Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, Jan-Carl Raspe, and the eight or nine others in the first group that called itself the Red Army Faction and that everyone else called the Baader-Meinhof gang. Baader, by all accounts, started out in terrorism as a restless child of the *Kleinbürgerstand*, with a gift for manipulating the various social guilts of his more delicately bred conspirators. It was apparently his only gift. For a while, he had got by on a kind of petulant macho—one of the countless hangers-on in the Berlin student scene of the nineteen-sixties—but when he discovered that the radical life had its rewards in girls and glamour he began to preach a politics of praxis, having little to offer in the way of thought. No one could have expected Germany's armchair left to see itself in the swaggering persona of Andreas Baader—or, for that matter, in Gudrun Ensslin, the girl who taught Baader the rhetoric of their particular revolution. Ensslin was a pastor's daughter with an odd, fanatical imagination, and she evidently thought of their little band as "chosen" to exorcise the country's capitalist devil. As for the next group of "Baader-Meinhof" terrorists to appear—the "second generation" terrorists, Germans call them—most of them came out of a patients' collective at Heidelberg University's Psychiatric-Neurological Clinic. *They* followed a psychiatrist guru by the name of Wolfgang Huber—a kind of Leninist R. D. Laing, who convinced the people in his charge that the society was their real disease, and apparently inspired a lot of them to try to cure it. And as for the "third generation" terrorists—the ones who in six months last year killed Germany's Chief Federal Prosecutor, the chairman of its second biggest bank, and the head of its association of industrialists—they are a self-appointed hit squad for a revolution none of them have yet been able to articulate. Whatever the jargon of their ransom notes, they are as much a punk phenomenon as a political one, and they horrify most older people on the left here, who blame them, reasonably, for the backlash the entire left endures after each gloating act of third-generation violence.



It is only ten years since Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, and a couple of their friends hid fire bombs—set to explode after closing time—in two department stores in downtown Frankfurt, to protest what they called *Konsumterror:* the terrorism of things, the brutality of a society that seemed to value the objects in its shops more than the lives of children in Vietnam. But the reason people keep talking about terrorist generations is that there is no way, really, for any liberal and compassionate German to associate the burning of an empty store with, say, the ritual murder of a kidnapped businessman. People here have made a memory cult of Ulrike—she hanged herself in prison nearly two years ago—because Ulrike was the first, and last, of the terrorists who could have been any one of them. She represents for them a kind of grim but oddly logical correlative to the bad conscience that they claim to share. She was the journalist who bolted, the only one, in a city of journalists—*Die Zeit* is published here, and so are *Der Spiegel* and *Stern*, along with three of the notorious dailies of the Springer Press—and she left her friends and her colleagues feeling guilty and relieved and a little dull. Some of them had just helped make Willy Brandt the new West German Chancellor. They were busy proselytizing for an *Ostpolitik* that would finally open the borders of the two Germanys to a little tolerance. Radical chic—or *Schickeria*, as the Germans call it—was the proper chic among Ulrike Meinhof's old Hamburg friends when she took the rhetoric of their columns and their parties and put it into practice. Her new friends came from the world of realpolitik, and in May of 1970 she joined them to "liberate" Andreas Baader from the inconvenience of a prison term—leaving for good an unfaithful husband, an extravagant household, and a Marxist journal called *Konkret*, which had been getting mon-

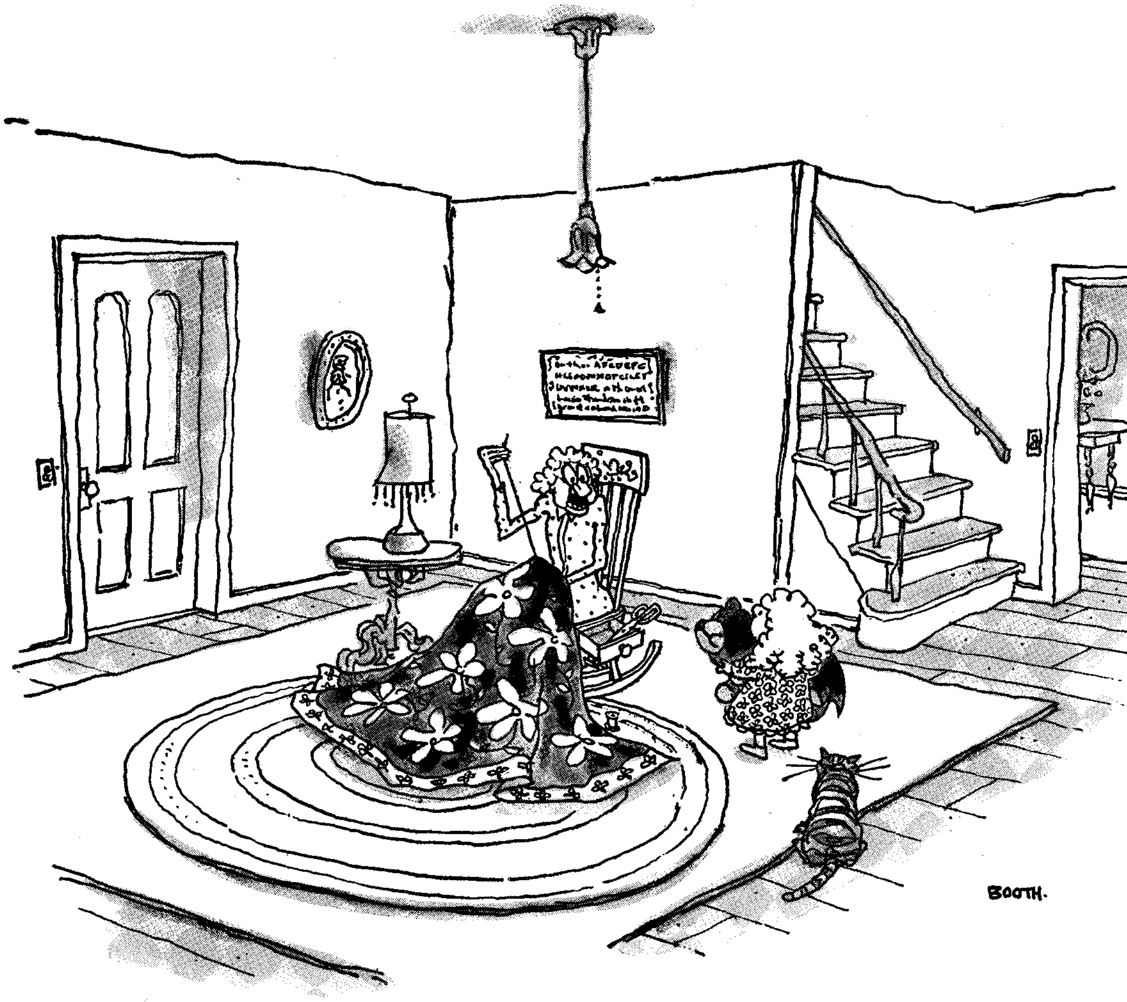
"Blanche is a gourmet cook, aren't you, dear?"

• •

ey from the East Germans before Ulrike's husband decided he could do better by spiking its politics with photographs of naked girls. After that, she seemed to embrace her alienation. She went off with Baader and Ensslin to the Middle East to train with Palestinian guerrillas. She tried to send her two small daughters to a camp in Jordan where the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine was raising children for the revolution to come. In two years as a fugitive, she learned to shoot, bomb, forge, and steal with considerable facility. In three years as a prisoner awaiting trial, she went through hunger strikes and forced feedings and long, deranging bouts of solitary confinement.

By the time she died, in the spring of '76, half the students in the country had a poster of Ulrike Meinhof hanging in their rooms—Ulrike backed against the brick wall of a prison courtyard, dressed in a worn regulation shift, her hair clipped short, her hands gripped above her head, and her dark eyes narrowed into a stare so haunted and accusing that it is hard not to turn away. That image seems to be the one hold that any of today's terrorists have on the country's conscience. Ulrike is a kind of common denominator—without her a vicious underground would lose whatever revolutionary mystique it still can claim, but then without her a lot of Germans might not be asking themselves why the new, democratic Germany of the "economic miracle" turned into such a sterile and alienating place.

THERE is no way for Germans to avoid talking anymore. After thirty years of nearly phobic silence among people frantically rebuilding a society and at the same time unable or unwilling to examine what they were rebuilding or even how they were going about it, the fact of terrorism on German soil has given Germans the beginnings of a vocabulary for talking about themselves. They are genuinely frightened by the violence in the middle of their economic miracle—their *Wirtschaftswunder.* A Hamburg businessman with a meeting in Frankfurt will still travel all night by train or car to avoid being blown up in an airplane—though it is five months now since Baader, Ensslin, and Jan-Carl Raspe died, evidently by suicide, in Stammheim Prison, and the Red Army Faction threatened to avenge them by blowing up one Lufthansa plane in flight for each dead terrorist. Some companies grounded their executives when word went around that the terrorists actually had a tidy stockpile of Russian SAM-7 missiles—forty-pound, shoulder-held missiles—to do the job. The government, on the other hand, encouraged *its* people to fly, as a show of confidence in its ability to stop the terrorists from blowing up anything. And the end of it all, so the story goes here, is that now when a bureaucrat and a businessman have a meeting the bureaucrat falls asleep from tranquillizers while the businessman falls asleep from exhaustion. In Bonn, there are as many soldiers wandering through the Bundestag as there are deputies, and the Chancellery is floodlit and patrolled as if it were Lon Nol's palace and the Khmer Rouge were at the gates. In Cologne, which has turned into a kind of headquarters for German industrialists—the Federation of German Industries meets in Cologne, and Hanns-Martin Schleyer, who was the head of the Federation when terrorists kidnapped him and slit his throat last fall, lived there—every



"It's not cotton, honey. It's nylon quilted to polyester. The leaves and trim are twenty per cent acrylic and eighty per cent modacrylic, and the flowers are acetate. The backing is polypropylene. Go to bed."

• •

important businessman has at least one bodyguard. (Otto Count Lambsdorff, the Economics Minister, always comes to Cologne with four bodyguards.) In Frankfurt, which is the country's banking center, bankers have started varying their routes to the office in the morning, and even the head of the bank that belongs to the sixteen trade unions of the Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund is supposed to be on a terrorist hit list. It is hard for any German to be confident about his credentials these days—when he reads that a man like the Marxist philosopher Jürgen Habermas, whose institute is just outside Munich, has been vilified for speaking out against the violence.

A few deranged children of the New Germany have actually succeeded in terrorizing the country, and, inasmuch as they bomb and kill and kidnap with impunity, they have forced the lid on a Pandora's box of social problems—not the least of those problems being the lingering fondness of a lot of Germans for peremptory solutions to all the others. There has not been a week in the past five years without some incident involving terrorists or terrorism—from car thefts and raids on passport offices and Army depots to bank robberies and shoot-outs. But then there has hardly been a week in all those years when some aspect of the country's young democracy has not been called in question as inadequate to the emergency. Whatever the lessons of Nazism, a high regard for the rights of citizens in times of social stress is evidently not among them. Many Germans still think of civil rights and civil order as conflicting concepts, and when the two do seem to conflict—as they well might in a country with perhaps a hundred terrorists operating underground and getting help from about a thousand active sympathizers—there is no doubt that the priority is order. "*Hier herrscht Ordnung*"—"Here reigns order"—is a kind of national homily in Germany. It is the way a proud hausfrau talks about her parlor or a father admonishes a child who has left his skateboard in the driveway, and it is still the way most Germans would like to talk about their country. The first Baader-Meinhof group called itself communist. Now, as often as not, the terrorists describe themselves as anarchists—though Bakunin himself would have trouble recognizing them and would probably assume that other Germans saw them as a threatening but basically aberrant phenomenon. But since Hitler, Germans have had an understandable problem in distinguishing what is aberrant from what is symptomatic, and they are having that problem now as they try to come to terms with terrorism and their own responses to it. The fact that anybody in Germany is willing to take the civil liberties that were so meticulously framed in the West German constitution and place them at the discretion of the state is certainly symptomatic of something unmended in German attitudes about power—at least it is for those Germans who are getting alarmed by what they read and hear.

The real argument in Germany cuts through class and politics, and is less about "left" and "right" than it is about authoritarian and libertarian strains in the society. Helmut Schmidt, of course, is a Social Democrat, but his prestige, even in his own party, does not come from any confrontation with the Christian Democratic opposition over witch-hunts in the universities and the press for the spiritual "mothers and fathers" of terrorism, or with the police over the tremendous license policemen have been taking lately in their pursuit of terrorist sympathizers. That prestige comes from his image as a tough, law-and-order Chancellor—the Chancellor who sent German commandos to Mogadishu, Somalia, last fall to storm a hijacked German jet and free German hostages. Social Democrats like Schmidt, with an instinct for the real priorities of the

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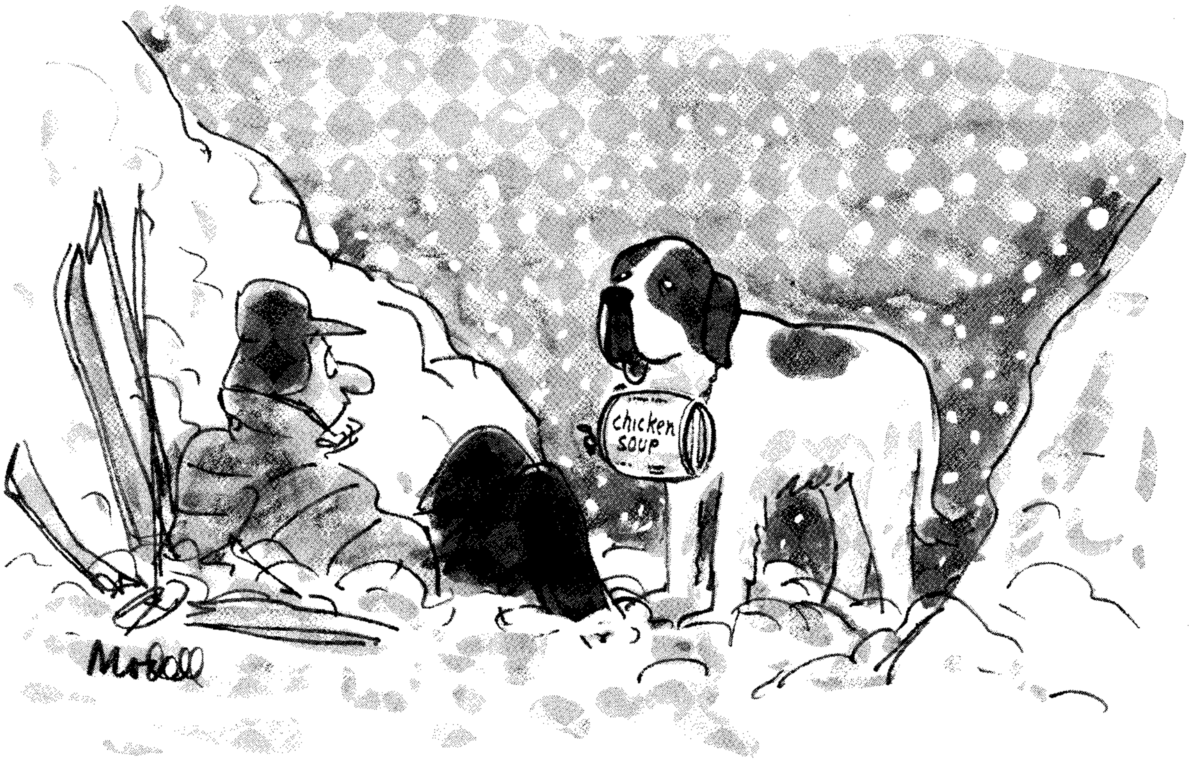
country's voters, are trying to court the backlash away from the Christian Democrats, though Schmidt's government, which is a coalition of Social Democrats and Liberals, seems practically benign in any comparison with the so-called Christian parties.

Franz-Josef Strauss, the strong man of the Christian Social Union, still gets to run Bavaria in return for leaving the conservative field to Christian Democrats in the other *Länder*, and Strauss and his people have practiced a kind of Tyrolian McCarthyism for as long as most young Germans can remember. Augusto Pinochet, the Chilean dictator, gave Strauss an honorary doctorate of laws this winter. Strauss was probably the only politician of any importance in Europe who would have taken it, and he was certainly the only one who would have come home, as he did, calling today's Chile "a form of freedom." But, for all his red-nosed, lederhosen bluster—Idi Alpine is what the left calls him—Strauss is not the caricature he seems. There is an audience for his kind of paranoia; it is the same audience that applauds the vicious, cheap-shot patriotism in Axel Springer's newspapers. Last year, Christian Democrats took over Frankfurt, which had been a preserve of the Social Democrats since the war, by persuading enough voters that the old government, having been corrupt and fairly ruinous to the city, had thereby undermined the sort of God-and-family values that produce obedient (non-terrorist) children and compliant citizens; and now Alfred Dregger, the Christian Democrats' own Sturm und Drang man and their party boss in Hesse, is trying to take over the *Land* with the same slogans. Germans say that "another Schleyer" could put the Christian Democrats in power in Hesse and Lower Saxony this year, and if it did, the Bundesrat—which is the upper house of the West German parliament and is filled by the governors of the various *Länder* and their appointees—would have enough conservative, Catholic votes to veto any progressive legislation in the Bundestag.

Schmidt obviously knows this. He is a thoroughly pragmatic politician—the kind of man Germans call a *Macher*, the kind of man who, in a crisis of confidence like the one in Bonn this winter, over spies in the Defense Ministry, could rebuild a cabinet in twenty-four hours, without wasting a moment in self-recrimination or despair. Schmidt has none of Willy Brandt's old illusions about the moral force of the liberal intelligentsia in the Social Democratic Party, or even of the Party's own socialist wing. He was raised in Hamburg. He worked his way up through the Party here and in Bonn, and ended up as the Finance Minister in the Brandt government, and he is not likely to forget that the millions of German workers who vote Social Democrat—whatever claims those workers may make to participation in the boardrooms of German industry—are creatures of a prosperous welfare-state capitalism and a hysterical mass press, and as conservative in their values as any of their American counterparts. Terrorism is what alarms them. They do not worry very much if a law gets changed in the name of fighting terrorism, or if the state takes uncommon license with the law it has.

LAST fall, after the Schleyer kidnapping, German policemen raided thousands of apartments—as often as not on the ground of "present danger," which meant without search warrants. And they might have raided more if the big new American computer that the Federal Criminal Police had just installed in its Wiesbaden headquarters had not had a lot of trouble communicating with the Siemens computers in the local precincts. The police claimed that they were entirely within the law in those house raids, and cited in their defense Article 34 of the German penal code—which is a kind of extenuating-circumstances law involving crimes against the person committed under threat of danger to "life, health, or freedom." The law had been written into the code in 1968 to protect people acting in self-defense from persecution by the state, but now the state was claiming that in *its* present danger Article 34 was an enabling law that applied to itself. The state had already cited the article in defense of wiretaps and the monitoring of conversations between terrorist prisoners and their lawyers. After the kidnapping this fall, it was even cited to justify what Germans called the *Kontaktsperre*—a new Bundestag decree by which the state could deny prisoners the right to see their lawyers for as long as fourteen days without a court review of the ban, and longer if the court approved it. Germans have always tended to reify the state, but, for a lot of people here, the logic involved in the state's claiming for itself the rights of a citizen was as grotesque as it was alarming. The house raids became a cause célèbre after policemen with machine guns searched the studio of a young painter who turned out to be Heinrich Böll's son—he had evidently let some friends spend the night at his studio once or twice, and when those friends turned up later on someone's list of terrorist



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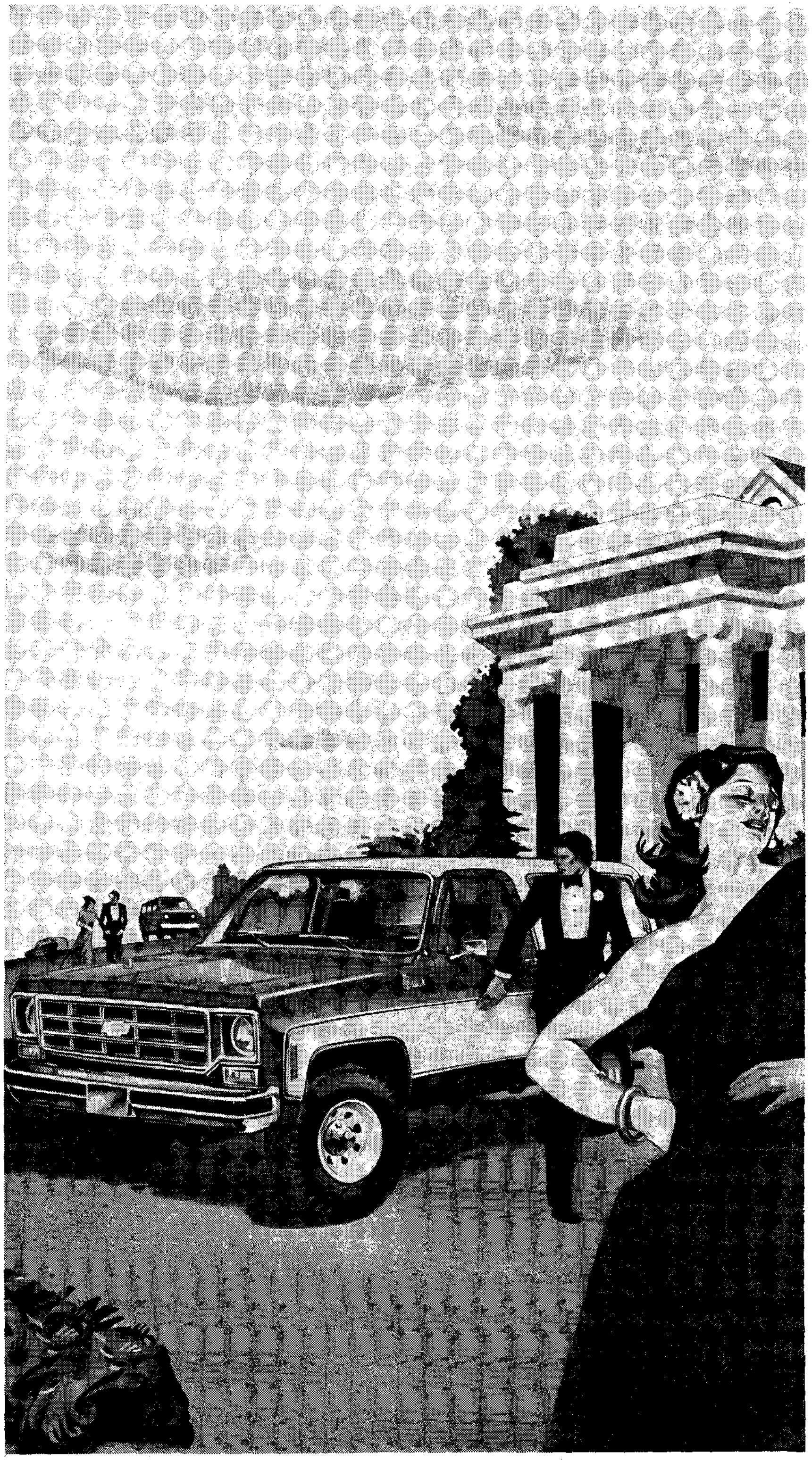

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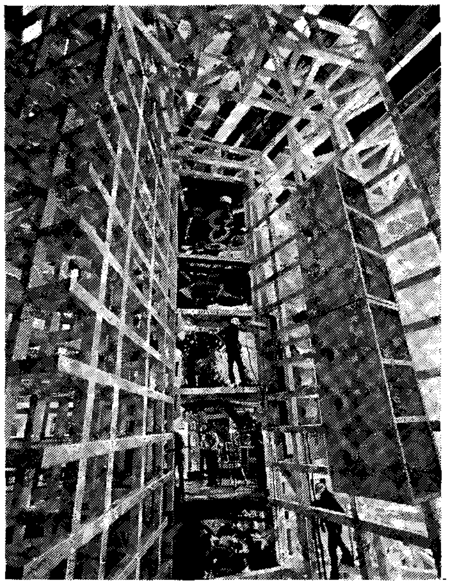

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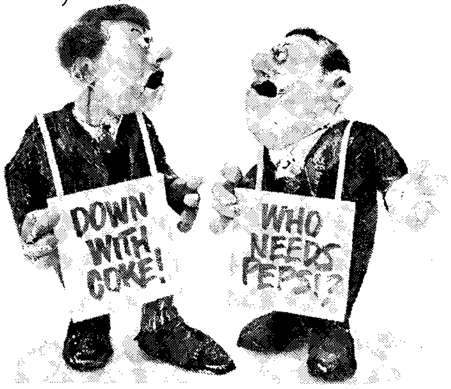
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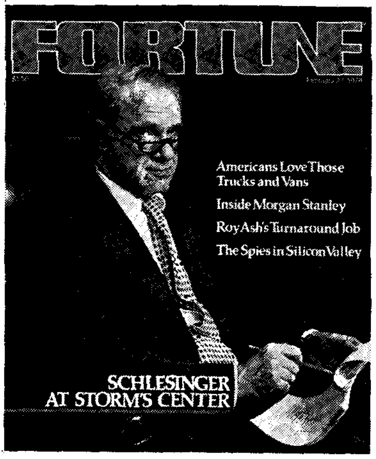
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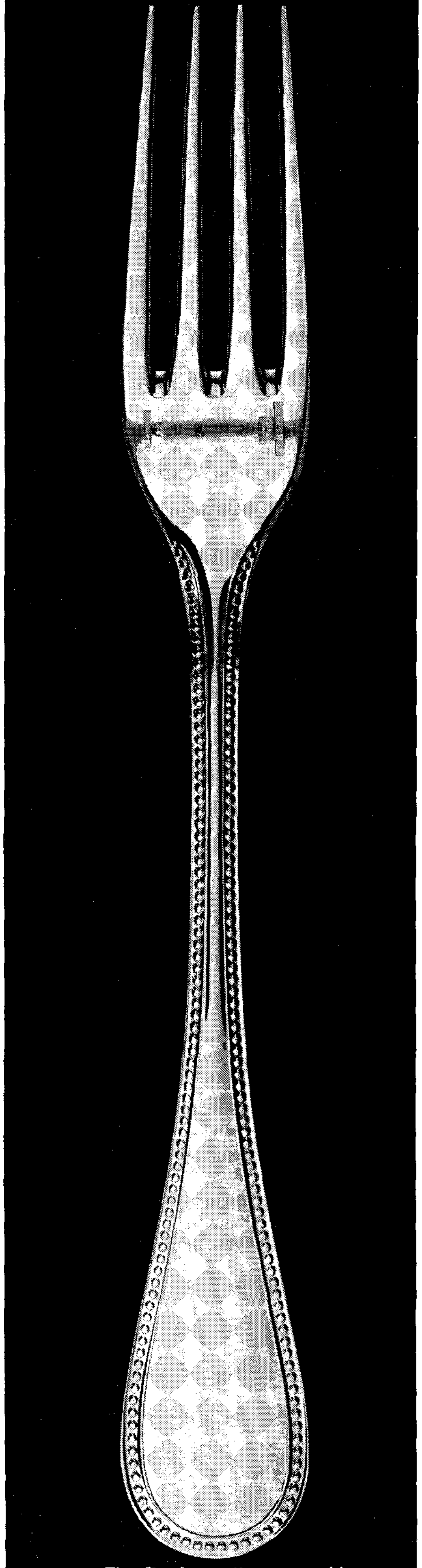

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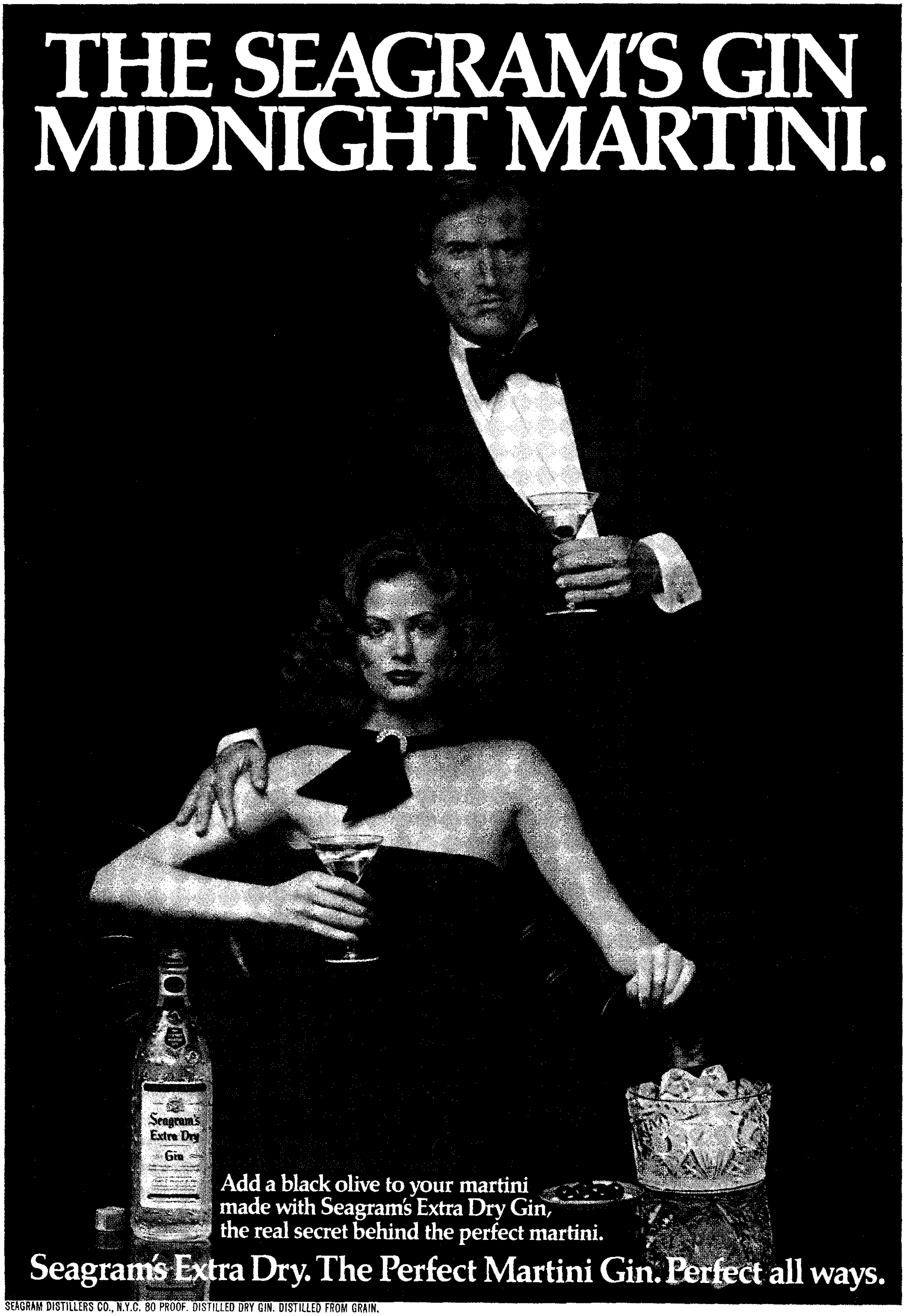
sympathizers, young Böll became a suspect, too. It was only one incident in a nasty game of accusation and denunciation which had been going on since the police set up terrorist-information hot lines for people who preferred to do their accusing anonymously. ("To the denunciators of apartment Liebigstrasse 75!" a classified ad in the *Giessener Allgemeine* this winter began. "We are, according to the police, no terrorists. Denounce all you like.") But Heinrich Böll amounts to a national treasure, something on the order of the Alte Pinakothek, and after the raid Helmut Schmidt apparently felt called on to invite Böll to the Chancellery—along with the writers Günter Grass, Max Frisch, and Siegfried Lenz—to try and calm him down.

PARK
PARK
TGoddard

Still, some very decent people here admit to being in a kind of double bind when it comes to civil rights and the abuses of those rights. They say it is hard to feel particularly concerned about the sanctity of anyone's apartment when they board a plane wondering if they are going to survive take-off, or open the morning paper to read about the Karlsruhe police dismantling a terrorist missile that was within minutes of being launched. (The missile in Karlsruhe was aimed at the office of Germany's new Chief Federal Prosecutor; terrorists had shot and killed the old prosecutor five months earlier.) They also say that it is getting hard to read righteous lectures in *Le Monde* every other day about "Fascism" in German law and German prisons, knowing as they do that French prisons are not notoriously pleasant, and that the French penal code does not trouble itself much with the civil rights of the accused. Or to welcome a Bertrand Russell tribunal with much humility when no Eastern European country would even let the Russell people cross its borders.

The problem for Germans old enough to have any memory of the war is that the Nazi past loads the present with implications, and confuses it, leaving them without much confidence in their responses now. They seem to have as much of a Weimar complex as a complex about Hitler. When the Bundestag, say, agrees to change the law in ways that give the state discretionary power over basic civil rights, they are apt to think first of the chaos of Weimar—having been taught at school that that chaos "produced" Hitler—rather than the cowardice of Weimar, and end up grateful that their new government, being well intentioned, is not asking for more power than it is. Only four of the two hundred and twenty-four Social Democrats in the Bundestag voted against the *Kontaktsperre* last fall, and they were taken to task for breaking the Party's parliamentary discipline—something that had rarely happened here since a group of Socialists voted against extending war credits to Kaiser Wilhelm. There were no dissenting votes two years ago when the Bundestag amended the penal code to make propaganda for violent acts against the state as punishable as the acts themselves, even though freedom of speech seemed to be the issue then—and what, exactly, constituted propaganda varied, and still varies, considerably from *Land* to *Land*. This winter, a *Gastarbeiter* in a town near Hagen got three months in jail for calling Schleyer, who was already dead, a name that did not sit well in Rhine-Westphalia. Last summer, a student at Göttingen took the nom de plume of Mescalero and published a piece about his "furtive joy" at the news that Siegfried Buback, the Chief Federal Prosecutor, had been murdered; twenty-one professors around the country who reprinted Mescalero's article in a broadsheet—making no comment of their own but adding, rather stupidly, Rosa Luxemburg's famous description of *her* joy over the assassination of a czarist general—and distributed it were told to sign public apologies or lose their jobs and, in some *Länder*, face criminal charges.

Actually, the police had been seizing books and papers and arresting the people connected with them long before the propaganda law. A radical publisher in West Berlin by the name of Klaus Wagenbach—he was once Ulrike Meinhof's publisher—saw three of his house's books confiscated over the past few years, and had to go to court to clear himself. One of those books was written under the pseudonym of the Red Army Faction "collective" by a lawyer named Horst Mahler, who started out with the Baader-Meinhof group and now, in prison, has been born again as what seems to be a kind of Maoist pacifist. The second was a famous "apprentices' calendar," which,



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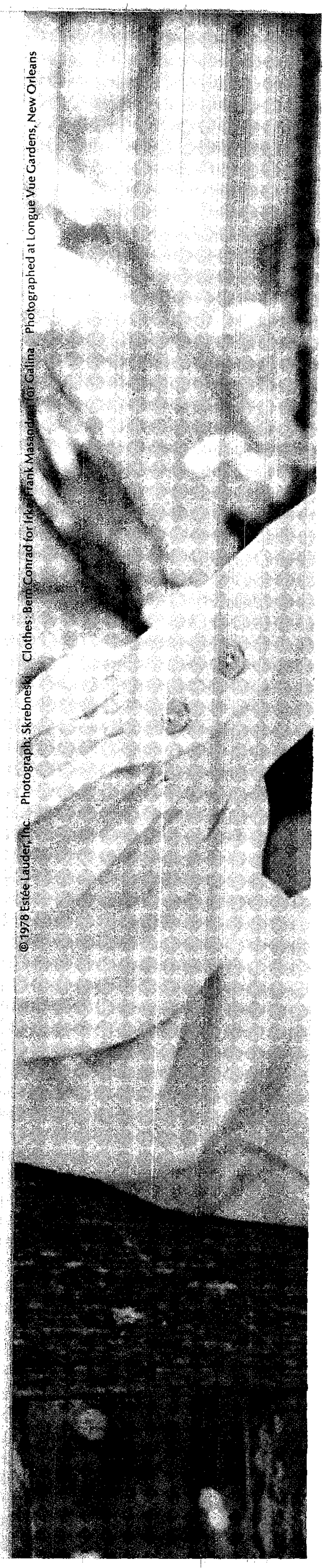

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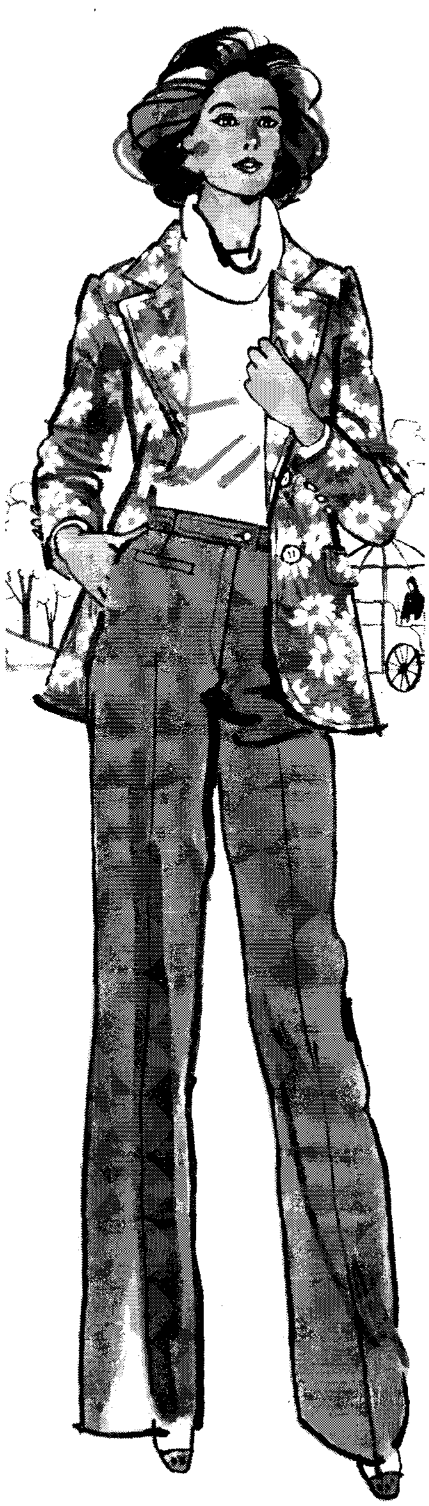
EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

with its down-home recipes for factory sabotage, got the sort of attention among fashionable radicals here that *The New York Review of Books* got when *it* published a blueprint for making Molotov cocktails. And the third book—no one has ever managed to figure out exactly why it was banned—was about the Haymarket Riot of 1886.

A lot of the new laws have to do with the rights of lawyers who defend terrorists or people accused of some association with terrorists. Group defense in terrorist trials—which was a terrorist invention to begin with—has been stopped. And now no one charged with a terrorist crime can have more than three lawyers representing him. Klaus Croissant, the Baader-Meinhof lawyer who was charged with conspiracy, fled to France last summer, and was extradited in November, apparently had fifteen or twenty lawyers working with him before the law was changed. Cases like Croissant's get a good deal of publicity among liberals abroad, but German liberals tend to be skeptical about a man who once had eight of the sixteen terrorists on Germany's most-wanted list working in his office—including Susanne Albrecht, the girl who brought a bouquet of roses to her godfather, the chairman of the Dresdner Bank, and then, evidently, shot him. Their real worry involves the kind of new law that foreigners rarely read about in the newspaper. Lawyers are now forbidden to take on more than one client in any terrorist case, and one lawyer was actually excluded from a recent trial because he had filled in for a day for a colleague with a cold. The state is also claiming the right to exclude defense lawyers from terrorist cases on the ground of *suspicion* of conspiracy with their clients—something it was already able to accomplish simply by pressing charges, without the necessary evidence.

As early as 1972, a lawyer named Otto Schily, who is probably the most distinguished civil-rights lawyer in West Germany, was excluded from the Baader-Meinhof trial on unsubstantiated charges of having carried a letter from Gudrun Ensslin to Ulrike Meinhof when Ensslin was in prison and Meinhof on the outside. There was no law on the books then which covered the grounds of his exclusion, and Schily was eventually reinstated as defense counsel, but six years later the state shows no signs of formally dropping its investigation. Another civil-rights lawyer, Hans-Heinz Heldmann, is going to stand trial soon on charges that involve "defaming the state." And the trial of Kurt Groenewold, a radical lawyer here in Hamburg, has already started. Groenewold was one of the original lawyers hired to defend the Baader-Meinhof group. He had been Ulrike Meinhof's divorce lawyer, and her friend, and now he is charged with having run an "information network" for his clients, but he was actually disbarred by his Hamburg colleagues some three weeks after his exclusion from the Baader-Meinhof defense, in 1975—and that was a full year before he was charged with anything. Groenewold says that some sixty German defense lawyers are now under indictment for crimes like "disrespect for the court" and "slander against the state." When those lawyers do stand trial, they will have to contend with harried and often frightened judges who have spent the last several years listening to their political patrons carry on about a legal conspiracy to sabotage the state in its pursuit of terrorists. None of this, of course, is going to encourage other lawyers—lawyers who want to stay in practice, anyway—to take on cases that involve terrorists or, more important, people accused of helping terrorists or even one another. And probably none of this is going to discourage terrorists, either, since people who shoot strangers and plot to blow up airplanes are unlikely to be thinking rationally about getting caught, let alone about finding the perfect lawyer if they are.

LAWYERS here complain that criminal cases of any sort are hard to argue. They say that a feeling for due process is underdeveloped in German law, that justice in Germany, as it is in fact in most of Europe, is dominated by the courts, responsible to some ideal of Truth—*Wahrheit*—but not to any reasonable criteria for fair trial. They say that the stuff of German romanticism is the first principle of West Germany's penal code. These things concern them much more than the satisfaction of a few terrorists. No one here was immune to the horror of Mogadishu or the Schleyer kidnapping; Germans literally do not see how a country like Italy survived last year with two thousand terrorist crimes. But German



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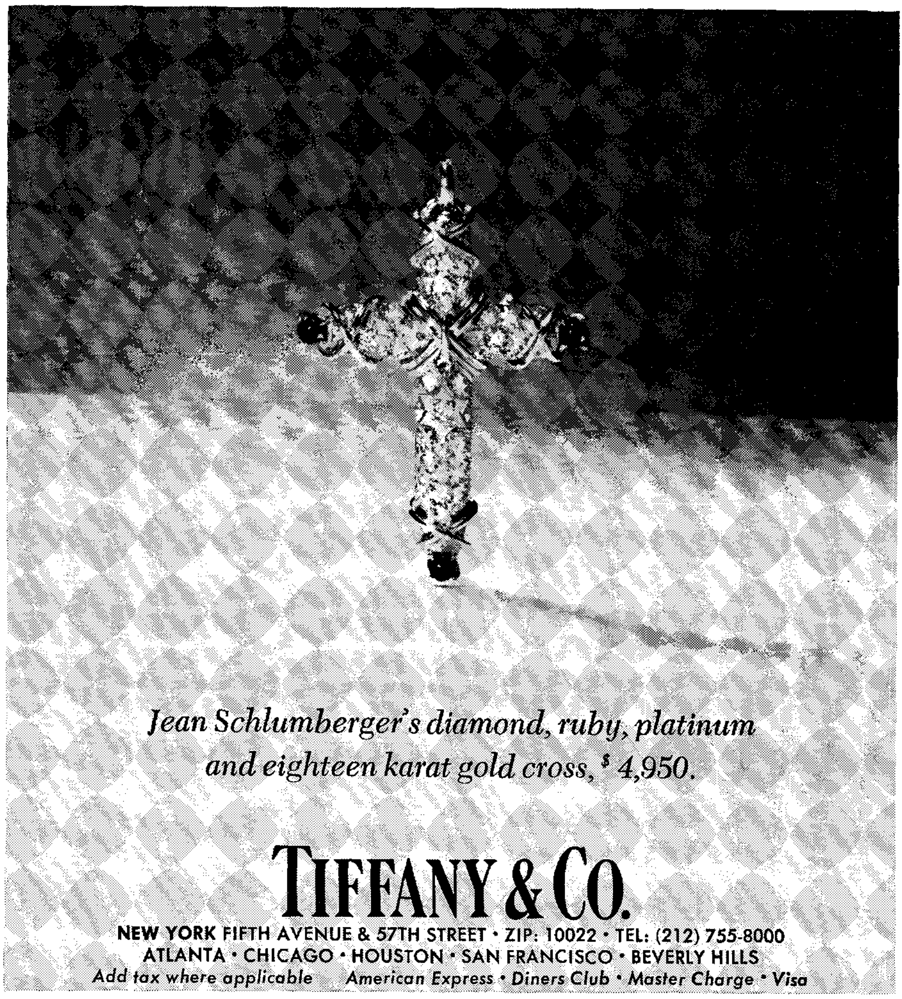
trial lawyers say they have a special problem—the problem being that too many people here expect their laws to clean up terrorism for them, as if terrorism were a little dirt on the floor or a bad smell. Germans believe in the efficiency of their institutions, and even now they have a hard time associating Hitler and a lost war with the fact that so many of those institutions failed. A uniform or a title or any other emblem of official authority still carries a kind of infallibility in Germany. People are frankly startled when foreigners, say, question the suicides at Stammheim Prison last October. Foreigners, at least at first, tend to assume that Baader, Ensslin, and Raspe were murdered by prison guards or policemen, or forced to kill themselves. Another Stammheim terrorist, named Irmgard Moeller, survived *her* "suicide" and now claims to have been drugged and stabbed, and there are all sorts of rumors going around about the three who died. The most elaborate rumor has Andreas Baader being flown to Mogadishu with orders to persuade the hijackers that Bonn was ready to release thirteen terrorists for the lives of the Lufthansa hostages. When Baader failed, the story goes, the police flew him back to prison and killed him and his two friends to keep them quiet—and the proof of it all seems to be that Baader was wearing sand-caked street shoes instead of his usual sneakers when his body was discovered. There are obviously people here who believe this sort of story. A lot of students do, and so do people from the small, radical-communist parties that Germans call "K groups" to distinguish them from the official West German Communist Party—a dreary, orthodox cousin to the East German Party which was set up in 1968 when Bonn was trying to smooth the way to relations with Eastern Europe. The rest of the German left tends to agree with everybody else that the three terrorists killed themselves. Sometimes the explanation is that committing suicide was "in character" for the terrorists; usually, though, it is that no German prison guard or policeman with a mind to murder four terrorists would ever bungle the job so thoroughly that one survived.

The problem for foreigners in Germany is that so much of the propaganda they read and hear turns out to be true. The claim that a lot of second-generation terrorists were clinically schizophrenic or that the third-generation terrorists are rich kids with no real ideology but violence may sound like right-wing fantasy, but it is mainly ac-



Jean Schlumberger's diamond, ruby, platinum and eighteen karat gold cross, $ 4,950.

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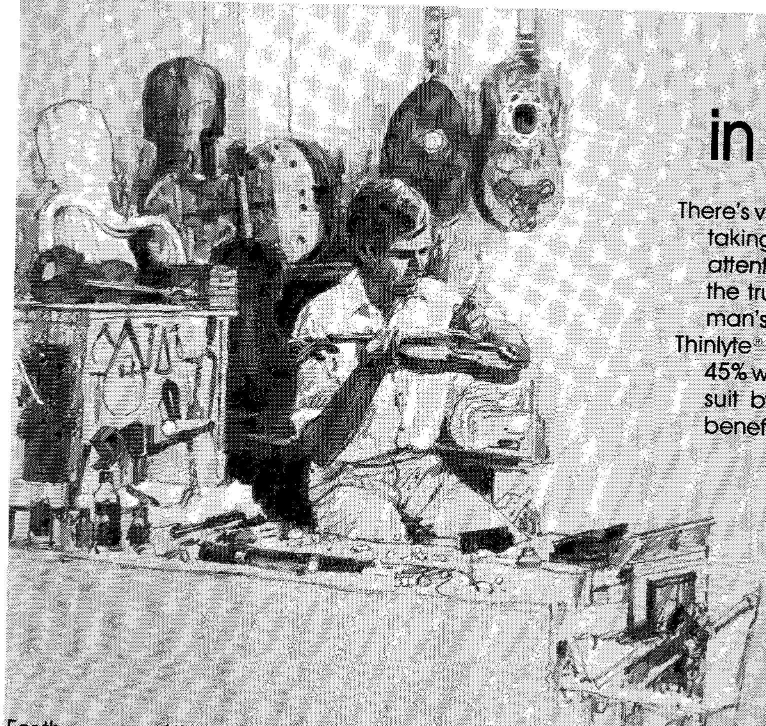

A quiet music in the craft of artisans...

There's visual music in a suit that contains the virtues of painstaking hand-tailoring, luxurious fabrics and conscientious attention to every detail. Hickey-Freeman's Thinlyte® suit is the truest example of clothing which speaks highly of a man's taste in styling and preference for quality.

Thinlyte® is a refined weave of 55% Dacron® polyester and 45% wool for cool comfort and easy care. Try on a Thinlyte® suit by Hickey-Freeman and enjoy the many high-level benefits of craftsman hand-tailoring.

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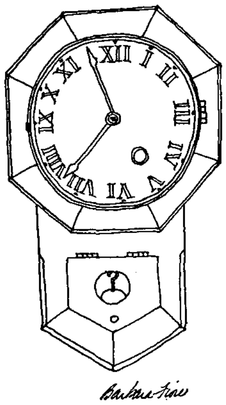
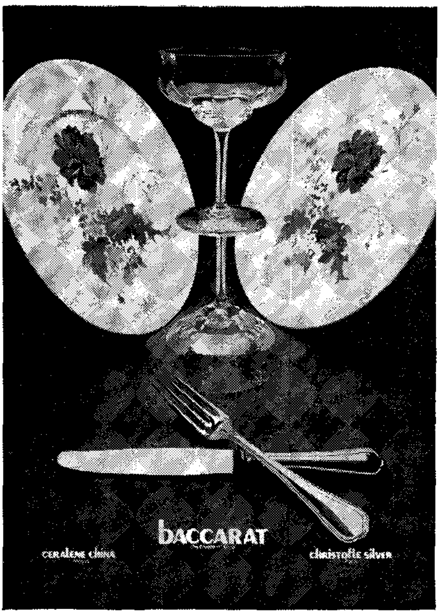
curate. So are the claims that those terrorists are part of an international network that runs from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine to the Japanese Red Army and the Italian Red Brigades and the Irish Provos; that they train in guerrilla camps in the Middle East, get money from fanatics like Libya's Colonel Muammar al-Qadhafi, and buy missiles on the Swiss black market; and that they are on easy terms with an underground of "specialists" in Western Europe who can forge their passports and their papers, change the motor numbers on their cars, and make whatever weapons they have trouble buying. It is true, too, that after their trial the Baader-Meinhof gang did not suffer much in prison. Andreas Baader had a few hundred books in his cell, along with a typewriter, a radio, and a stereo, and he even shared a bed occasionally with Gudrun Ensslin—at least, according to the guards who discovered them one night and beat up Baader. Nor were the prisoners, by then, particularly out of touch with their admirers; records show that from the middle of 1976 to the middle of 1977 eighteen Baader-Meinhof prisoners had twelve thousand visits and phoned or wrote to the outside some sixty-five thousand times.

But then the stories that the left tells about prison conditions *before* the Baader-Meinhof trial are true, too. There is no limit on detention in Germany, and no plea bargaining. A prisoner has to wait to stand trial for as long as it takes the prosecution and his own lawyers to prepare briefs on every charge against him, not merely on the first charge or the most serious. Baader and Meinhof and their friends were in prison for three years before *their* trial started. And until legal and public protests stopped it they were kept in a kind of isolation—empty, white, soundproofed cells with the lights on day and night—that some psychiatrists called torture. The judges chosen for that famous trial were making their careers on it. The presiding judge was biassed and prosecutory and frankly indulged the prosecution and the police, who were said to have withheld evidence and known to have monitored the conversations between the Stammheim prisoners and their lawyers. The left is accurate, too, in claiming that the agreement everybody calls *Berufsverbot*—it dates from 1972 and establishes common criteria, among the federal government and the various *Länder*, for keeping radicals out of civil-service jobs—is still in effect in most of Germany, despite the fact that the Social Democrats, at least, have officially disavowed it. In some conservative *Länder* these days, anyone whose politics offend the local bosses is a radical, and a threat, whether he wants a job as a bus driver or a university professor, and anyone who is a radical is by definition a *Sympathisant* of terrorists—and this means that in a country where thirteen per cent of the jobs are civil-service jobs of one sort or another a jealous colleague or a neighbor with a grudge or simply an ambitious politician has tremendous power over other people's lives. The director of the municipal theatre in Stuttgart almost lost his job last year because a few people saw him donate a hundred marks to a fund for fixing Gudrun Ensslin's teeth. The mayor of Stuttgart saved him, but then the mayor happens to be General Rommel's son and a popular, liberal Christian Democrat, and even he was putting his career on the line by speaking out for a little compassion and common sense.



In Bonn, the idiom of recrimination affects everything the government does. The country's family law still needs revising. Women were given equal familial rights years ago, in the late fifties, but the legislation of children's rights was put off once the terrorists appeared and so many people started railing against "permissiveness." The Bundestag was finally going to vote on new laws for children last year—in part because the incidence of child abuse has been uncommonly high in Germany, and children's advocates have been fighting to extend the jurisdiction of the state over the children of violent or neglectful parents. But then the government dropped its bill—which was a good, comprehensive bill—after the spring elections. Schmidt wanted to dampen any opposition arguments about Social Democrats' destroying the sacred institution of the German parent, and the new, coalition bill before the Bundestag now is timid by comparison. Not that parents themselves are so well protected by the law when in one *Land* schoolchildren have had to answer questionnaires about their parents' relationship and their parents' politics. Three years



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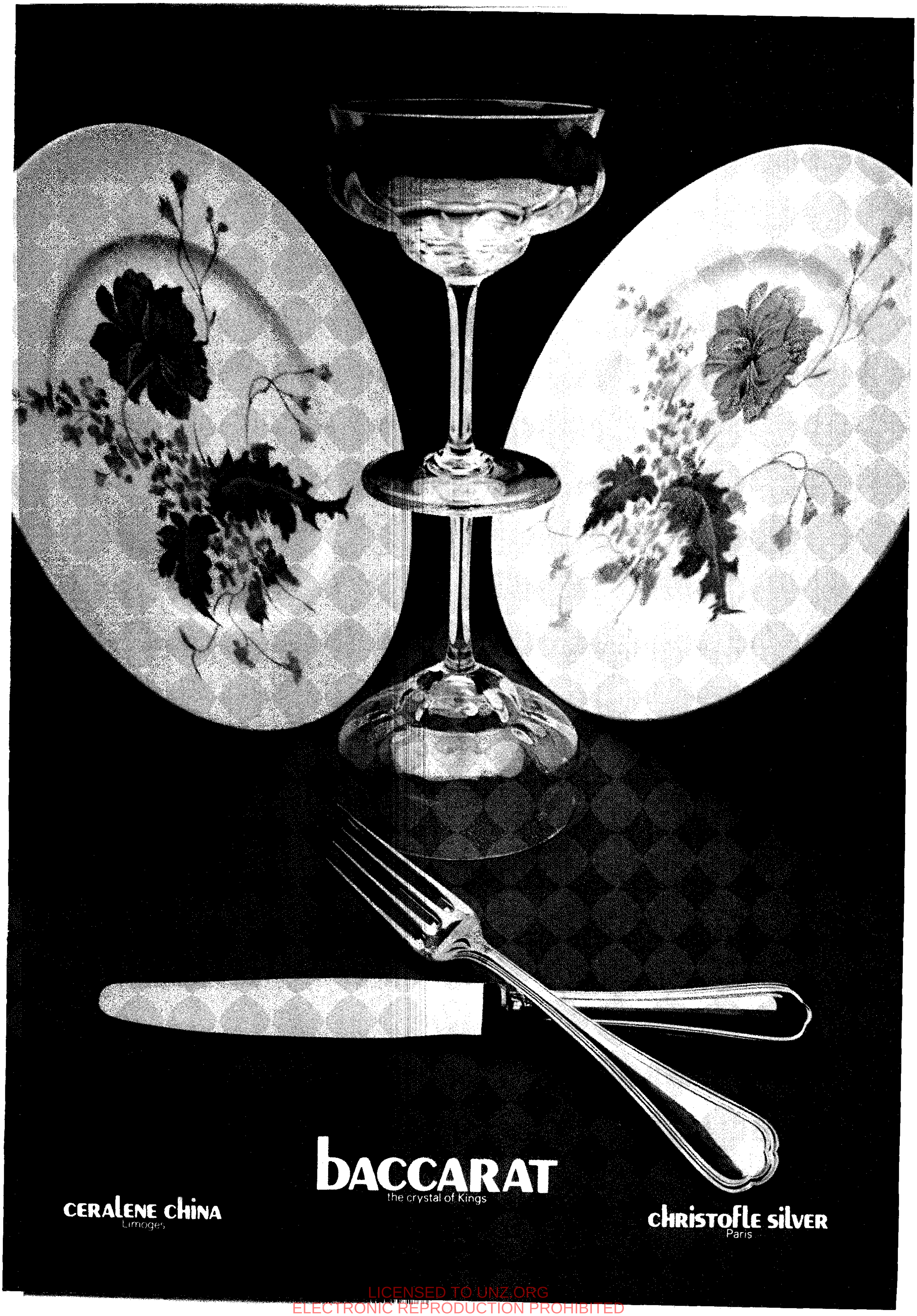
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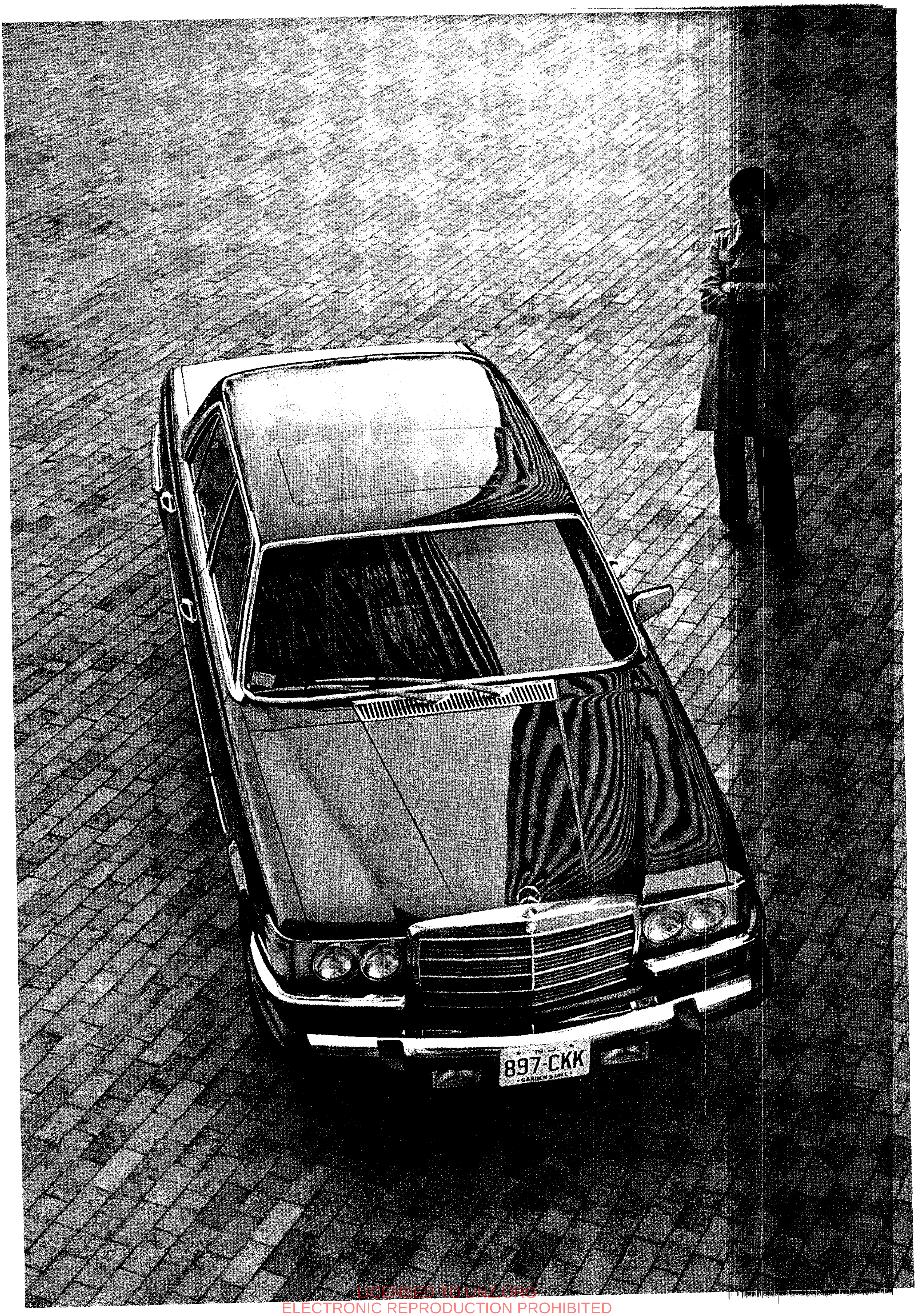
897-CKK
GARDEN STATE

6 separate brakes, shock absorbers even for the engine, a wax job your eyes may never see: inside the insides of the Mercedes-Benz 450SEL.

In the eyes of a Mercedes-Benz engineer, the examples of skill and care normally hidden from sight deep within the car are what most strongly stamp a 450SEL as a 450SEL and make it unique.

Herewith, that deep-down 450SEL story – an *engineer's-eye* view.

6,000 invisible welds

Observe that beneath its high-gloss enamel, the 450SEL body is a semi-monocoque or "unitized" structure – a steel hull in effect, studded with no fewer than 6,000 electric welds.

Between the time it first enters and finally leaves the paint shop, this body acquires 77 pounds' worth of protective coatings applied in 9 steps. Anti-corrosion wax is even sprayed into hollow recesses like the insides of the rocker panels before they are permanently sealed.

Almost 5 feet of hiproom

The 450SEL body shell is the largest Mercedes-Benz builds in volume production and the word for its interior space is ample. Yet this so-called "big" Mercedes is contained within an overall length of less than 18 feet – and at 73.6 inches of width is actually *slimmer* than a Nash Rambler compact of 28 years ago.

Linked to its own separate axle, each rear wheel of the 450SEL is freed to act on its own. Result: the left wheel can hit a bump or a dip without affecting the right, and vice versa. Each shock absorber has an upper chamber filled with oil and a lower chamber filled with pressurized *nitrogen* gas as a cushion against vibration.

Excessive vibration is good for neither a car nor its occupants. The engine's rubber-insulated mounts are augmented by two special hydraulic shock absorbers nestled on either side of the 450SEL's 4.5-liter V-8.

Examine the steering system and you will find yet *another* shock absorber, expressly meant to soak up thumps and bumps before they reach your hands on the wheel.

A black box that isn't there

The engineers eliminated pushrod-actuated valves and their adjustment (as well as their clatter) from the 450SEL engine by giving it overhead camshafts instead. Fuel injection is standard – but note: Mercedes-Benz began using fuel injection so long ago (in 1954) that the 450SEL has passed beyond the computerized "little black box" concept to a CIS, or Continuous Injection System, of simplified *mechanical* design.

2 agile tons

If you could peek inside the 450SEL's 3-speed automatic transmission you would find that all shafts and gears in the mechanism are mounted on roller or ball bearings.

This two-ton automobile is maneuvered via a power-assisted steering system based on the recirculating-ball principle. You can ease from lock to lock in a mere 2.7 turns.

Count all the brakes

It is an intriguing fact that the 450SEL is fitted with *six* separate brakes, of two different types:

☐ Four disc brakes, each 11 inches in diameter, provide the basic stopping force. The front discs are honeycombed with internal ventilation slots for more rapid heat dissipation.

☐ Two drum brakes, one at each rear wheel, handle parking and emergency braking needs.

Velour, veneer, bituminous foil

Soft velour carpeting lies underfoot in the 450SEL. Also underfoot but out of sight: felt, foam-backed rubber matting and even *bituminous foil,* discreet allies in the engineers' quiet war against engine and road noise.

The built-in AM/FM stereo cassette unit has four wide-range speakers. Vacuum power instantly locks or unlocks all four doors, the trunk and the fuel filler port with the twist of a key. The built-in automatic cruise control device is a machine with a memory, able to return the car to a preset speed after you have speeded up or slowed down.

You can specify either leather upholstery or plush velour at no extra cost. You should know that inside the seats are five separate layers of padding and lining, laid overtop a network of steel springs.

Those rich fillets of trim that look like walnut veneer *are* walnut veneer. That dashboard clock is not a clock – it is a quartz-crystal chronometer.

Final revelation: The 60-page Mercedes-Benz brochure covers safety features built into the 450SEL and other models. This makes fascinating reading before you buy the car, and comforting reading afterward.

Engineered like no other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz. But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single-minded. It is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of petty economies and precludes the pea-pod mass production of inexpensive cars. It allows little room for compromise, none for shortcuts; just the pursuit of engineering excellence.

A Mercedes-Benz is engineered like no other car in the world.

Electric sunroof (shown) available at extra cost.

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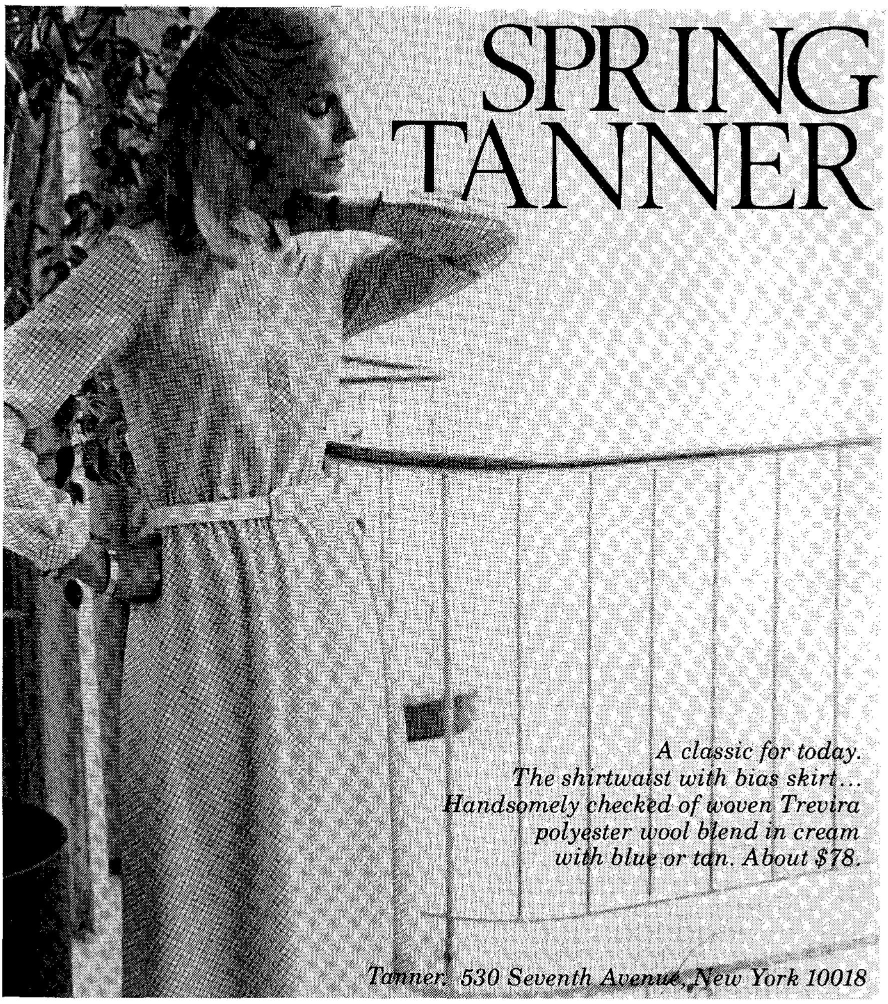

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A classic for today. The shirtwaist with bias skirt... Handsomely checked of woven Trevira polyester wool blend in cream with blue or tan. About $78.

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Ever notice when there's a Mercedes in the garage there's often a Poggenpohl in the kitchen.

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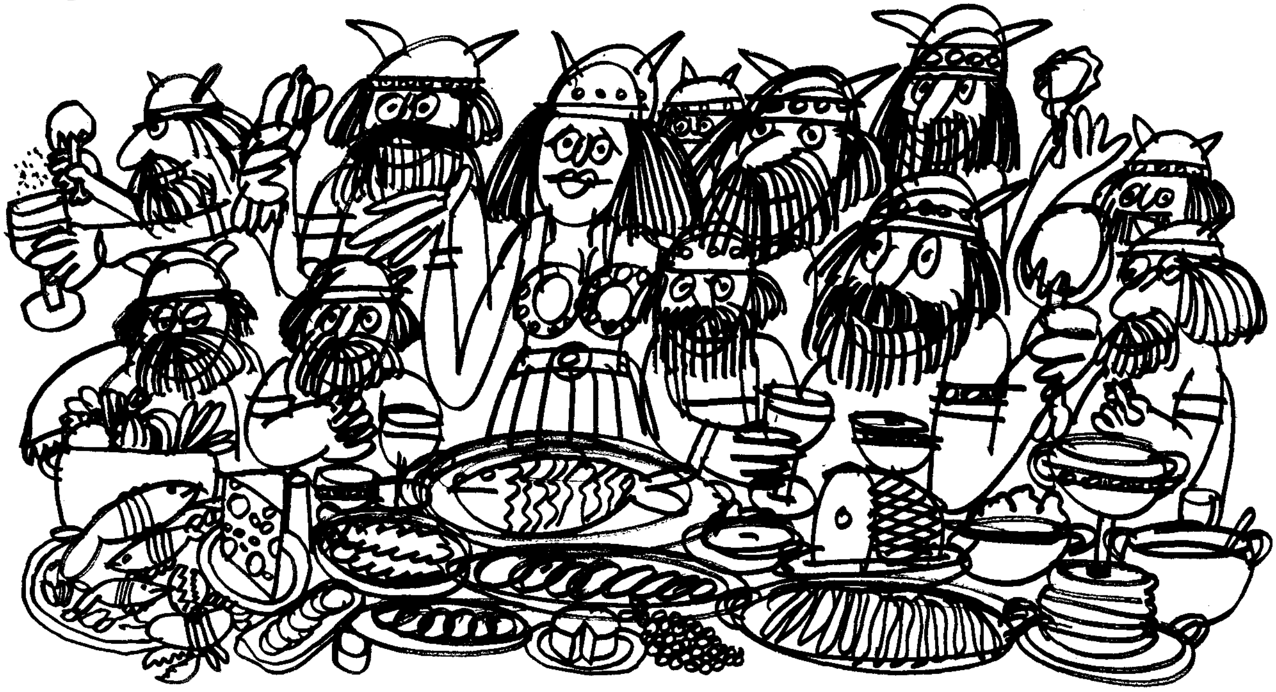
There's a new American status symbol. The quintessential kitchen from Europe. Poggenpohl invented it. For a colorful showing (and name of nearest dealer) send $2.50 for 148 page kitchen (and bath) catalogs (2) to Poggenpohl USA, 222 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666

ago, parliament approved the appointment of a federal Ombudsman for Privacy, and a brilliant young law professor from Frankfurt named Spiros Simitis, who was already the Privacy Commissioner in Hesse, agreed to take the job. Simitis asked for a staff of twenty, and announced that the main responsibility of his new commission, as he saw it, was protecting citizens against illegal invasions of privacy by the state, and especially by the police and the secret services. The cabinet, meanwhile, limited his staff to eight people, including two secretaries and a chauffeur. Simitis resigned in protest before he even took office.

OLD friends in Hamburg like to say that there was something consummately German about Ulrike Meinhof, preaching community against society, soul against civilization, the absolute good against the merely ethical. They say that the mystique she made of a kind of clarifying violence was right in the tradition of the great German Romantics—from her liberation of Andreas Baader to her prison suicide. More likely, that mystique had to do with the very specific evasions of postwar German society and the conviction among all young radicals of her generation that the country's Nazi past had never really been repudiated. They had watched East Germany co-opt the rhetoric of anti-Fascism at a time when their own parents still talked about the generals who plotted the bunker coup against Hitler in July of 1944 as if they were the flower of the underground. The fact that Communist power in East Germany played to a great extent on war guilt—played on a repudiation so intense and unremitting that it could become a kind of substitute for the revolution the country never had—did not matter very much to those young West Germans. Party cynicism in the German Democratic Republic seemed a little beside the point to students who were discovering that some of the men in charge of the successful new advertising agencies in Frankfurt had got their training in Goebbels' propaganda ministry, or that the head of one of West Germany's big synthetic-rubber companies, a man much decorated by the government, had been accused of committing atrocities on foreign workers in the war, or that Adenauer's State Secretary in the Chancellery was one of Hitler's official commentators on the Nuremburg Laws, and the person who introduced the letter "J," for Jew, into German passports. Schleyer himself had been an officer of the S.S.

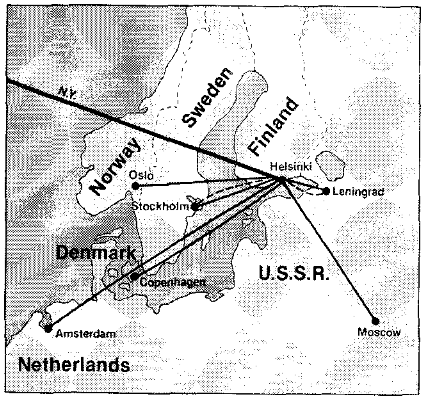
How Henni Salmi, the Finn, accidentally created the world's first smörgåsbord back in 753 A.D. when her husband Heikki thoughtlessly invited his entire Viking lodge home for dinner.



Smörgås means open sandwich. *Bord* means table. Precisely what *smörgås* go on your *bord* is determined by the imagination of whoever is preparing the *smörgåsbord.*

The Scandinavians have wonderful imaginations. The grilled, the poached, the smoked herring, trout, eel, and salmon; the black, brown, coarse and fine breads; the crackling fresh vegetables; the shell-fish raw, steamed and sauteed; the sausage sweet and spicy, hard and soft; the red and the black scoops of caviar; the cheeses mild to sharp to stinging; the icy Finlandia Vodka and wild berry liqueurs from beyond the Arctic Circle.

A hot and cold, sweet and pungent symphony of a buffet.



This is smörgåsbord, and it can be yours every day you spend in these lands of the midnight sun.

Only Finnair can jet you direct to Helsinki, the gateway to the rest of Scandinavia. It is from this friendly Finnish capital of side-walk cafes and harbor-bordered parks and gracious boulevards that you begin your exploration of Finland's lake country, her Baltic coastal towns, her Lapland and her close Scandinavian neighbors.

There is Norway's bustling Oslo, her Viking ships, the Kon-Tiki raft, her naughty sculptures and spectacular fjords; there is gay Copenhagen, her Tivoli Gardens, her "little Mermaid" of the harbor; there is Stockholm, her old town with its crooked, cobbled streets, her wonderful shopping, restaurants and theater.

This, then, is a tiny taste of Scandinavia. Like her people, her summers are gentle and warm. Her beauties are vivid. As will be your memories years after you return from this extraordinary corner of our world.

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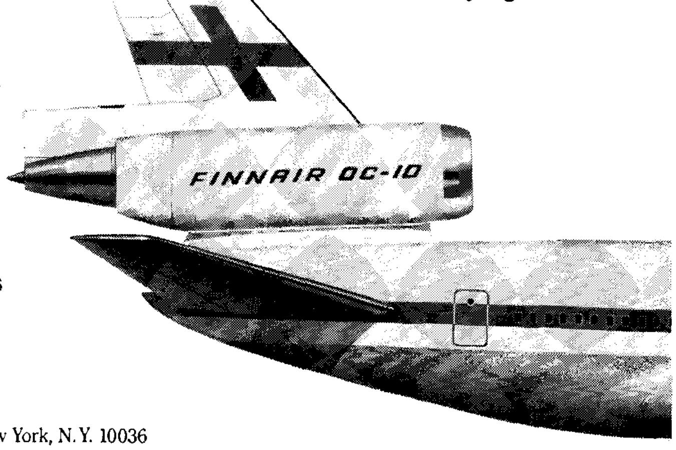

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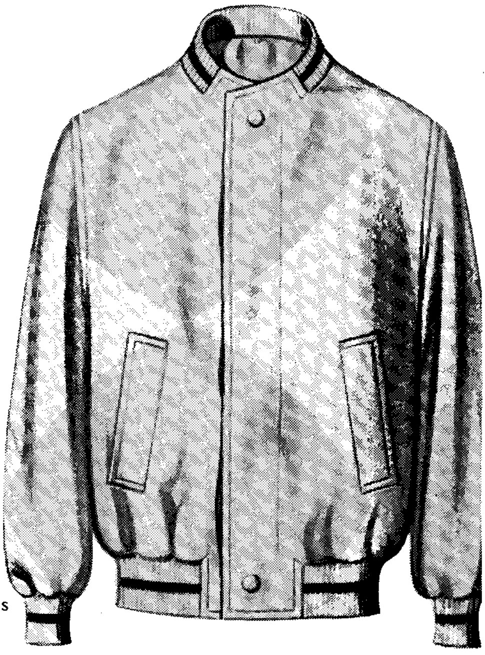

Perfect companion for Spring's active hours...our exclusive jacket features Ultrasuede of polyester-polyurethane reversing to polyester-and-cotton poplin. In tan with brown trim on knit waist, cuffs and neckline. Washable. Even sizes 38 to 46 regular, 40 to 46 long. $175

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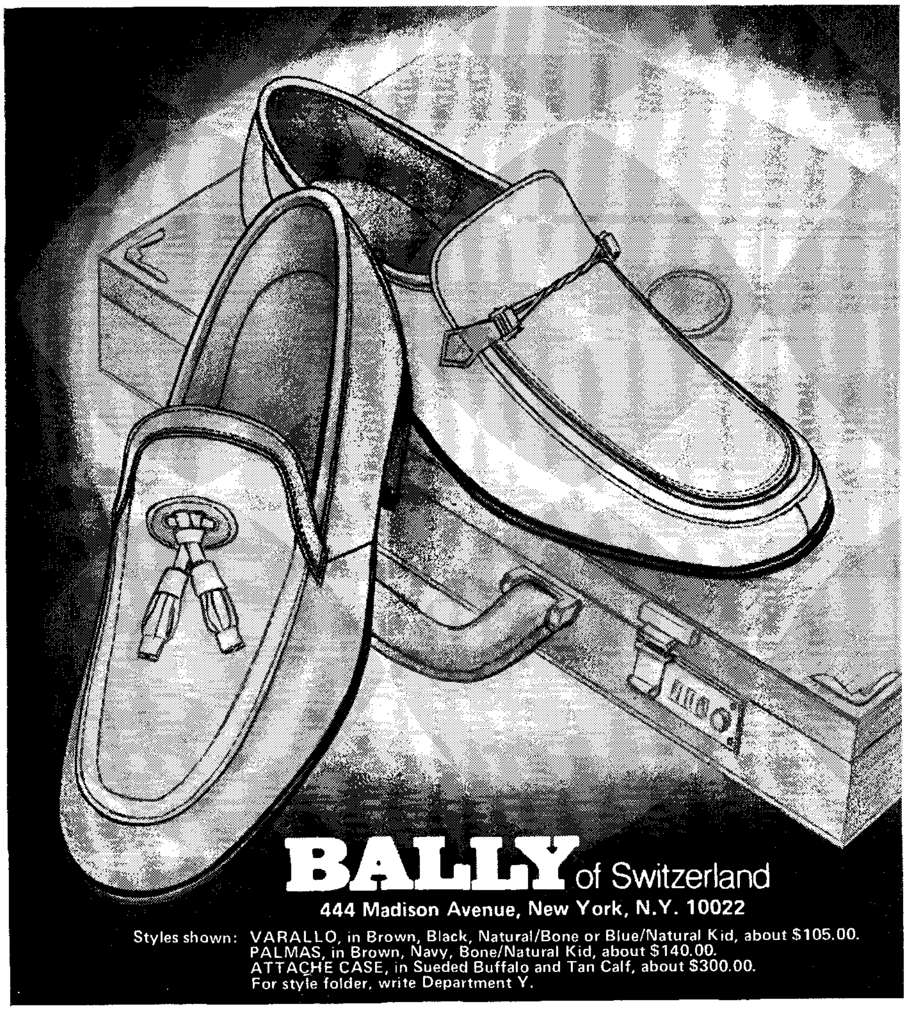

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Styles shown: VARALLO, in Brown, Black, Natural/Bone or Blue/Natural Kid, about $105.00.
PALMAS, in Brown, Navy, Bone/Natural Kid, about $140.00.
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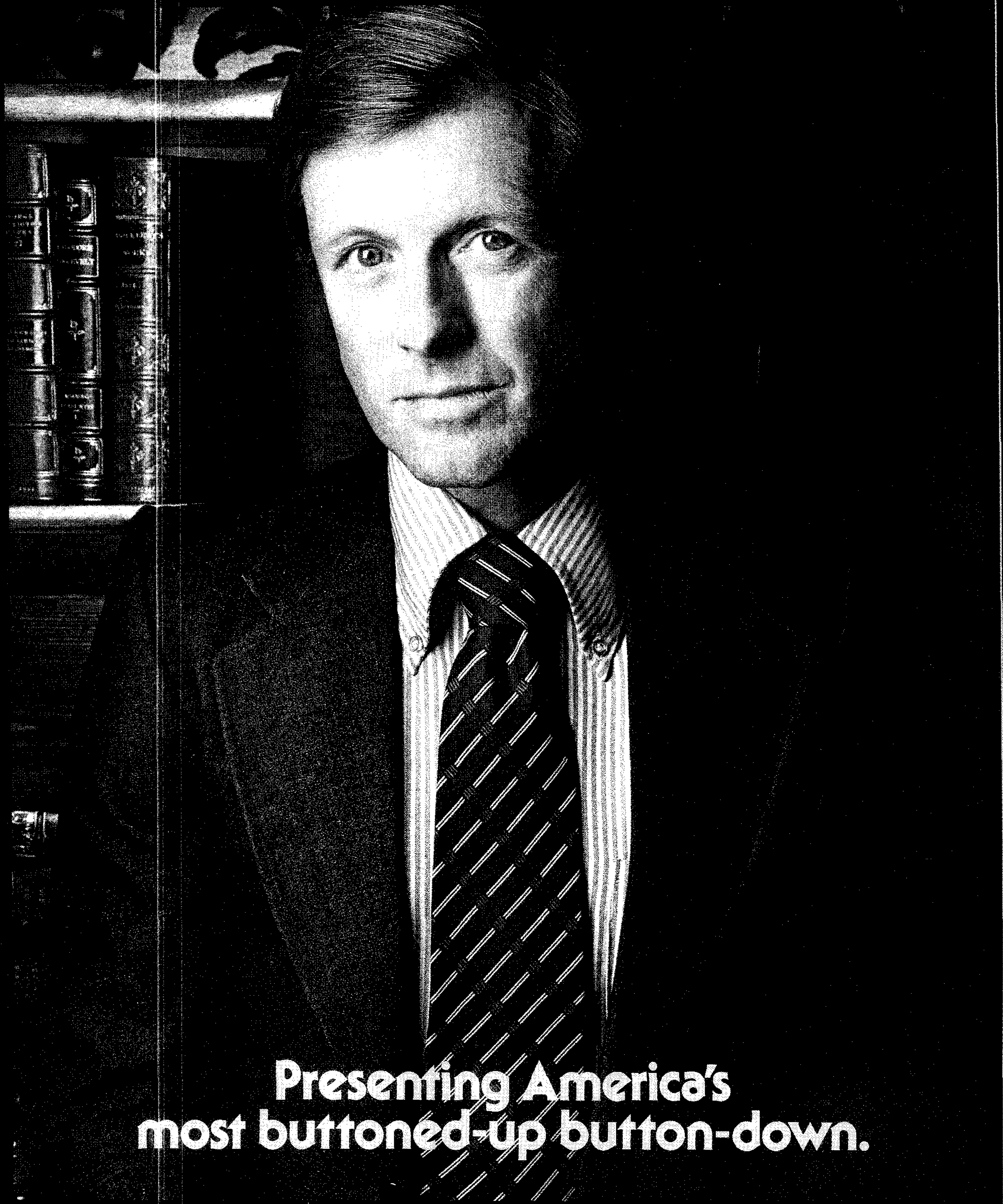
in Czechoslovakia—but this was something that young Germans learned only last fall, after Schleyer was kidnapped, and by then Schmidt's "crisis staff" had made the decision that saving Schleyer was not its priority. The chances are that their parents didn't know who Schleyer was, either. Their parents belonged to a generation that had learned at school that Hitler did not start persecuting German Jews until the war turned, at the end of 1943.

Actually, West Germany never had much chance to confront its conscience. The Cold War followed so fast on the war Germany had fought that within a year or so of the surrender it was more rewarding to hate Communism than to hate Fascism. The Eastern front had by then become a field of honor, the place where Hitler's war turned into the defense of Germany—the place where patriotism and anti-Communism could be profitably confused. America, funding the reconstruction, had made a decision early on that it was safer to bet on Germans who, if not actually ardent Nazis, had never been demonstrably anti-Nazi than on anyone associated with the German left. The left—or what remained of it—had been the greater part of the resistance, and expected to be honored. Now, suddenly, the left in many of its traditional shapes and sizes fell under the cloud of Communism—when in fact it was hard in those first postwar years to find many Communists at all in the new Federal Republic. Most German Communists who survived the war had made their way to East Germany. The big migration in the late forties and the fifties involved the eleven million *Volksdeutsche* and East Germans who fled to the Western sectors for asylum, and those refugees, like most of the people in West Germany already, were the same men and women who had tolerated, if not supported, the Third Reich. Hitler's majority in 1936 was still the majority in 1946. There were simply not enough other Germans around in 1946 to take over from them, and this meant that there was no way, short of a revolution, to really change the management of the country. It also meant that the project of "cleansing Germany's soul," which people like Ulrike Meinhof took up so much later, was in fact a fantasy of foreigners. Willy Brandt, who took office in 1969, was the first West German Chancellor who can actually claim to have fought the Nazis. Brandt spent the war in the Norwegian Army, and though he did not

Presenting America's most buttoned-up button-down.

It's brought to you by none other than America's most buttoned-up shirt company. Arrow.

As usual, Arrow has taken a basic concept and made it better. We started with a natural blend of cotton and polyester, then added exact sleeve and neck sizes, semi-tapering, and a seven-button front.

The result is one of the most fashionable, most comfortable shirts ever designed.

If you're looking to look very buttoned-up, get the Arrow button-down.

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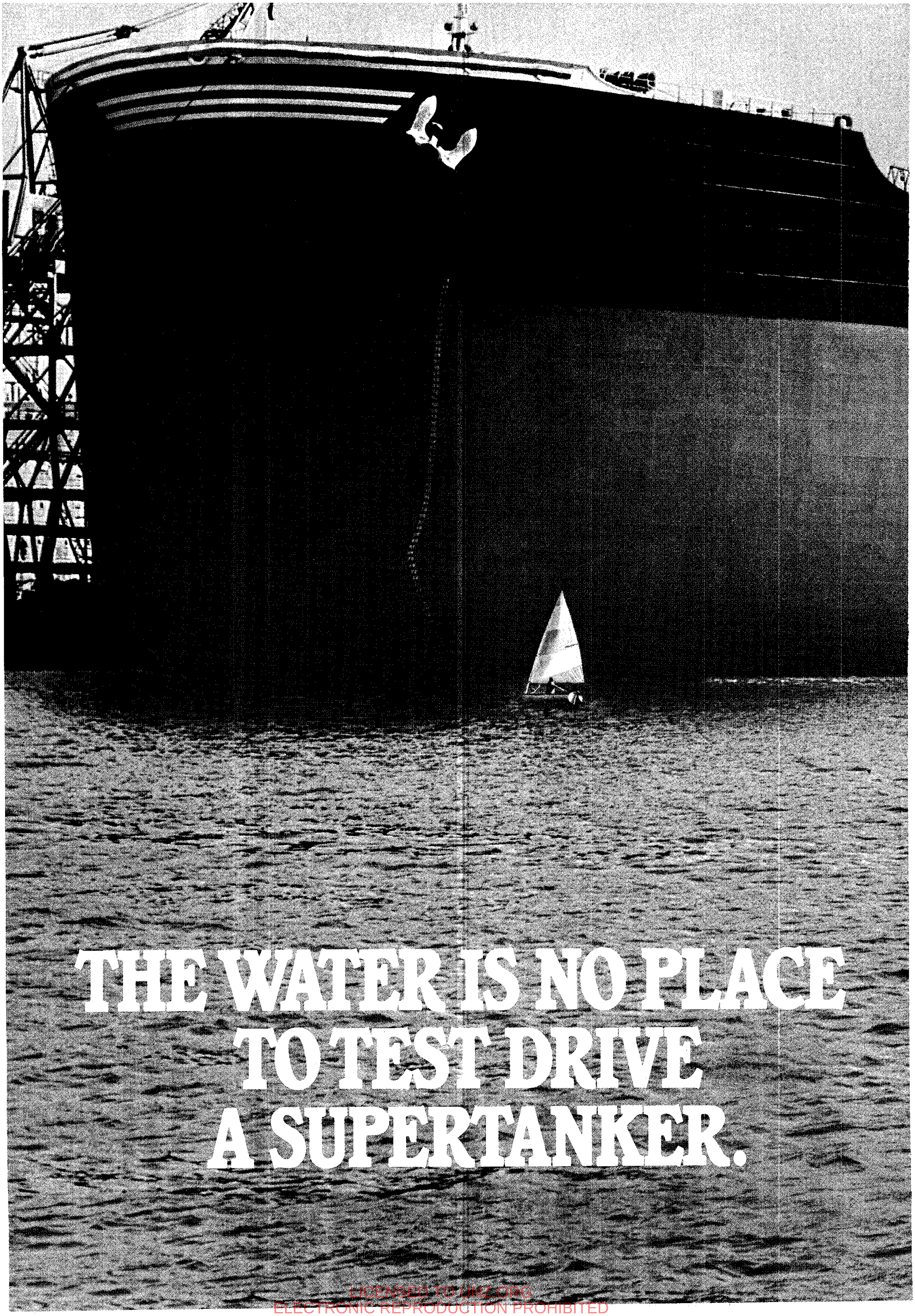
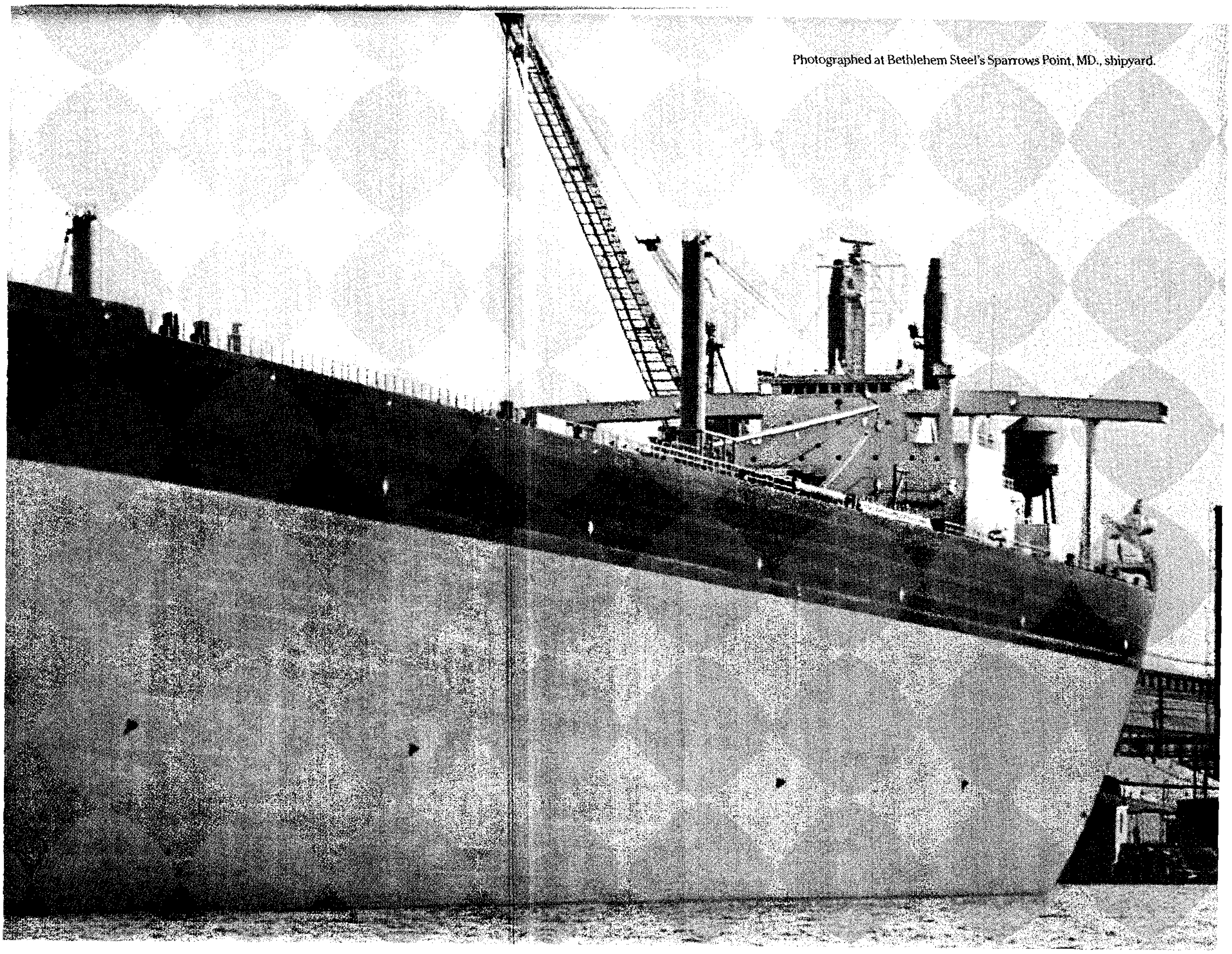

THE WATER IS NO PLACE
TO TEST DRIVE
A SUPERTANKER.



Photographed at Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point, MD., shipyard.

Sperry designed and built a computerized simulator that's so realistic, it can show how men and ships will perform at sea—long before they ever set sail.

The safest place to learn about the high seas is on dry land. That's why the U.S. Maritime Administration asked Sperry to create an uncannily realistic simulator called CAORF (Computer Aided Operations Research Facility).

CAORF consists of an authentic ship's bridge, surrounded by a large screen. From a control room, ships, harbors and weather conditions are projected on the screen—in lifelike computer animation. A captain then "pilots" the ship.

Without going near the ocean, we can now learn, for example, if a fully loaded tanker can safely enter New York Harbor. Or how a crew will react to various sea conditions. Or whether a new bridge design is more efficient than one now being used. This leads to safer ships, improved harbors and better-trained crews. In short, a more productive national shipping industry. CAORF, located in Kings Point, N.Y., is one of many Sperry marine, submarine and aviation simulators—playing major roles in training and research. All are part of our commitment to the future: Making machines do more so man can do more.

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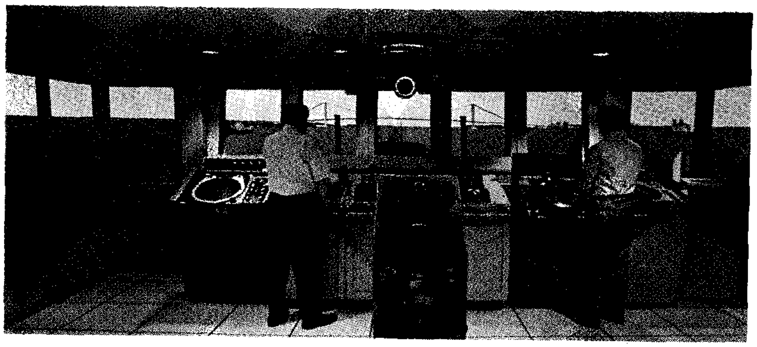

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ARABIA designs tableware in a variety of classically simple...simply beautiful patterns and shapes that fulfill multiple functions. Every piece of ARABIA tableware goes from refrigerator-to-oven-to-table-to-dishwasher with aplomb. It's the natural choice for microwave cooking. That's why ARABIA on your table reflects your intelligent good taste.

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ARABIA
OF FINLAND

bear arms, there are still people here who agree with Franz-Josef Strauss that Brandt was somehow treacherous to have put on an "alien uniform" while the rest of his generation suffered at home for twelve years defending the fatherland from Communists. After the war, they clearly preferred the healing, paternal hand of a Konrad Adenauer—someone who could protect the country from its history. Adenauer convinced the Germans that the energy of their anti-Communism was itself proof of a new democracy at home. It was easy enough for him to do, inasmuch as most West Germans were never more than a few hours from the reality of the German Democratic Republic—Hamburg is only half an hour's drive from East Germany—and West Berliners had daily confirmation of their worst fears about the people's paradise on the other side.

The Germans loved Adenauer. He turned their evasions into something positive, and persuaded them, with his stern calm, that rituals of guilt and expiation could be undermining and indulgent. He was seventy-three years old when he became the first Chancellor of the Federal Republic, and he had all the privileges of the patriarch. His people built their "temporary" capital at Bonn because he had a house there and liked the town and, after all, knew what was best for the country—which was a solid, Christian Democratic setting for its new government. They took for common cause his rhetoric of reunification, though reunification was something the Cold War absolutely contradicted. Adenauer himself knew that Russia would never tolerate a neutral and united Germany, and he had good reason to believe that the Germans, after their insane war and humiliating defeat, lacked the proper democratic instinct and even the stability to run one. Germany had hardly been a nation to begin with. Bismarck invented it in 1871, taking a grab bag of kingdoms and duchies and principalities and free city-states—twenty-five of them in all—that had never really got along and putting them together as the home base of a new empire. For seventy-four years, "Germany" was a marriage of convenience, a partnership for power. And now, with the only capital that Germany ever had cut off and occupied, with families forced from their homes into a kind of ideological geography and West Germany itself a Cold War corridor, defended like some Gaza Strip of Western Europe, the idea of one Germany

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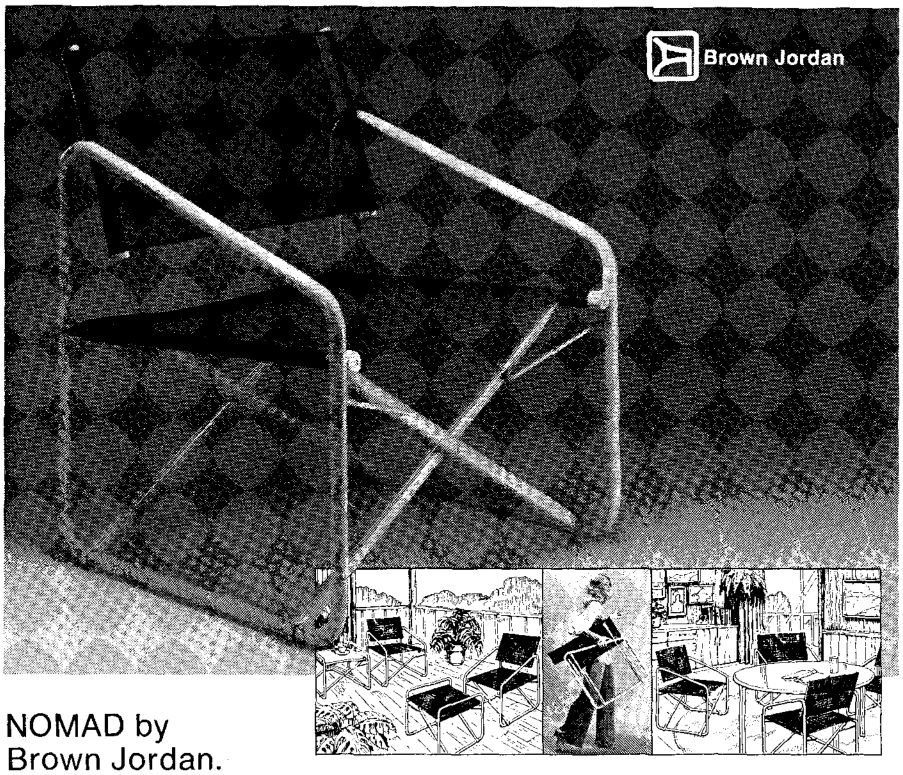

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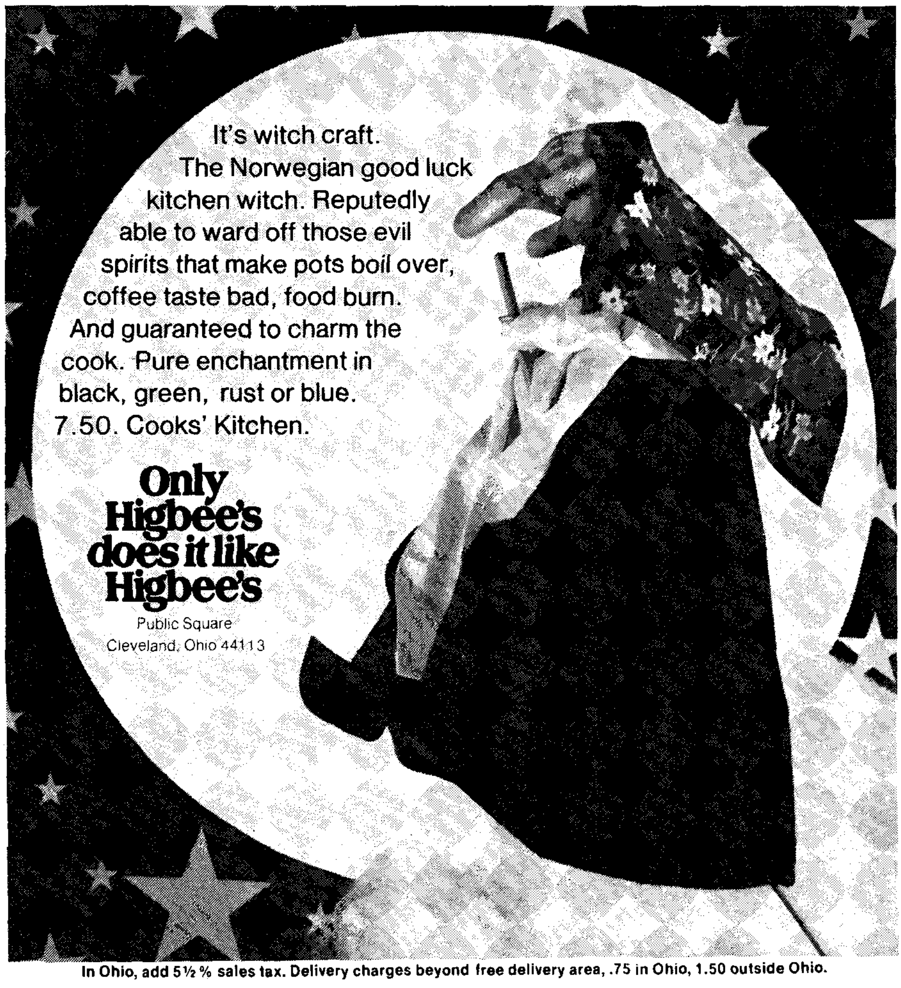

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had more to do with a lost future than a real past.

THE historian Karl-Dietrich Bracher, who teaches at the University of Bonn, says that in the end the only identity left for West Germans was economic. He says they fled into economics, really, making economic consensus the basis of a new democracy that had no other rationale—neither the social revolution of the left's dreams nor the united Germany of the nationalists'. Certainly today the Bundesbank is as much a symbol of the West German nation as the parliament in Bonn, and the remarkable Deutsche mark the nearest thing the Germans have to a Marianne or an Uncle Sam. They have made a kind of ideology of their economic miracle, because what the *Wirtschaftswunder* did was define the boundaries of the state for people who at the time were not even sure if a German passport meant citizenship in the new Federal Republic or the old Weimar Republic—people whose splendid capital city had been reduced to a function of the balance of East-West power and whose land was at the service of vast Occupation armies. Even now, there are more than two hundred thousand American NATO troops in Germany. Their presence, over the years, may have humiliated a lot of Germans, but it did remind those Germans about the pleasures of power that did not depend on a myth of the pure *Volk*, or even on a Bismarckian chauvinism. The Germans took on the values of the Occupation and eventually took them over, until the country began to look like their own remorseless version of the United States. Hamburg is deceptive, with its industry safe and sculptural across the Elbe. For all the building and rebuilding that went on here in the fifties and sixties, the elegant old plan of the center city has mainly been preserved. The real New Germany is the Germany of the infamous Autobahn, of speeding trucks, and of factories that have pushed their way into the bombed-out hearts of towns like Düsseldorf and Cologne—it is the Germany of the modern megalopolis, driven by the aesthetic of its own sprawl. Its triumph is a city like Frankfurt, which was gutted by the war, then half rebuilt in the architectural potlatch of the giant banks and businesses of the *Wirtschaftswunder*, and finally finished off in the name of progress by a succession of greedy local governments. The shell of Frankfurt's glorious opera house, lit at night like the set for a *son et lumière* about

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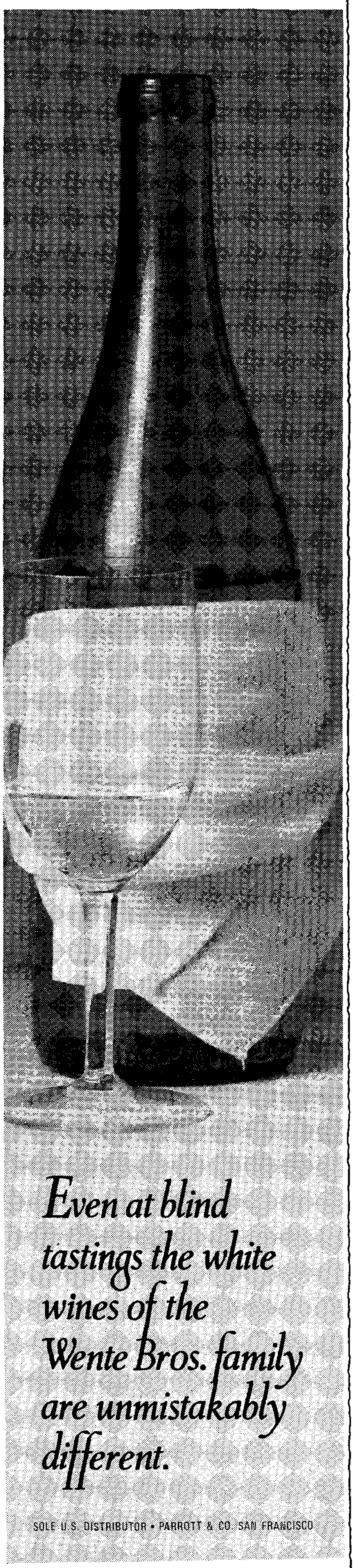

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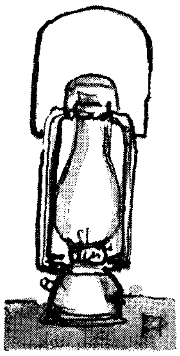
destruction, makes its own sad comment on the graceless towers that surround it now. Even the crime in Frankfurt is the new crime of German reconstruction—Frankfurt's underworld belongs to a mafia of enterprising Turks and Yugoslavs who came in the wave of two and a half million foreign workers and found Germany too profitable to think of going home.

By now, Germany has the strongest economy in the world, and the strongest *currency. The Deutsche mark that the* dollar made controls the dollar these days on the world market. And America depends on Germany to protect that sinking dollar with its own policies. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and the oil sheikdoms depend to a great extent on German trade to channel their petro-dollars into Western Europe. The Common Market depends on Germany to finance its projects. (Germany agreed from the start to meet some twenty-eight per cent of the Common Market budget, which is almost entirely an agricultural budget, and by now the cost of guaranteeing its neighbors' produce and its neighbors' prices is enormous. Last year, Germans watched the Common Market unload their butter surplus, at a fraction of its free-market value, in the Soviet Union—which quickly made a big profit selling that butter to Italians.) Italy itself floats, from crisis to crisis, on German credit. And yet the mark keeps going up—in terms of purchasing power, wages in Germany are the highest in the world—and it goes up so consistently that while the rest of Europe struggles to pay oil bills that are five times what they were a few years ago the Germans can pay for their energy completely with what they sell to the oil-producing countries. No one here can say precisely why the *Wirtschaftswunder* continues. There are a million people out of work—some four per cent of the working population—though economists tend to halve that figure in their projections, saying that a few hundred thousand of those people are unemployable and should be registered on the welfare rolls, and that probably a few hundred thousand more are making the most of a year on unemployment compensation, which amounts to around three-quarters of a worker's last net income, tax free. Then, too, the wage increases that German workers demand, and get, in their yearly negotiation ritual with the German Employers' Association have squeezed profits—and this does not do much to encourage investment in German industry, despite the fact that there is no capital-gains tax on investments held for more than six months. Germany, by rights, should be suffering some by now. The high price of the mark should be making German products too expensive to compete abroad, and yet they do compete—in part because of their quality but mostly because the oil countries that buy so much from Germany these days can afford to pay *anything at all for what they want.* Actually, Germany's new markets are expanding. As long as they do expand—which means as long as the world's new rich would rather spend eighty thousand of their petro-dollars for a Mercedes than twenty thousand for a Cadillac—Germans are not going to have to worry very much about the killing price of their own currency.



Hamburgers sometimes credit the British with the *Wirtschaftswunder*, inasmuch as it was the British who made off with whatever old machinery they could salvage from the ruins of German industry in 1945, leaving Germany with no choice but to replace everything, and America anxious to see that it was done fast. Germany had nothing left *except* its industrial potential. There are virtually no resources in the country—coal and a little iron and not much else. German agriculture had been undermined by the mobilization and then by the war, and after the surrender in 1945 less than fifteen per cent of the population was living from the land. By the fifties, in fact, when the European Economic Community wrote its charter, Germany was more than willing to subsidize someone else's farms in return for the kind of arrangements that supported the scope and priorities of that industrial potential. The French myth of a breadbasket economy was a little bucolic for modern German tastes anyway. What Germany wanted then, and got, was a clear field to develop the most sophisticated industrial plant in the Western world; its goal for the end of the recovery was to be able to export a quarter of its gross national product in the form of German factory goods and, in crises like the oil crisis ten years later, to be able to underwrite its new expenses by exporting more.

WHEN Germany met that goal—and American industry, with its vast, traditionally captive domestic market, looked on, complacent—the gov-

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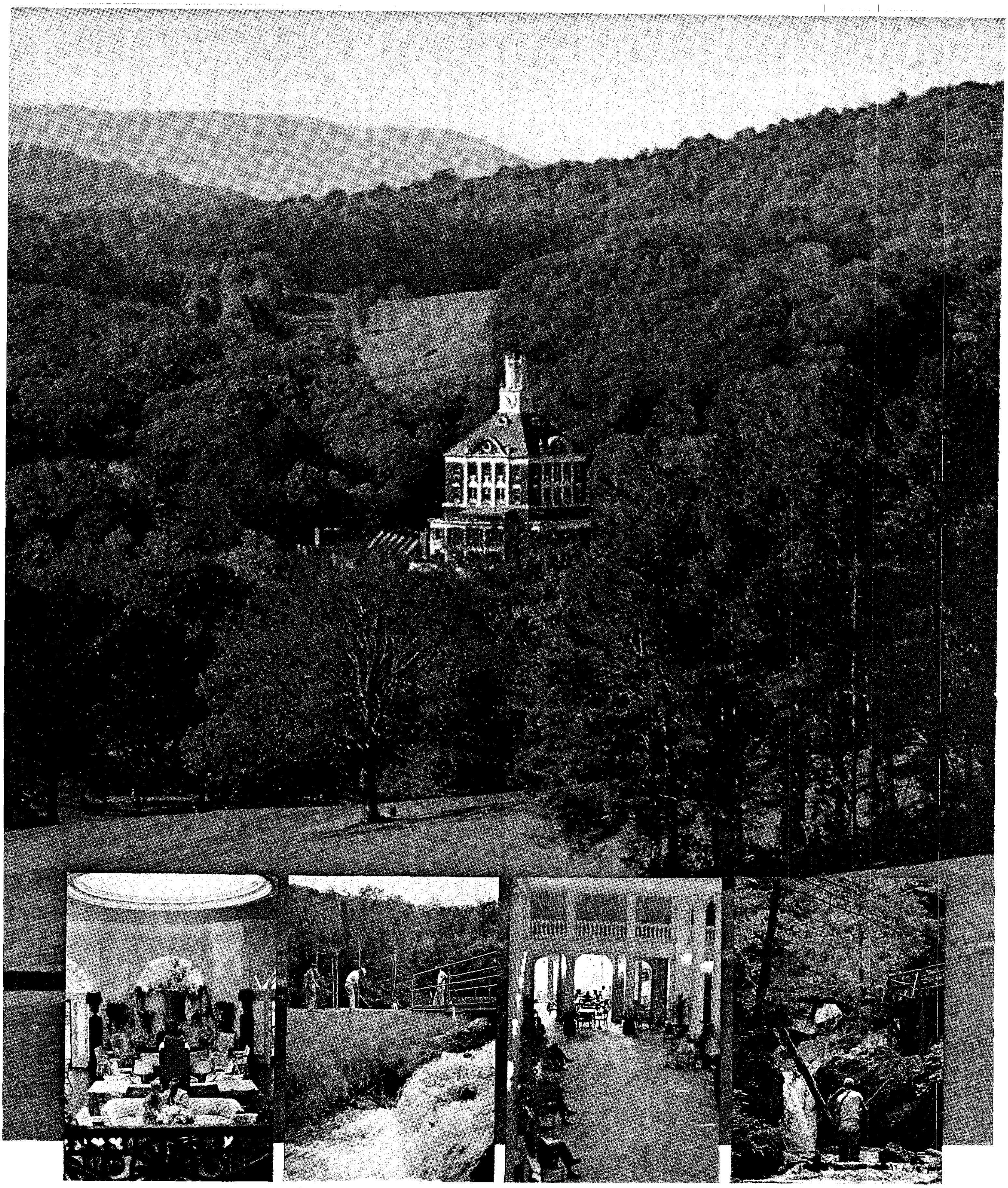

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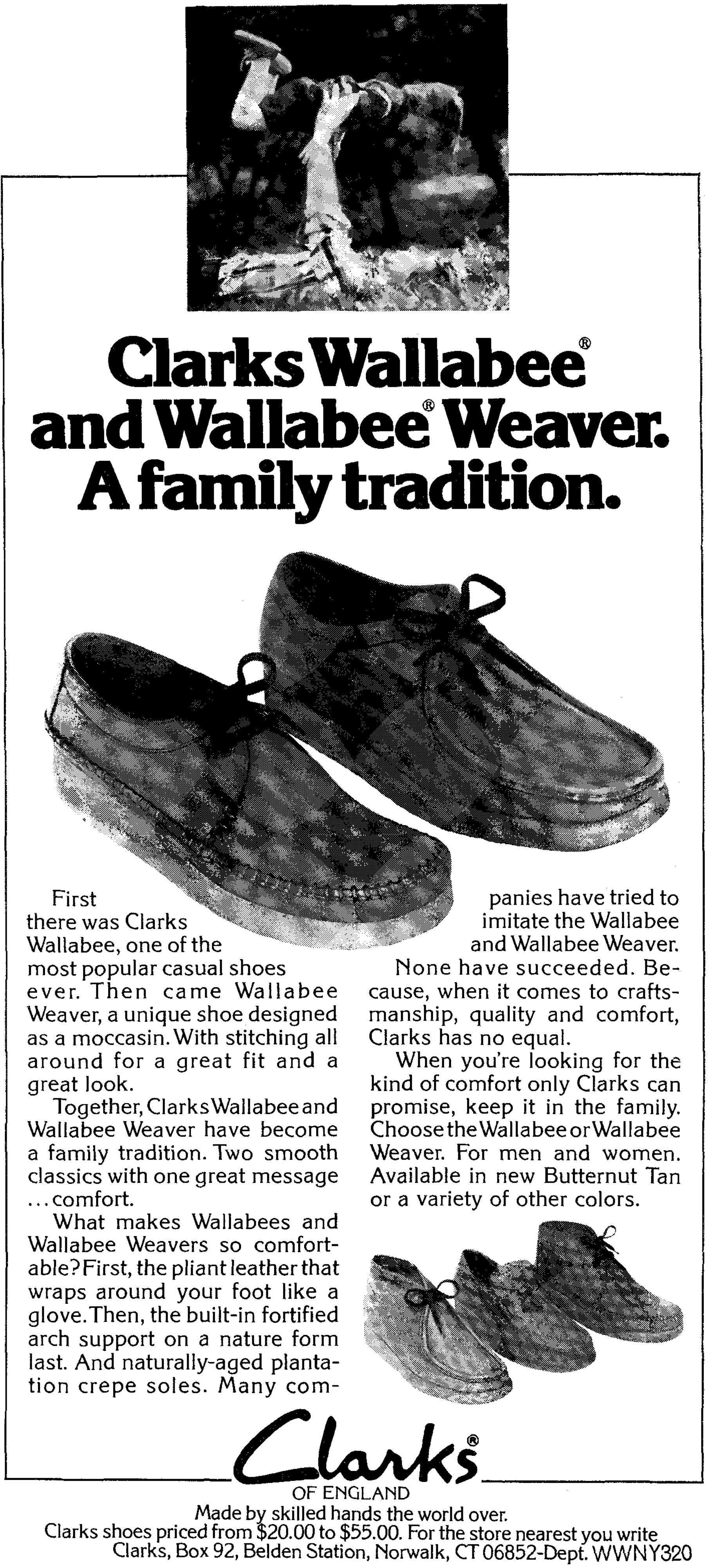
ernment pronounced the country officially "recovered." The trouble was that a new generation of students, and a lot of young men and women just out of university, were not at all convinced that Germany had recovered any of its human values in the process of recovering its solvency. Many of them had joined the Social Democratic Party—or, as students, the Socialist German Students Union, which was supported by the Social Democrats until it broke away because of a fight over representation at Party congresses—hoping to find a platform for their own ideas. What they found instead was that the old German party of the Socialist International had little to do with the left they had imagined in their students' clubs and classrooms. They found that little by little the Social Democratic Party had changed its mind about the issues that involved them—NATO, rearmament, atomic bombs on German soil. They found, in fact, that the Social Democrats were beginning to believe in the values of the recovery, that whatever socialism their party had in mind stopped at West Germany's borders—that the Party could fight for its workers, and get them boardroom clout and remarkable state services, and still share the conservatives' appetite for the new economic empire that had replaced the older, failed forms of German conquest. The Social Democrats had always rejected the notion of a popular front of Socialists and Communists, and, for that matter, the notion of an international class struggle; now the Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund had dropped its rhetoric about a workers' movement, in Germany or anywhere, and started demanding a big piece of the *Wirtschaftswunder* for itself. Most self-respecting German workers, anyway, thought of "the proletariat" as something subversive that the Russians were exporting. In 1968, a housepainter in West Berlin shot and nearly killed a young pacifist named Rudi Dutschke—a refugee from East Germany who was leading student protests against the Vietnam war—and gave as his only reason the fact that he could not stand anything that "Communists" like Dutschke stood for.

There is no way to compare the young German left of the nineteen-sixties to the New Left in America during those years, though Germans do it all the time. The causes were the same—the bomb and then the war in Vietnam—and a lot of the protest style around the Free University in West Berlin was lifted from American col-



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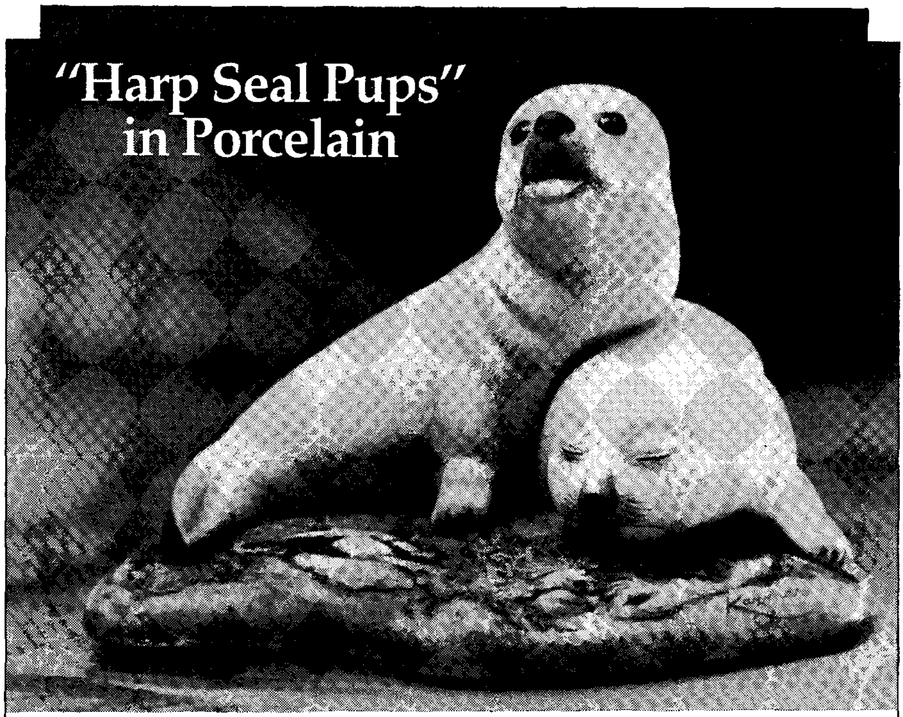

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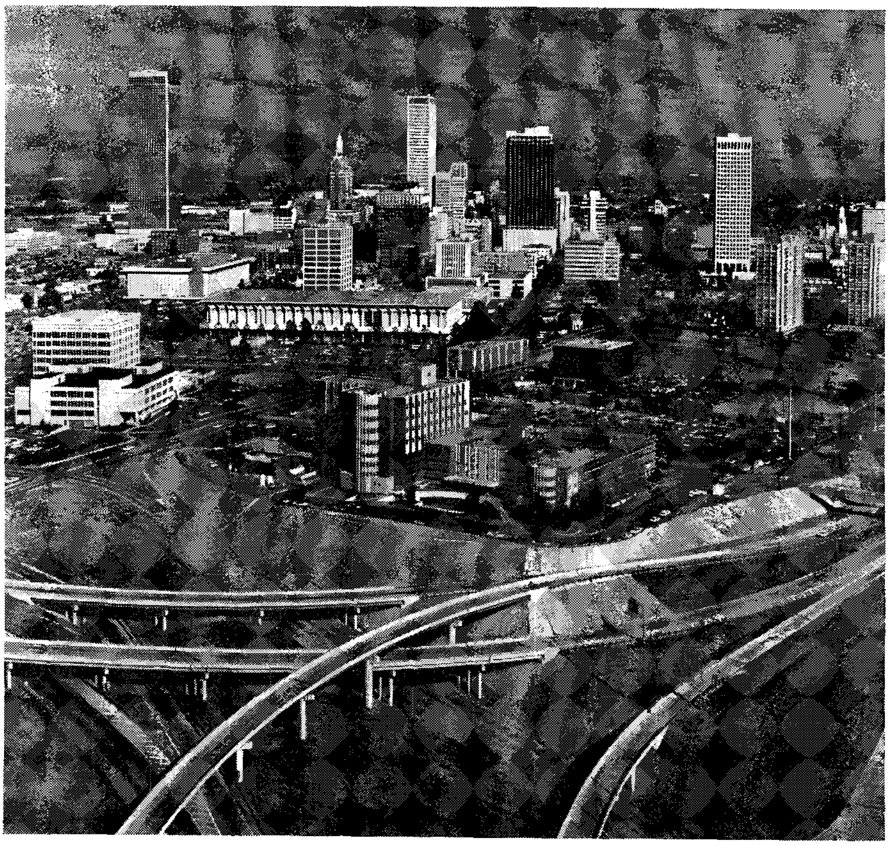
leges. Germany had its Yippies in the form of a group called Subversive Action, which was much given to pudding bombs and costumes; its counter-conventions in the form of an Extra-Parliamentary Opposition on the campuses; and, of course, its communes. But the movement that called itself the New Left was really more of a response to issues than a left, and it dissolved with its causes, leaving a handful of Weathermen and one small Symbionese Liberation Army, whereas the young left in Germany represented something—a tradition, a population, an ideology—and to exclude it, as the Social Democrats seemed to do, amounted to a kind of social amputation.

Obviously, the Social Democrats wanted to win elections. By 1966, they had enough votes so that the Christian Democrats, having fought with the Liberals, needed them to form a government, and by 1969 they were ready to form a government themselves. Willy Brandt was their candidate for Chancellor—as mayor and champion of beleaguered West Berlin, as old friend to the martyred American President, Brandt had an image and a reputation abroad that none of the other Social Democrats could touch. Everyone in Western Europe and the United States knew his name and could recite his virtues. He was their "good German," and, in fact, he was an admirable German, a man of great sympathy and conscience. By being familiar, he reassured the Americans, who were still terrified of "socialists" in any part of Western Europe and consequently preferred to think of the urbane, exuberant Herr Brandt as a kind of German Kennedy. The irony of his popularity abroad was not lost on the powers of the Social Democratic Party, who were beginning to believe that Brandt was one of the only real socialists among them. But for the young, his candidacy was a vindication—a chance that maybe, after all, their protests had been heard. They counted on Brandt to restore the conscience of a country whose first postwar loan had been a hundred-million-Deutsche-mark credit to the South Africans—to open West Germany to a more humane future. The fact that their own parents went cheerfully along, making money, never really sharing their outrage about Vietnam, never risking anything in protest, seemed to explain a lot to those young Germans about the dinner-table evasions of their growing up and the excised pages of their grade-school history books. It was hard for them now to believe that the same parents who refused to stand up and say "This is bad" or "That's wrong" in the free Germany of the nineteen-sixties had had the courage to protest at all in the Germany of Storm Troopers and concentration camps. But they could believe in Willy Brandt. Brandt was the father who had joined the war against Hitler, the father who would later fall to his knees and weep in the Warsaw ghetto, the father who seemed to be saying that the country's moral problem was not just reconciliation with the West but reconciliation with the peoples Germany had murdered.

Those students were willing to trust Brandt with their future. They were moving out of the classroom and into the world at the same time that Brandt left West Berlin for the Bonn Chancellery, and they made a public decision to take a chance on a new Germany and a new Social Democratic Party—to abandon their opposition, and make what they called "the long march through the institutions." They applied for jobs in the civil service, joined the staffs of Bonn ministers and local mayors, became the teachers and bureaucrats in a thousand little towns. Those young Germans were euphoric after Brandt's election. Their country was prosperous, their government stable, their constitution exemplary—and their expectations enormous. It is hard to exaggerate their disillusion after a few years of marching through West Germany's institutions and finding that very little of the tone and quality of German life had changed. What they found at the end of their long march, in fact, was not a place for their politics but a *Berufsverbot* that Brandt himself had signed, under pressure from the right *and* some of his own Social Democrats. They found that the *Ostpolitik* was not just a question of the young refugee in Munich getting to see his mother back in Dresden but a question of the West German government getting to ratify postwar settlements without having to sign a peace treaty that acknowledged the division of the country, and of German industry, with all the Western clients it was likely to have for a while, getting to insure its new markets in the East. The *Ostpolitik* was Willy Brandt's great vision, but it happened in large part because German business let it happen. In the end, the young Germans who loved Brandt found that his power was more symbolic than practical, not because Brandt was weak, necessarily, but because the values of the recovery were so much stronger. Brandt turned



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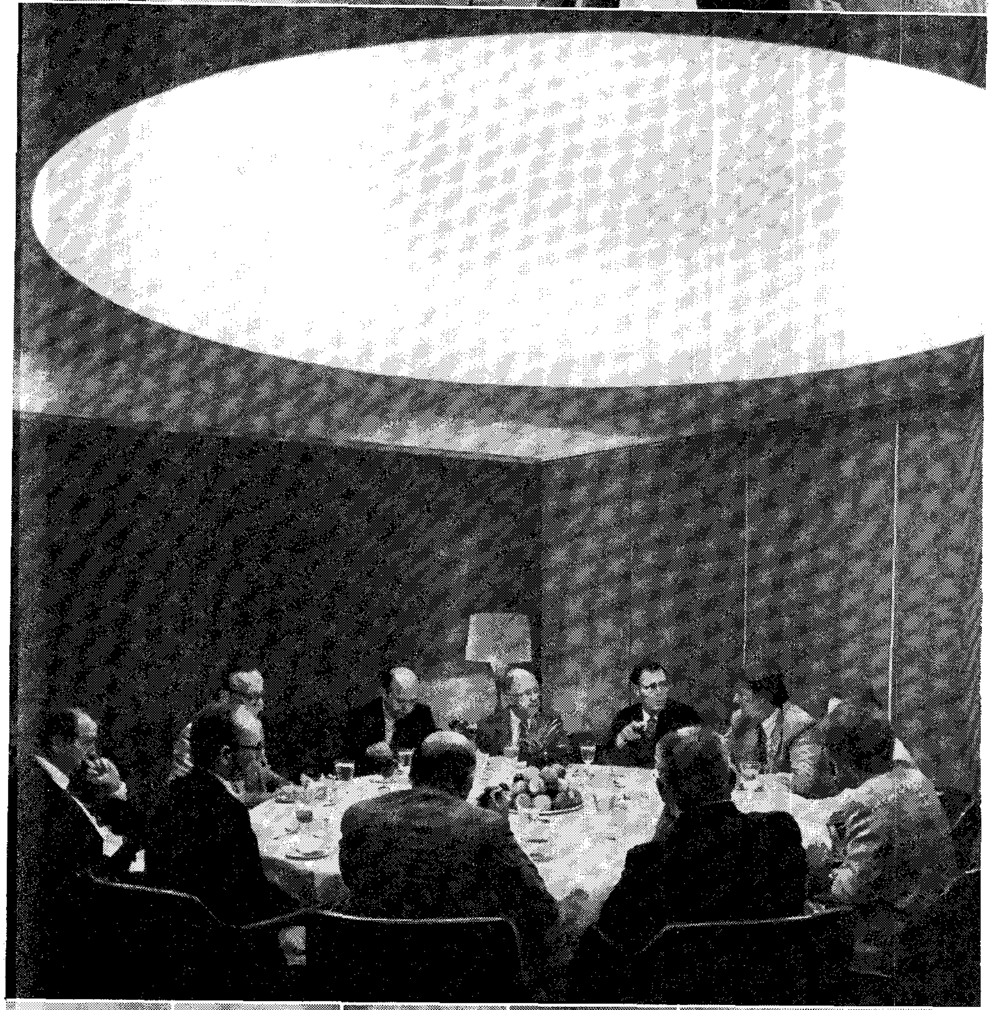
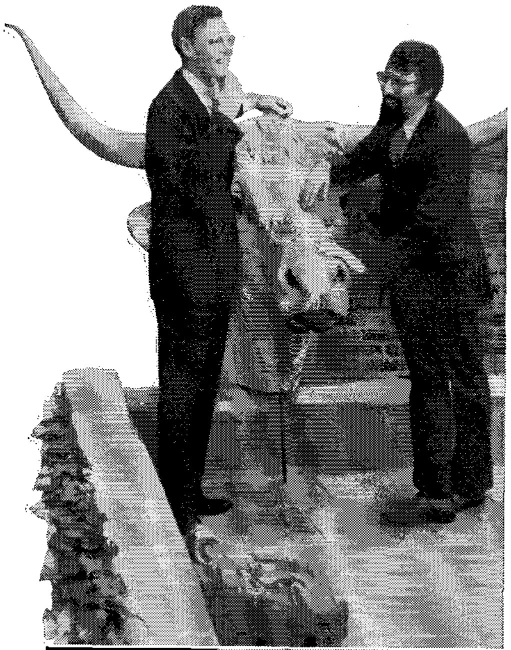




Photography by Joel Meyerowitz

With Michael Botwinick, Director, Brooklyn Museum

When he was interviewed at Yale Law School, James Q. Riordan was asked about his Brooklyn College baseball career. Just how serious was his interest in the sport?

"Very," Riordan said.

"Then," said the admissions officer, "pursue that interest, young man."

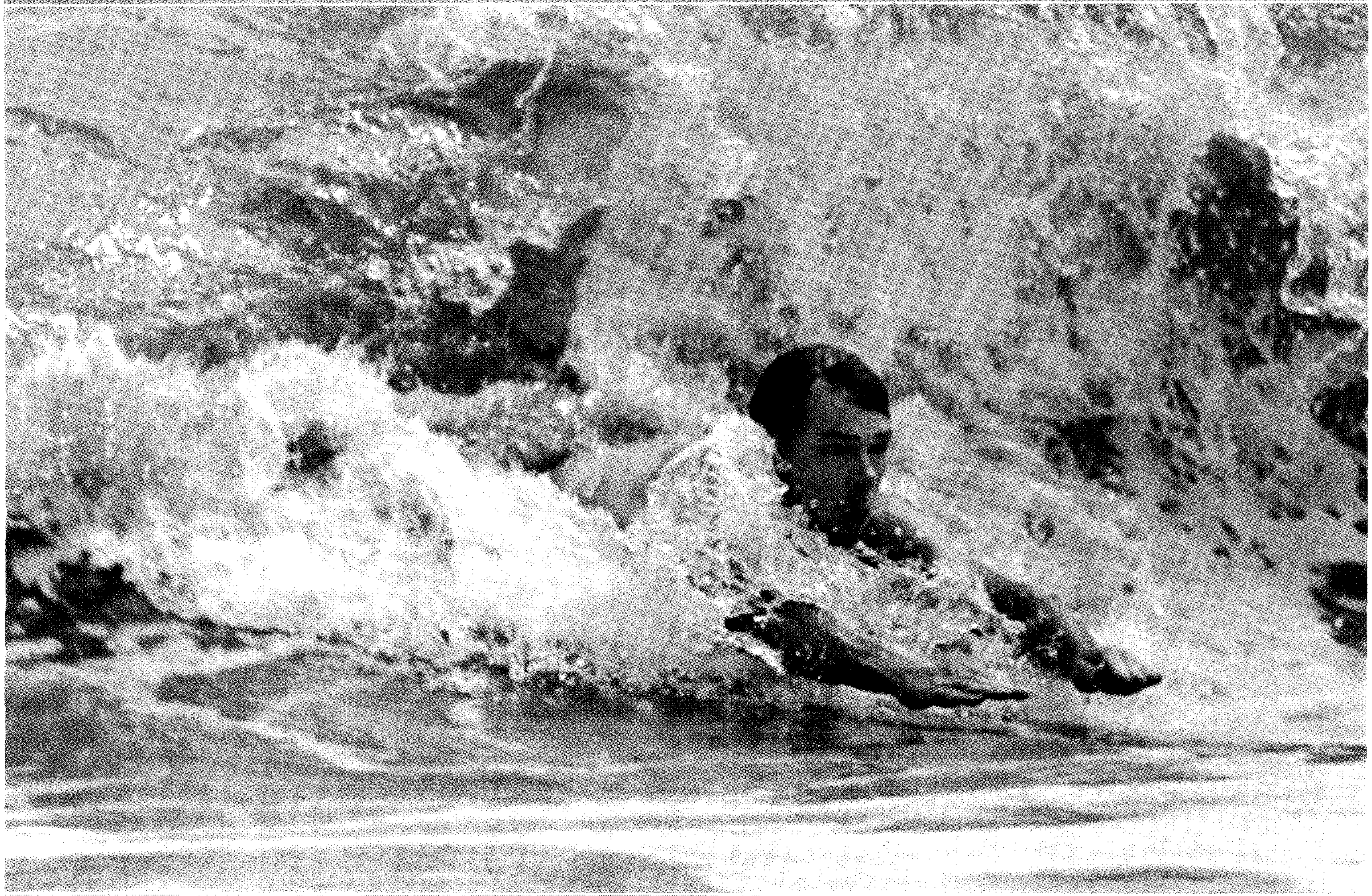
So Riordan played minor league baseball for a season and at last got a chance to talk to the great General Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Branch Rickey, about his prospects for a major league career.

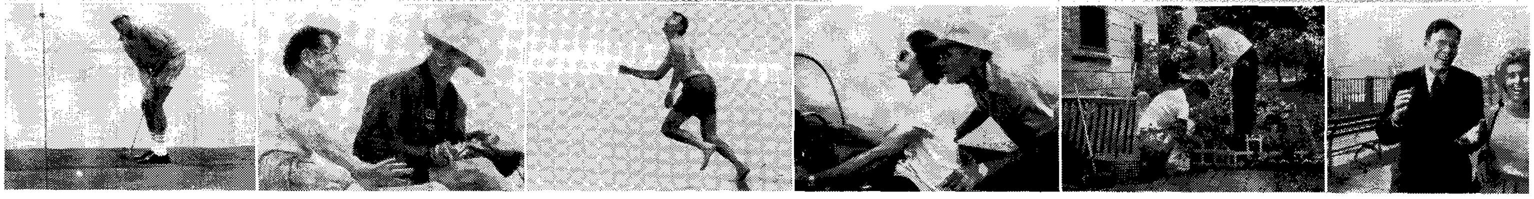
"I hear you want to be a lawyer," Rickey said. *"Well, I think you ought to do that."*

So it was back to law school, this time Columbia. After graduating in 1949, Riordan worked for two law firms and for the government before joining Mobil. Today, at 49, Riordan is Senior Vice President of Finance, and oversees everything from cash flow worldwide to acquisitions and mergers. Strong opinions about the relationship between money and oil guide his decisions.

"You have to pay for the replacement of each unit of energy that you use or the next generation won't have any fuel. We have to develop other energy sources such as coal and solar and nuclear power."

Riordan and his wife, Gloria, have four children: Harris, 21; Susan, 19; Jim, 18; and Ruth, 16. They spend summer weekends on Long Island where Riordan swims, golfs, gardens, and has developed a mean spin with a frisbee.





"I like to use my muscles playing golf or tennis, working in the garden, doing something physical so that you don't get so far away from the animal that you basically are."

But Brooklyn, where he lives with his family, is still Riordan's first love. He's Treasurer of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts & Sciences, parent institute of the Brooklyn Museum, and the Brooklyn Children's Museum.

"If you were born in Brooklyn, you grew up in the museum, just like you grew up in Ebbets Field—but the museum is still here."

Riordan thinks that innovation, to be productive, must be rooted in discovery. That's one reason he reads Scientific American each month.

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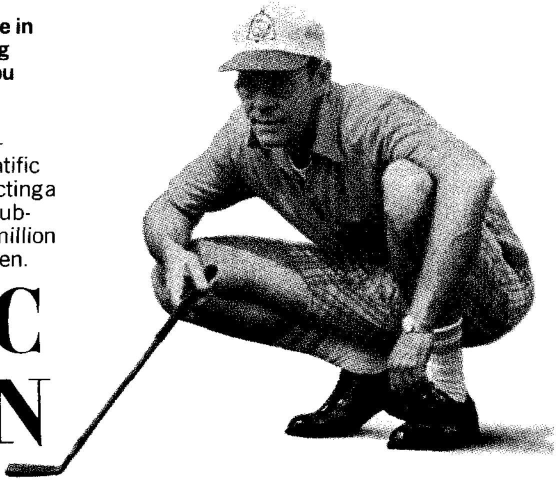

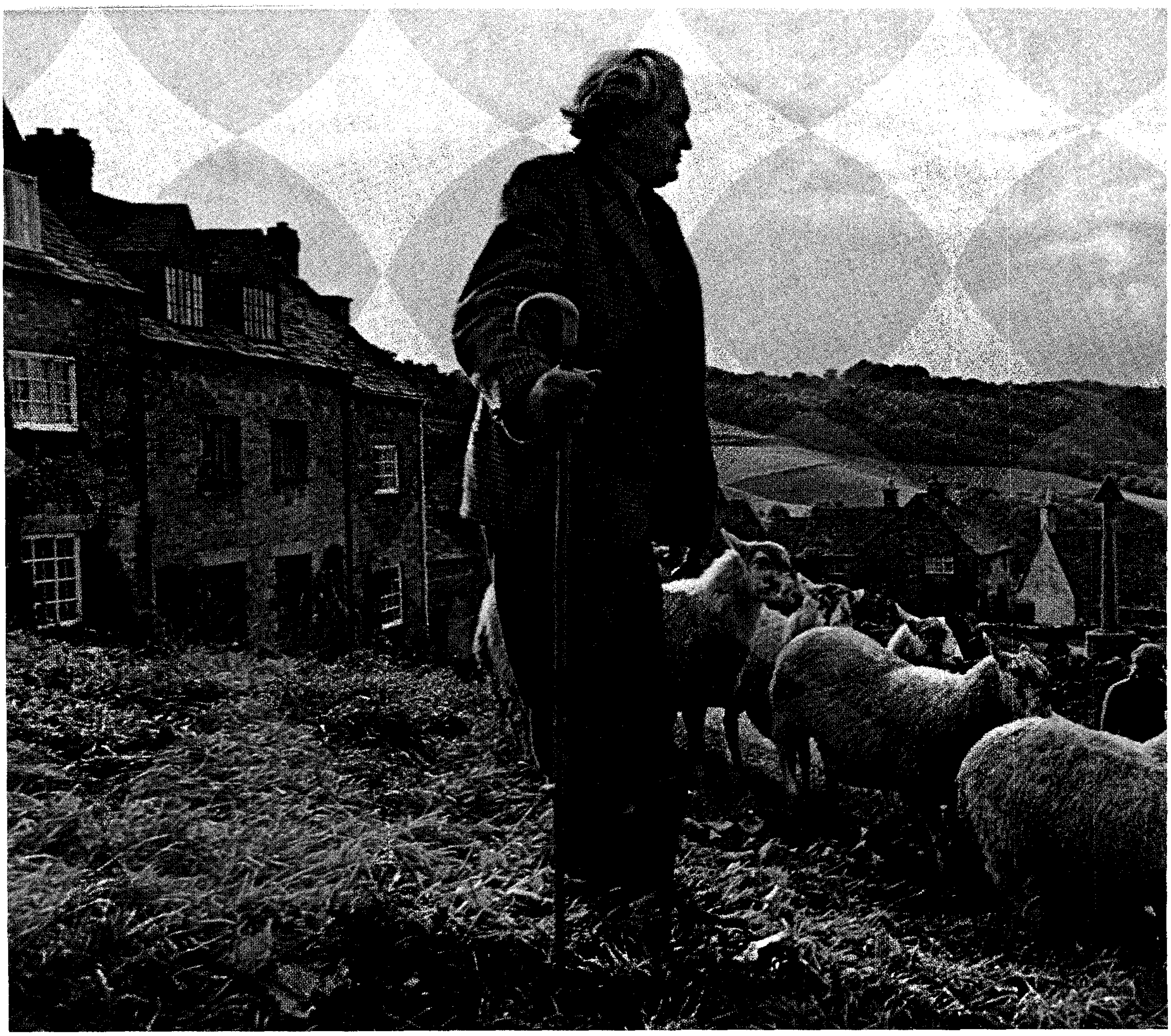

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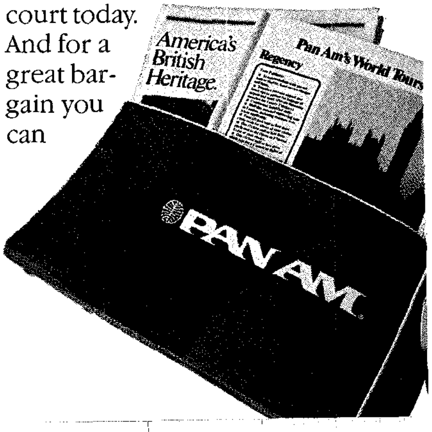

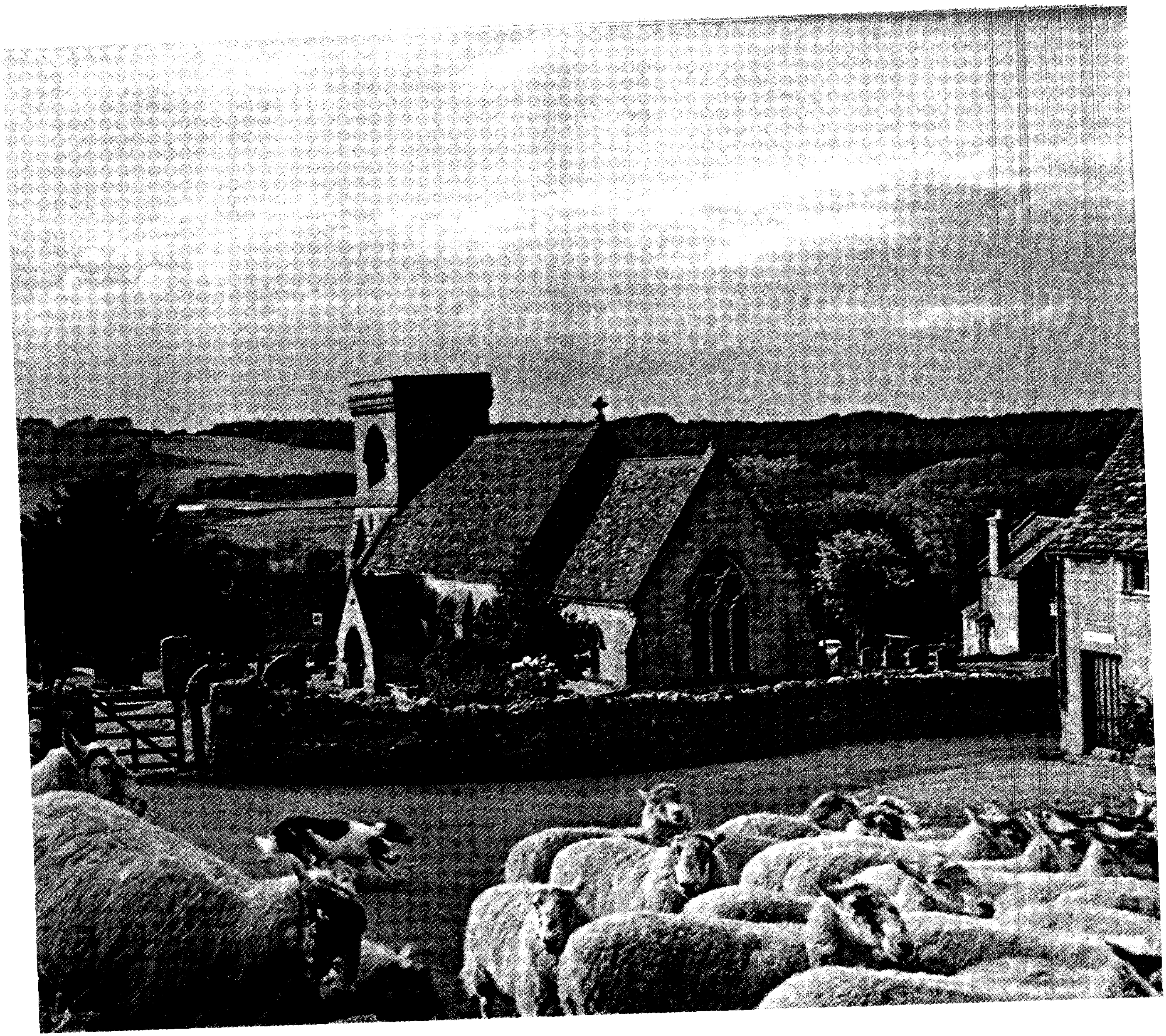

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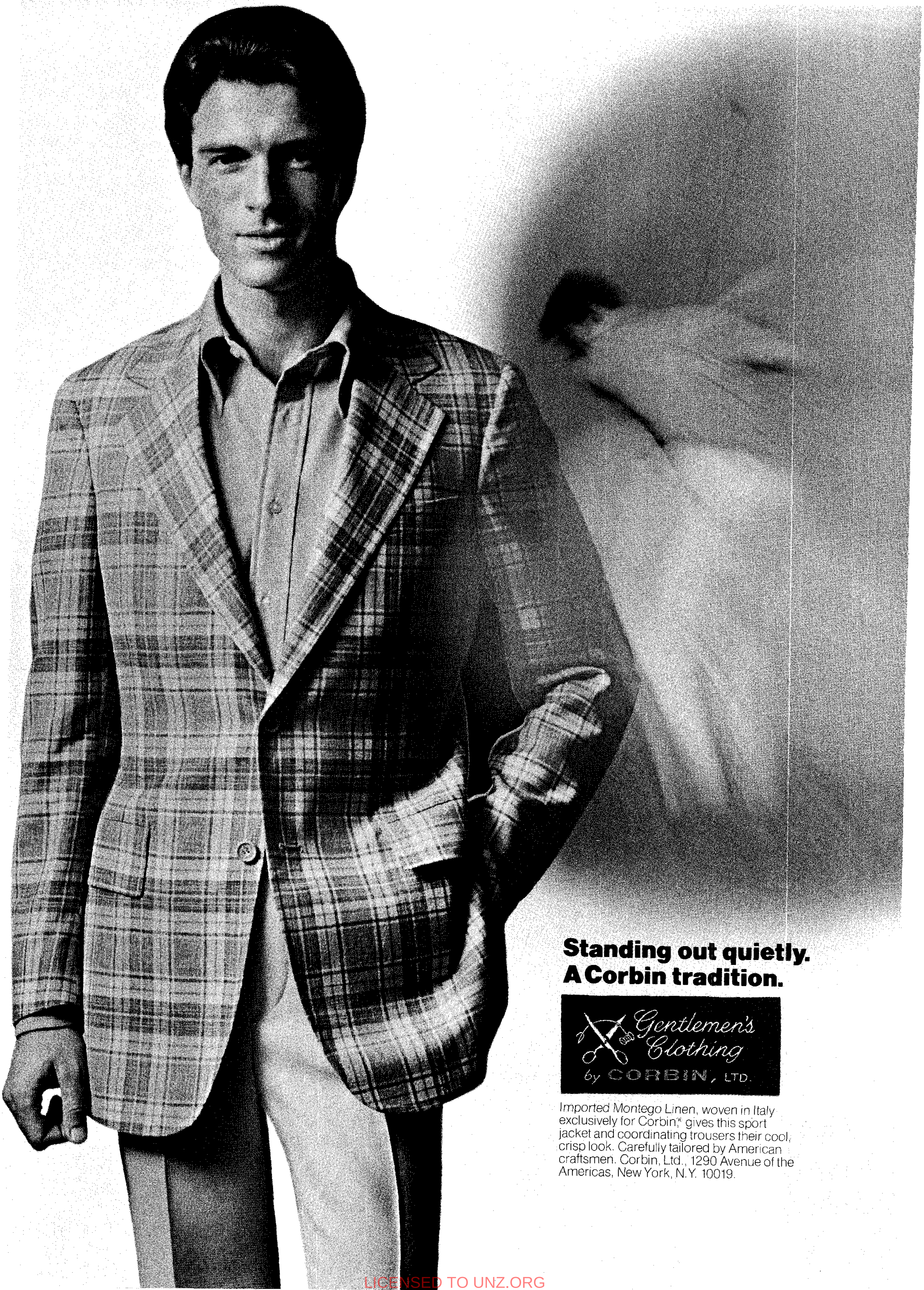

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out to be a dreamer, not a *Macher*. He had staked his political life—and spent his energies—on opening West Germany to the East, and in the process he neglected West Germany and its own problems. He was wonderful on the rostrum of the United Nations or on a peace mission, but he was no match for the seasoned compromisers in the back rooms at Social Democratic headquarters. He could never have hoped to meet the expectations he inspired, or even deliver what he promised—or, more likely, what young German socialists and liberals thought he promised—because the new consensus was based not on shared values but on shared economic interests, and Brandt had neither the aptitude nor the sympathy nor the time for the complexities and compromises of modern monetary politics. He could have survived whatever romantic scandal reporters here claim was used by the Party to force his resignation in 1974. He might even have survived the "official" scandal—that scandal being that Günter Guillaume, his friend and aide in the Chancellery, was in fact a captain in the East German Secret Service. Brandt had given the Social Democrats their biggest vote in Party history when he won the 1972 elections, but now the Party wanted to get down to the business of running Germany for the next fifty years or so and was demanding a tough manager as Chancellor—and Brandt was tired, and in the end turned out to be the champion of all causes but his own.

It is not really surprising that terrorists surfaced during Brandt's Chancellery. People in Hamburg who are in their thirties now often say that if there had been anything resembling a European left in Germany—a real Socialist Party or a receptive Social Democratic Party or even a strong socialist wing within that party which was ready to stand for something and vote for it instead of backing out of its confrontations with the opposition—people like Ulrike Meinhof might have been absorbed into some sort of useful political life. They remember that Meinhof's first arrest had to do with the Vietnam-war protest—she had marched with Rudi Dutschke in West Berlin and, when Dutschke was shot, joined the people who attacked the Springer Presse Haus there, claiming that Springer papers like *Bild*, with their hysterical appeals to the patriotism of working-class Germans, were the real assassins. They remember, too, that Gudrun Ensslin started out in West Germany's Ban the Bomb movement, and even put in time as a volunteer in Willy Brandt's campaign headquarters; that Jan-Carl Raspe once lived peaceably in a commune and wrote quite a good sociology thesis about the problems of working-class children.

In a way, people here are right to say that the first Baader-Meinhof group was making a kind of desperate and belated resistance to the German past, but the terrorism in Germany now is much too complicated in its causes, and much too gruesome in its consequences, for anyone's easy explanations to hold. Certainly it makes very little sense to blame the Social Democrats for disappointing the German left when to everybody else here the Social Democrats *are* the German left. Even now, not enough people who consider themselves on the left are willing to admit that West Germany, by anybody's standards, is a free country—and was a very free country ten years ago when Brandt was running for the Chancellery and Baader was getting to know Ensslin and Raspe and Horst Mahler in Berlin. They tend to forget that if Germany were as reactionary as they claim, a Strauss or a Dregger, not a Helmut Schmidt, would be their new Chancellor. There are a million university students in the country, and a lot of them are as alienated by their fantasies of German life as by the reality around them, and too often they indulge in a wild theoretical projection of past horrors onto any discussion of civil liberties now. Terrorism in Germany today plays into the hands of Fascists, and nothing else. The problem for everybody else is less terrorism than the lack of a kind of broad social confidence—confidence to call Andreas Baader, say, a criminal and at the same time confidence to preserve freedoms under threat, confidence to accept dissent as something absolutely ordinary in a democracy. Charles de Gaulle could say of Jean-Paul Sartre, "He, too, is France." When that sort of thing happens here, Germany will be much closer to recovery.

—JANE KRAMER

•

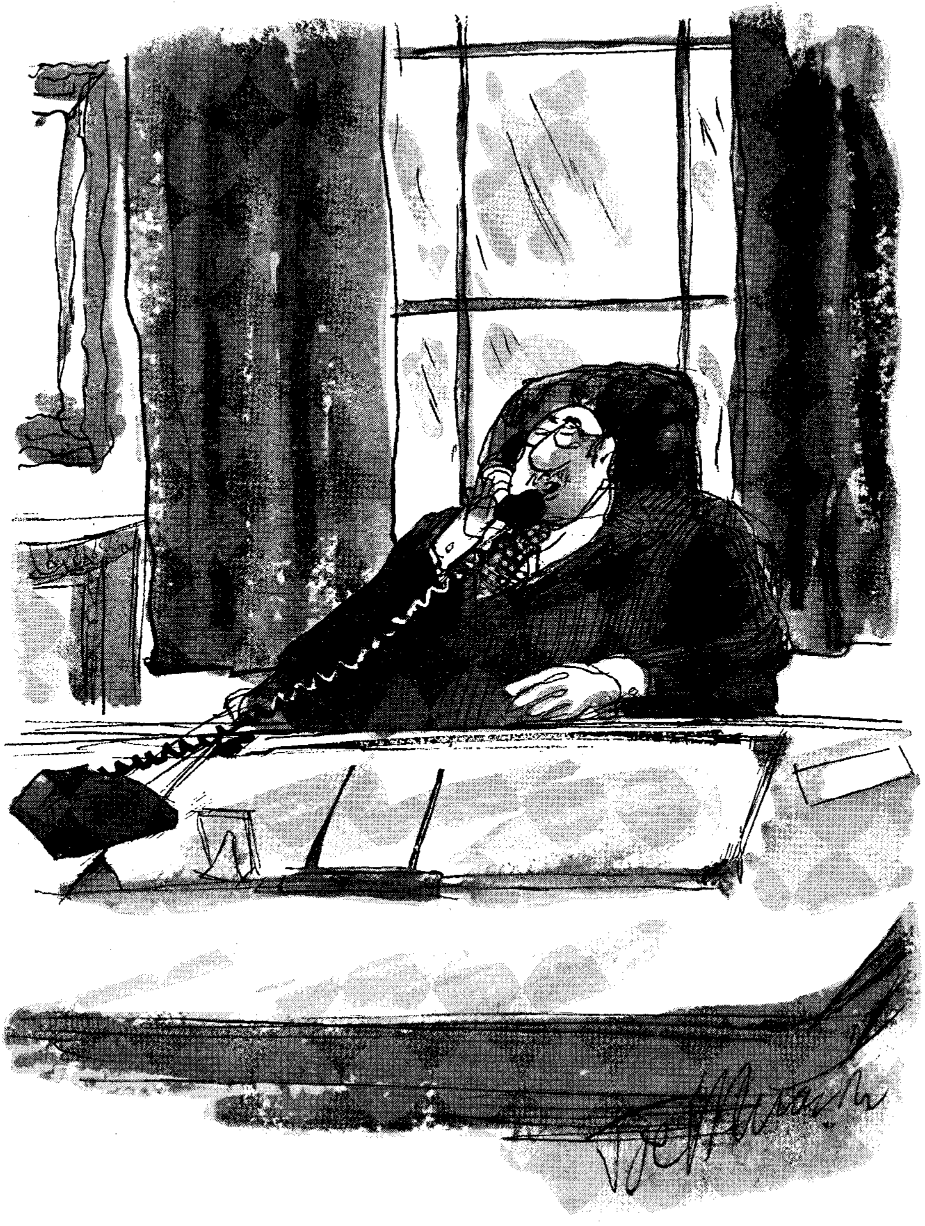
By the time the Colby Community Orchestra, the Colby College Glee Club and the Waterville Area Community Chorus crowded in, the building was just about bursting. And well it might, for the program was interesting and, on the whole, performed with a lot of vitality and forcefulness if not with a largesse of nuance.—*Robert H. Newall in the Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

We actually *saw* a largesse of nuance once—it was a great big blue thing.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

ELIZABETH SWADOS, the writer, composer, and director of "Runaways," in the Cabaret at the Public, describes her galvanic show as "a collage." The company, which she assembled and has been training for months, is mostly made up of teenagers from various schools around town, with a sprinkling of professionals. (Many of the nonprofessionals have appeared in amateur productions.) There is no story—one number just follows another—but underneath run the themes of abandonment, anger, and bewilderment, and (lest you think all is unrelieved gloom and reproach) of chipper opportunism in any number of situations, and of innocence and humor and bravery and bravado. Rarely have I seen so much energy and spirit on a stage. In a sense, "Runaways" could be considered a confessional musical, like "A Chorus Line," in that the characters talk directly about themselves to the audience and act out their stories. We hear from the kid who has run away from home and returned after ten days, only to be ignored by his parents until he smashes the television set to get attention (and then is severely injured by them); from the twelve-year-old child prostitute who lovingly quotes her smooth-talking pimp while he whirls her around the stage (and then abandons her); from the graffiti artist with a spray can in his hand who dreams of Picasso ("I paint multicolored curses"); and we see demonstrations of various street crimes committed for the sake of survival (in a number called "Enterprise"). Although these characters are for the most part victims (and for the most part victims of parents), there is not a moment of sentimentality or commercial wistfulness. It is their remarkable toughness and their ability to improvise in one dangerous situation after another that set the tone of the performance. Their ability to enjoy themselves is pretty impressive, too—tossing basketballs, riding skateboards, playing clapping games and destroy-the-parents games and, unfortunately, games with knives and mock pistols and a mock machine gun. In short, although the theme of "Runaways" is sad and often agonizing, the show raises the spirits. For some reason, however, it lacks the absolute authenticity, the firsthand quality, of "A Chorus Line" (in its early weeks at the Public)—or, more aptly, of the original production of "Hair" (again, at the Public), which was also about street children. These characters seem to be composites—devised by the shrewd, intelligent, and gifted Miss Swados but composites all the same.



"Al Crenshaw, answering the phone himself."

About Miss Swados' gifts there can be no question. Every word spoken on that stage, whether in lyrics or in lines or in recitations, is plausible, and so is every movement; the music, which comes in many varieties, is dynamic and theatrical and sounds like the music of no one else on earth. A number called "The Basketball Song," sung by Leonard (Duke) Brown and the company, starts as jazz and ends as calypso. The effective "Lullaby for Luis," near the end of the first act, is actually sung to keep Luis from nodding off after an overdose and is anything but soothing, though it is melodic. "Señoras de la Noche," sung by Jossie de Guzman, amounts to an aria. The company that Miss Swados has assembled and so assiduously trained sings, acts, and dances with a dedication that borders on fervor. All the performances are good, and those of Anthony Imperato, David Schechter, Diane Lane, Nan-Lynn Nelson, Mark Anthony Butler, Karen Evans, Jon Matthews, Evan Miranda, and a deaf young man named Bruce Hlibok, who signs, are especially so. The musical arrangements were improvised by the six musicians who accompany the show, among them Miss Swados on guitar.

THE setting for John Bishop's strong, moving one-acter, "Cabin 12," at the Circle Repertory, is a motel in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia, where a father and his older son have come from Cleveland to attend to the details that follow upon an accident in which the younger son, a truck driver, was killed. A dreadful errand, and the son is determinedly tongue-tied with grief and rage, unwilling to share any confidences with his father. The father is just as grief-stricken and angry, but he tries to break through, and, finally, by a combination of circumstances, succeeds. The father is a factory worker, and Mr. Bishop, as he did in his fine play "The Trip Back Down" a few years ago, shows his understanding of the emotions of working people who have been uprooted from the country and turned anonymous in the city, and his grasp of their speech. The father, inarticulate and guilty, explores himself and his dead son and their drab, disappointing existence and, by extension, the existence of many other trapped men. The living son, once he does respond, has quite a lot to reveal, too. The climax, by the way, is a triumph of sorts for both of them.

I don't see how better actors could have been chosen for Mr. Bishop's purposes than Edward Seamon and Jonathan Hogan, as father and son. Nancy Snyder and Michael Ayr, as a couple in an adjoining cabin whose refusal to turn down their noisy radio provides a catalyst for the drama, do well, too, under Marshall Oglesby's direction. Few plays seem to mean more than they actually state, but "Cabin 12" may even help to explain why so many poor young workingmen enlisted and went off to fight in Vietnam: anything must have seemed better than the empty, regimented lives they were leading in factories and mines.

Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," which opens the evening at the Circle, amounts to a monologue with religious overtones, delivered (to what purpose I cannot tell you) by Tanya Berezin as a harried, successful, lonely, neurotic middle-aged dealer in antiques, with brief interruptions by her nephew, a theological student, and by her shop assistant. Mr. Wilson, an experienced dramatist with several successful plays

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to his credit, obviously knows what he is doing; I just wish I did.

BACK to the Appalachians in "Red Fox/Second Hangin'," by Don Baker and Dudley Cocke, at the Manhattan Theatre Club. This is a charming little show, shaped and directed by Michael Posnick, in which Mr. Baker and Gary Slemp and Frankie Taylor, native sons, tell tales of mountain people in the nineties. Most of the tales deal with a semi-legendary hero, Doc Taylor, and his trial and eventual hanging for murder in 1893. The tellers unassumingly but precisely take on all the characters, male and female, in the stories, which are illustrated by projections of old snapshots and accompanied, to delightful effect, by recordings of country fiddling.

"MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF," at the beautiful little Colonnades Theatre Lab, Off Off Broadway, is an adaptation by Michael Lessac of "A Cabal of Hypocrites," by the late Russian dramatist Mikhail Bulgakov, who fell into disfavor with Stalin and saw his plight as an analogue of Molière's after he wrote "Tartuffe," which offended the clergy. The impudence of the analogy aside, Mr. Bulgakov's play, which purports to be based on the life of Molière, is elaborate, foolish, and interminable. Nevertheless, it is certainly actable, and the troupe at the Colonnades, under Mr. Lessac's direction, does it justice. Of the performers, I admired Louis Giambalvo as a menacing archbishop, Peter Kingsley as the treacherous and repentant lover of Molière's mistress, and Nesbitt Blaisdell as a quarrelsome musketeer. Most of all I admired Robert U. Taylor and Hilary A. Sherred, who designed the lovely set and costumes.

—EDITH OLIVER

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Primarily, a down week with a couple of lighter spots, specifically, the lunches with two of our professors. The five of us in the study group went out with Perini yesterday and Zechman today. Both proved mildly interesting events, though I hardly felt I'd achieved anything profound with either man.

Having lunch with faculty members is something of an institution at HLS. It is one of the least painless ways that teachers can try to ease one of the most persistent criticisms of the place—that there is not enough contact between professors and students.—*"One L: An Inside Account of Life in the First Year at Harvard Law School," by Scott Turow.*

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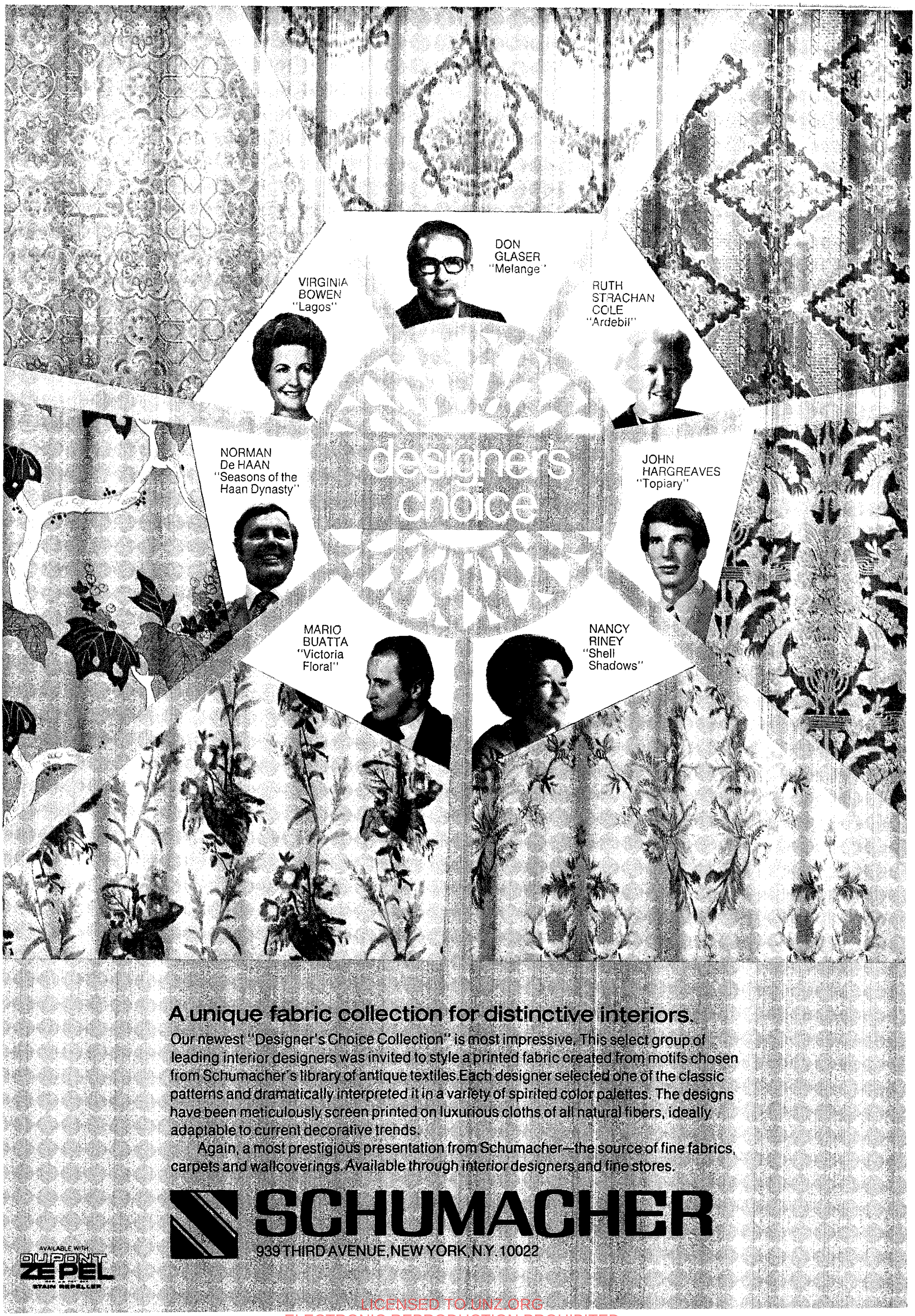
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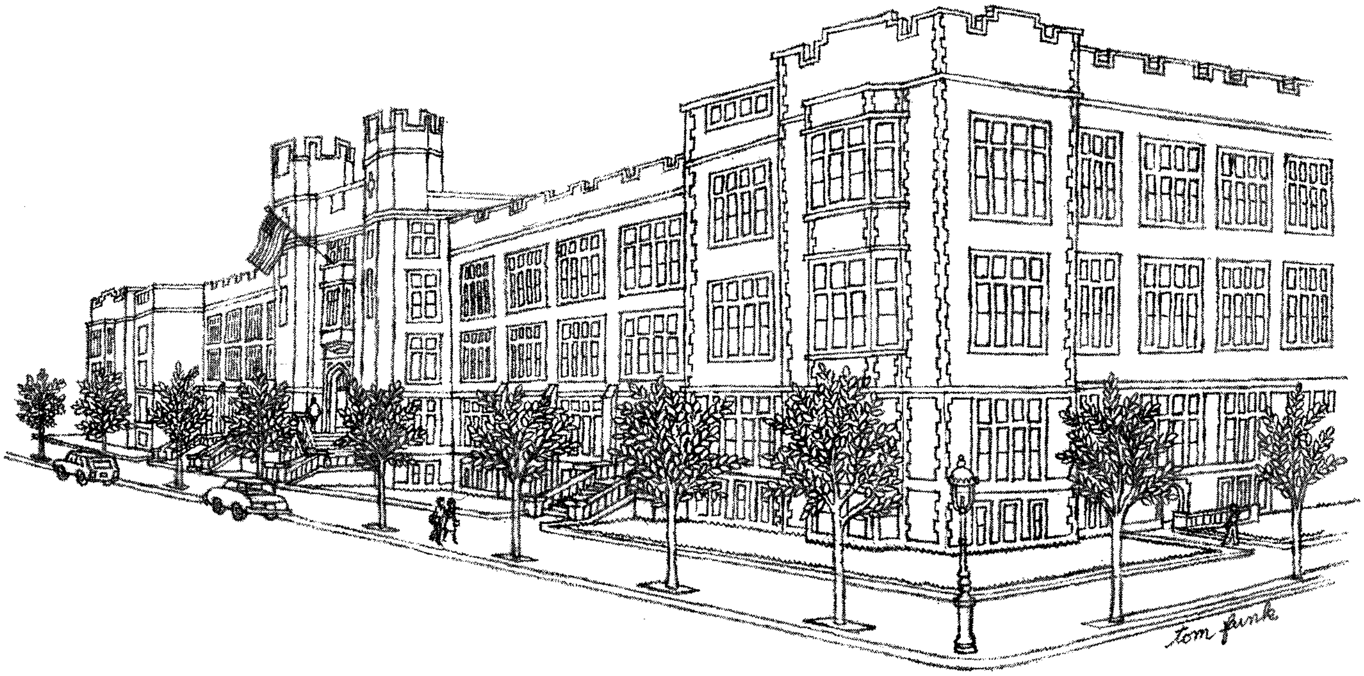

The Dunbar High School on First Street

Fill a room with middle-aged blacks who grew up in Washington, mention the word "Dunbar," then take cover. That one word will divide the room into two emotion-charged, outraged, warring factions: those who did and those who didn't attend Dunbar High School "when Dunbar was Dunbar."—*William Raspberry in the Washington Post.*

IT'S a good thing the old black middle class holds a very high opinion of itself, because not that many other people do. Most whites either don't think much about the members of this group or are discreetly amused by their position. And, to judge by how often and how bitterly they are attacked by poorer and younger blacks, they may be, among the masses of their own race, the least admired middle-class group in America. Not that this situation is anything new. The black masses and the black middle class have been at odds ever since the days of slavery. House slaves, who produced a large proportion of what became the black middle class, considered their position much more fortunate and desirable than that of field slaves, and field slaves had no great love for those of their brethren who lived and worked in the mansions—on occasions even sharing beds—with masters and mistresses who made life such hell out in the fields. Some time ago, in an article on Washington's black élite, Stephen Birmingham, the chronicler of America's "ethnic" upper classes, reported that a member of the old middle class told him, "The slaves who worked in the fields hated the slaves who worked in the house, because the house slaves ate better, dressed better, had easier jobs. The house slaves *spoke* better, because they could copy the way the master and the mistress talked. If a housemaid consorted with the master or the master's son—which was often one way for her to get her freedom—she had light-skinned children. My great-great-grandmother was a house slave, which is why I'm the color I am."

By "the old middle class" I mean the group that came of age and acquired position between the Civil War and the nineteen-thirties. The typical members of this set think more of their status than do the newer black middle-class groups, especially the one that has emerged since the early nineteen-sixties. Some of these younger people are descended in direct line from the old middle class and, with few exceptions, honor the history and values of their mothers and fathers. But many others have sprung from the working class, and they do not feel much reverence for the social history of the old privileged set. Many of them matured amid the various political and racial militancies of the past twenty-five years and now belong to the urban salariat—politicians, bureaucrats, community spokesmen, and black-consciousness intellectuals—and they often denounce the old black middle class as bitterly as the masses do.

It is not so much for their material possessions that members of the old black middle class are disliked, although they are not admired for such possessions, either. The truth is that conspicuous consumption is not the form in which most members of this class have cared to express or assert themselves. (Some of them, who are still living in neighborhoods that were once "respectable" but are now decaying, or subsisting upon the modest dividends of old income, own very little of the world's goods.) What they do share, besides group pride and snobbishness, are the established cultural and intellectual values of the general society, and it is for those values that they are usually criticized. Altogether, they have made a special point of proving—by academic effort, professional achievement, and broad cultural interests—that they are quite as American as anyone else. Only they can say how successful the effort has been. Most whites are not noticeably impressed by what these blacks have set out to prove, and most blacks have accused them of trying to be white or, at least, of not being black enough. Theirs may well be one of the more painful dilemmas in American society.

Poorer and younger blacks have dismissed the old middle class as "the black bourgeoisie," "the black élite," "the black strivers," and "the black achievers"—terms suggesting that those

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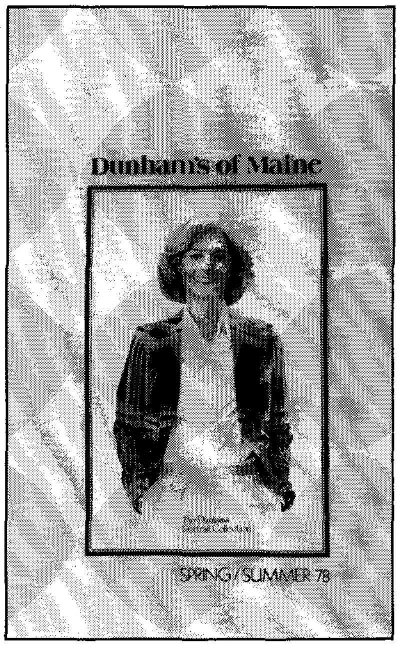

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in the old middle class have been interested mainly in their own social ends and ambitions, that they have remained aloof from the economic and social problems of the masses, that they have looked down on the idea of black awareness, that they have made as much of their light skin as whites have made of theirs, and that they have been too ready to hold up their achievements as models of black progress. One of the more serious indictments of their conduct was drawn up some years ago by the late E. Franklin Frazier, a black sociologist who was himself a prominent example of intellectual and professional success. In his book "Black Bourgeoisie," Frazier said of the members of this group:

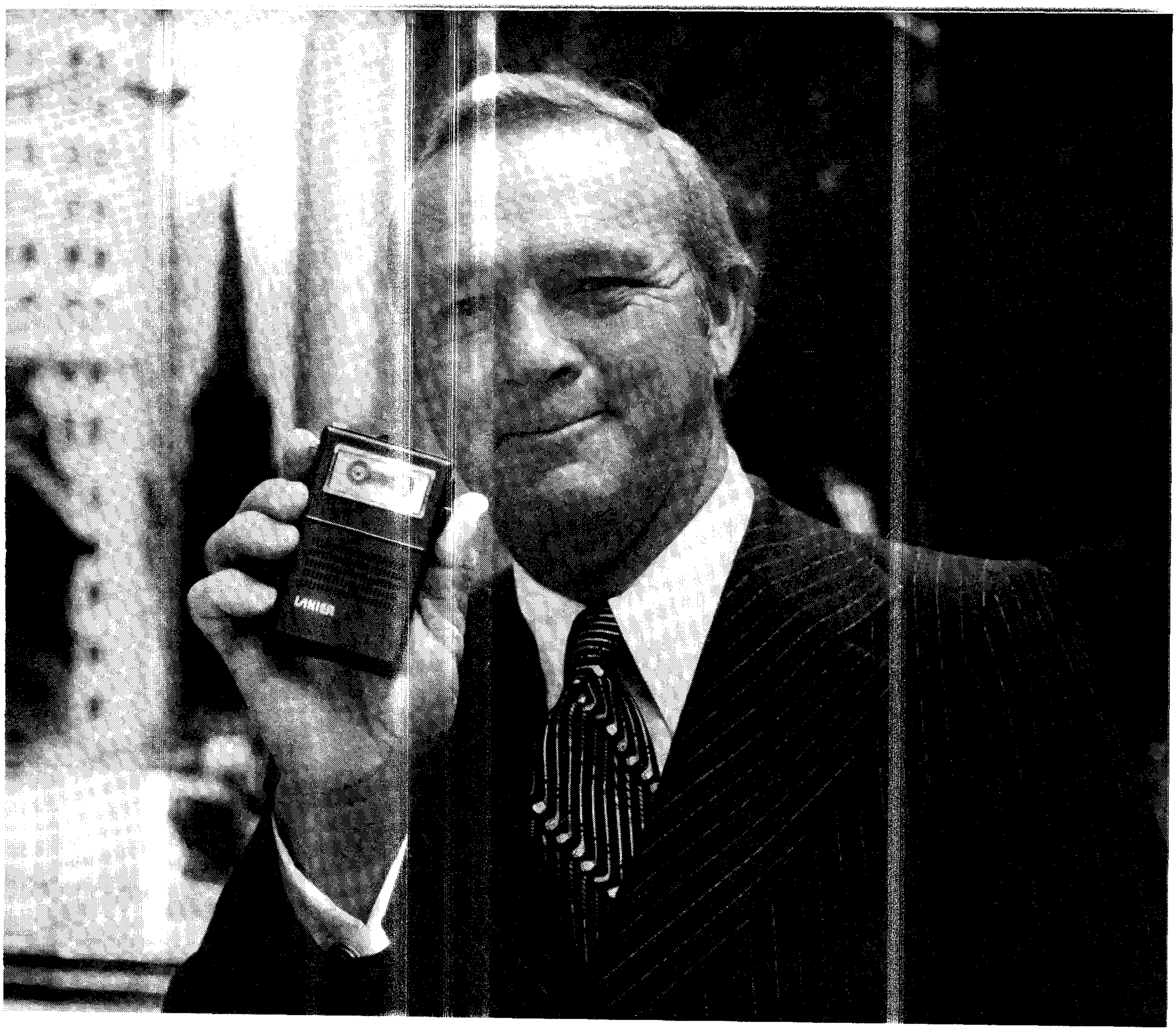
> [They] have shown no interest in the "liberation" of Negroes, except as it affected their own status or acceptance by the white community. They viewed with scorn the Garvey Movement, with its nationalistic aims. They showed practically no interest in the Negro Renaissance. They wanted to forget the Negro's past, and they have attempted to conform to the behavior and values of the white community in the most minute details.... The masses regard the black bourgeoisie as simply those who have been "lucky in getting money" which enables them to engage in conspicuous consumption.

Only the most devout apologist for the old middle class could find it innocent of all these charges. But it is not guilty of all of them, either. It is not true, for instance, that its members have been occupied solely with the pursuit of their own ends and ambitions, or that they have shown no interest in the cause of black liberation. It is hard to think of another black group that has been so well represented in the field of public service. It was this group—led by such early members of their class as the late W. E. B. Du Bois—who organized the black protest movement, which paved the way for more militant efforts in the struggle for black liberation. And it is with good reason that they point to certain of their personal accomplishments as models of black progress. Soon after the Civil War, freed house slaves and other blacks, with the help of white teacher-missionaries from the abolitionist (chiefly New England) states, founded the first high schools and colleges for blacks. They saw education as the first available means of achieving what they called racial uplift, and the performance of their sons and daughters in these schools dispelled the idea, widely held at the time, that blacks were either ineducable or incapable of high academic achievement. And it was the offspring of these former slaves who became the early spokesmen and spokeswomen for equal rights, and who formed the opening wedge for whatever economic advancement blacks have since made.

These may not be the ways in which the members of the old middle class are generally regarded by others today, but they are surely the ways in which this group chooses to regard itself. A good summary of these conflicting judgments was provided a few years ago in an article called "The Patriarch and the Struggle for Black Success," by Orde Coombs, which appeared in the Sunday magazine of the Washington *Post:*

> Questions about the black bourgeoisie's role in American life were very much on my mind two autumns ago when... Barrington Parker married Toni Trent of New Rochelle. Her grandfather, William J. Trent, Sr., had been the president of Livingstone College in Salisbury, North Carolina, and her father was a former executive director of the United Negro College Fund. Toni Trent as a project coordinator for the Phelps-Stokes Fund... was the third generation of her family to be involved in black higher education, while her husband, on his father's side, was a third generation lawyer. At their wedding, held at the Rye Town Hilton Inn, in Rye, New York, a visitor casually counted three federal judges, the executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., the executive director of the National Urban League, two former ambassadors and three college presidents. The visitor introduced himself to Robert C. Weaver—a cousin of the bride by marriage, and former Secretary of H.U.D.—and wondered about the texture of the assembly. He wanted to know if the people who were toasting this couple, and who were, by inference, raising their glasses in celebration of themselves, approached in any way the stereotypical notion of the black bourgeoisie as expansive, silly consumers bent on aping a white world that ignored them, and so wrapped up in their neuroses that they could not hear the cries of their fellow blacks who lived so much of their lives from the garbage can. Weaver smiled, shook his head and said: "When E. Franklin Frazier wrote 'Black Bourgeoisie,' he did some of his homework, but not all. You won't find conspicuous consumption among any of us here, and you won't find bad manners. You will find an emphasis on education, on achievement and on service. But those things are not fashionable, they don't make good copy. Still, we know who we are, and we know what we have done. We know that we have done a lot under the most trying of circumstances, and that gives us some cause for celebration."

THE description of this event serves as a useful introduction to the story of Dunbar High School, in Washington, D.C. Dunbar, which was the first public high school for blacks in the United States (it remained the best for a long time after others were



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founded), educated more notable black professionals and public servants than any other high school in America. The gathering in Westchester County, made up of so many members of the black élite, was more than a wedding party for two of the set's younger offshoots. By extension, it was also a tribute to Dunbar, for the parents of the groom—the father a federal judge, the mother a Ph.D.—went to the school. So did a good number of the guests. And so did Dr. Robert C. Weaver himself.

If there is a city outside the Deep South which has a right to be called the family seat of the old black middle class, it is the nation's capital. "There are more Negro first families in Washington than white," Sidney Hyman wrote in *Look* more than ten years ago. He continued:

> Since a Negro surveyor, Benjamin Banneker, assisted Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant in planning the capital, a versatile Negro élite has flourished in the District of Columbia. If the members of some of the most distinguished families wished to, they could overawe most white competitors in any game of one-upmanship over ancestors. One family, according to a lively oral tradition, is descended from Thomas Jefferson, and another, from a noted United States senator from a Southern state. Others trace their genealogies back to figures of national or regional celebrity. But the emphasis among the members of the Negro élite is not on ancestry but accomplishments. The group includes generals, Federal judges, professors, doctors, lawyers, concert artists, ambassadors, and high-ranking officials in the District of Columbia and in the executive branch of the Government.

Commenting upon some time he had spent in Washington, the poet Langston Hughes wrote in 1927:

> As long as I have been colored I have heard of Washington society. Even as a little boy in Kansas vague ideas of the grandeur of Negro life in the capital found their way into my head. . . . Never before, anywhere, had I seen persons of influence—men with some money, women with some beauty, teachers with some education—quite so audibly sure of their own importance and their high places in the community. So many pompous gentlemen never before did I meet. Nor so many ladies with chests swelled like pouter-pigeons, whose mouths uttered formal sentences in frightfully correct English. . . .
>
> Negro society in Washington, they assured me, was the finest in the country, the richest, the most cultured, the most worthy. In no other city were there so many splendid homes, so many cars, so many A.B. degrees, or so many persons with "family background."

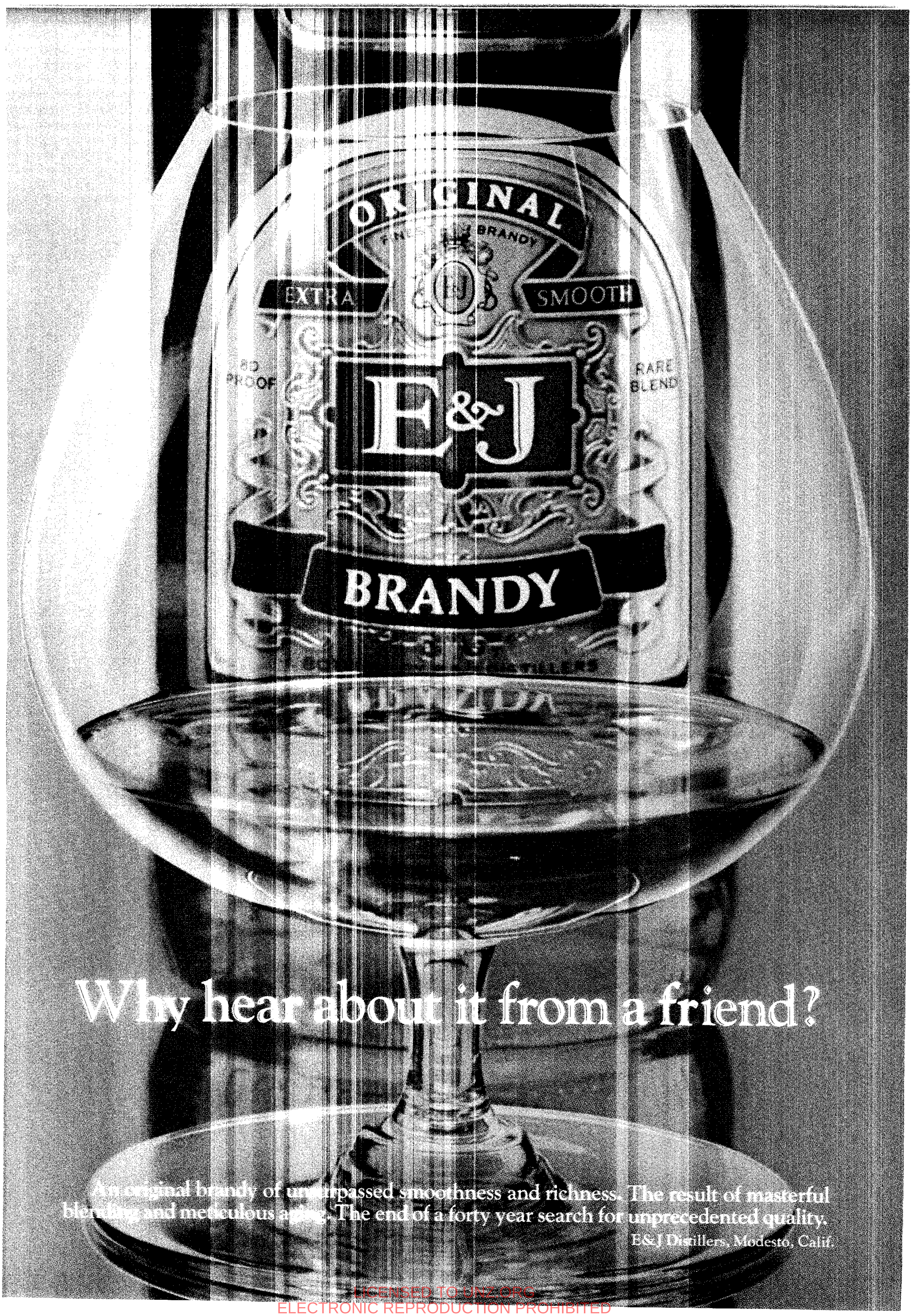
It is a fair guess that most of the people mentioned by Hyman and Hughes were educated at Dunbar High School, because not long after it was founded, in 1870, it became the academy of Washington's black well-to-do. Contrary to one of the criticisms levelled at the school, however, it wasn't only the children of such families who attended Dunbar. Many from working-class backgrounds went there as well. Charles S. Lofton, who was the principal from 1948 to 1964, once noted that the school could not have had fourteen hundred students at one time if it had taken only the children of doctors and lawyers. But if Dunbar did not exclude the children of the working class, its standards were so high that only the brightest students could meet them. And, especially after 1900, a disproportionate number of such students came from the homes of doctors, lawyers, teachers, and government officials.

Mary Gibson Hundley, a graduate of Dunbar who later taught there for thirty-five years, has written a short and informal history of the school called "The Dunbar Story: 1870-1955." Of what the school's makeup used to be, she writes:

> The community served by the Dunbar High School before 1955 was exclusively colored, as it was a racially segregated school. Its academic tradition attracted most of the ambitious and promising colored youth in Washington, D.C. A large segment of the homes of the students had one or more government employees for support. Before the 1940's these employees were messengers and clerks, with few exceptions. But Federal salaries and thrift promoted family stability. The economic level of the students was that of the lower middle class. Through the years, teachers and college graduates in increasing numbers created an upper middle class. There were always poor but promising students, some recently arrived from the South, who were encouraged to stay in school by dedicated teachers, racially conscious of their mission. Economically, the community was the most fortunate colored group in the entire country.

One of Dunbar's primary objectives, according to a statement drawn up in 1944 by the school's faculty, was to "provide opportunity for progressive intellectual development, taking into consideration individual differences." Of the school's curriculum in the early years, Mrs. Hundley tells us:

> [It] consisted mainly of the usual academic courses: English, Latin, French, Spanish, German, history, mathematics and science. Physical education, music and art were minor subjects, though in the 1920's major music and art were introduced. German was eliminated in the 1920's and 1930's. Greek had been taught before 1920. Later additions were home economics, aviation and driv-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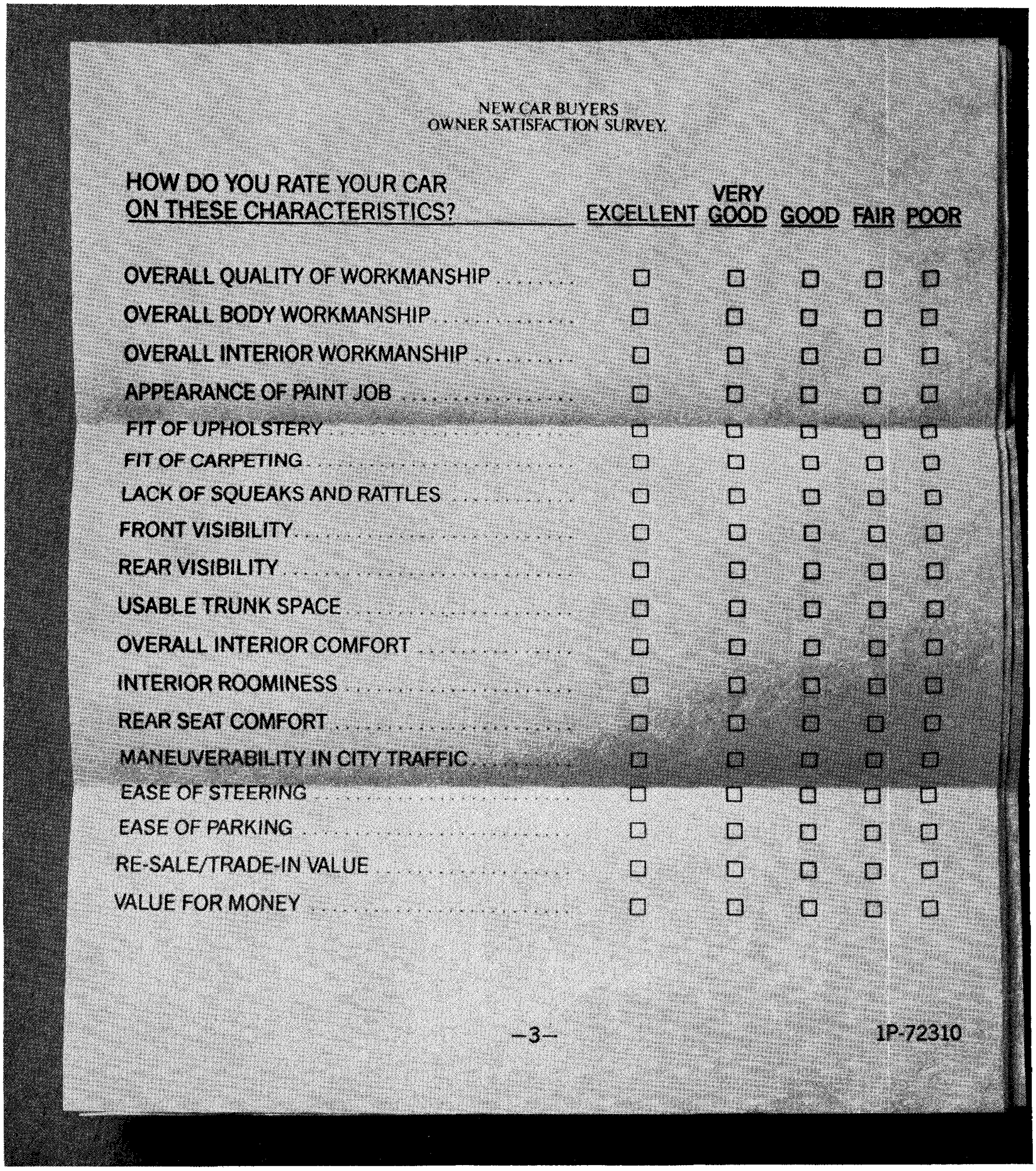

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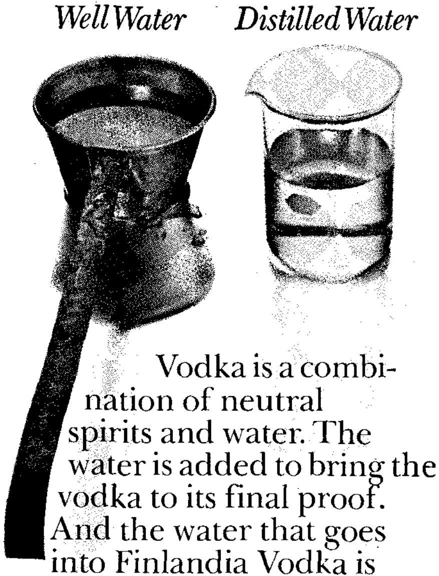

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er education as electives. As eighty per cent of the graduates entered higher institutions, college entrance requirements had a direct influence upon the choice of electives. Advanced classes in foreign languages were often lost because Congress required at least fifteen pupils in a class. Latin was the exception, with four years always offered. In the 1920's and 1930's third-year French and Spanish were taught regularly, fourth-year French only once.

Of the eighty per cent of Dunbar graduates who continued their education, most went to Howard University or the old Miner Teachers' College, in Washington. But so many of the brightest went to places like Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Antioch, Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Harvard, Vassar, and Yale that black Washingtonians began to look upon Dunbar as their equivalent of the nation's exclusive prep schools. (The prep school that came to their minds most often was, naturally, not a private school but the old Boston Public Latin School.)

In 1917, Mary Church Terrell, the wife of one of Dunbar's first principals, wrote in *The Journal of Negro History*, "If one investigates the antecedents of some of the young Negroes who have made the most brilliant records at the best universities in the country, he will discover that a large number of them were trained in this high school." That remained true for many years. Notable Dunbar graduates include Benjamin O. Davis, the first black general in the United States Army; Charles H. Houston, the first in a long line of brilliant attorneys for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who won some of the earliest civil-rights lawsuits in the South; Judge William H. Hastie, a protégé of Houston, who became the first black governor of the Virgin Islands and subsequently, in the late sixties and early seventies, served as the chief judge of the United States Third Circuit Court of Appeals, in Philadelphia; Dr. Charles Drew, who devised the method of storing blood plasma in blood banks and organized the first such banks for the American Red Cross; Senator Edward Brooke, a former attorney general of Massachusetts and the first black United States Senator since Reconstruction; Dr. Weaver, who is Distinguished Professor of Urban Affairs at the City University of New York, and who, as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was the first black appointed to a Cabinet post in the federal government; Dr. Herman Branson, a physicist who is president of Lincoln

University, in Pennsylvania; the Reverend Mr. Walter Fauntroy, a former civil-rights activist who worked with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and who now sits in the House of Representatives as the first delegate from the District of Columbia in a century; Dr. Rayford Logan, one of the nation's leading black historians; Howard Naylor Fitzhugh, a retired vice-president of the Pepsi-Cola Company; Dr. John Holloman, former president of the Health and Hospitals Corporation of New York City; Dr. Roscoe C. Brown, Jr., president of Bronx Community College; and Eleanor Holmes Norton, former chairman of the Commission on Human Rights of the City of New York and now chairman of the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

There is another, longer, more general list, which was drawn up a few years ago by Edgar R. Sims, a member of the class of 1930. It shows, he tells us, that Dunbar "has sent forth eight thousand federal and District government workers; two thousand five hundred teachers, educators, and specialists; one hundred and fifty principals at all levels; one thousand doctors, dentists, pharmacists, medical technicians; four hundred lawyers, judges, and court workers; two hundred architects, engineers, and scientists; two hundred priests, ministers, and religious workers; two hundred law enforcement, correctional, and fire officers; two hundred musicians and stars of stage, screen, and TV; two hundred career military officers, from generals to lieutenants; three hundred banking, business, industry, and organizational leaders; three hundred leaders in the political arena (local, state, and federal); one hundred artists, poets, writers, reporters; one hundred in the field of sports; three hundred craftsmen and tradesmen at journeyman level; one hundred foreign-service employees; one thousand five hundred nurses, hygienists, technicians, and assistants." The list proves that Dunbar "stands as the modest temple to black progress in America," the proud and painstaking compiler goes on to say. "It is more than a building. It is the most solid and concrete monument to our perseverance in gaining our rights to the American Dream."

DUNBAR, which was at first called the Preparatory High School for Colored Youth, was founded by William Syphax, who would have called himself a "person of color." In 1868, while he was employed as a copyist in the Department of the Interior (he is said to have served under nine Secretaries of the Interior), Syphax was appointed the first chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Colored Public Schools in the District of Columbia. Such schools were at that time limited to the elementary grades, but two years after his appointment he used his office to organize the Preparatory High School. He would have called himself a person of color because that is the term which light-skinned Afro-Americans of his day used to describe themselves. In our day, more than a few of them still do—although by now they are able to live peaceably enough with the term "Negro." It is at "black" that they draw the line. For one thing, they say, nobody's color is black. For another, the term fails to represent the generations of white and/or Indian blood they carry in their veins. By these standards, William Syphax had a better reason than most to consider himself a person of color. An article by E. Delorus Preston, Jr., in *The Journal of Negro History* for October, 1935, states:

> On his mother's side William Syphax descended not only from a distinguished line but his ancestry savored very definitely of the plantation aristocracy of the South. Maria Syphax was the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis and a maid of Martha Washington. . . . In or about 1826 Custis manumitted Maria, who at the time had two children, Elinor, six years of age, and William, "a baby boy." . . . It is stated . . . that Custis recognized Maria as his child and gave her a piece of property on the Arlington estate. . . . It is also stated that "the family of Robert E. Lee inherited the respect for the blood of the former slave woman." . . . William Syphax, therefore, came from a distinguished line.

Concerning other details of his background, we learn from the same source:

> Very little information has been preserved about the early life of William Syphax. It is said that he came to Washington, D.C., at the age of eleven and attended private schools.
>
> As a man William Syphax was a remarkable type. He was six feet tall with broad shoulders, broad forehead, high cheekbones, straight nose, thin lips and light brown skin. In an article entitled . . . "Boss Head of the Lot," the Washington *Post* of May 18, 1878, made the following observation: "The head of William Syphax, for many years the colored chief messenger of the Interior Department, and the reputed half brother of a great general, is a magnificent one, indicating force, intensity and coolness of intellect."

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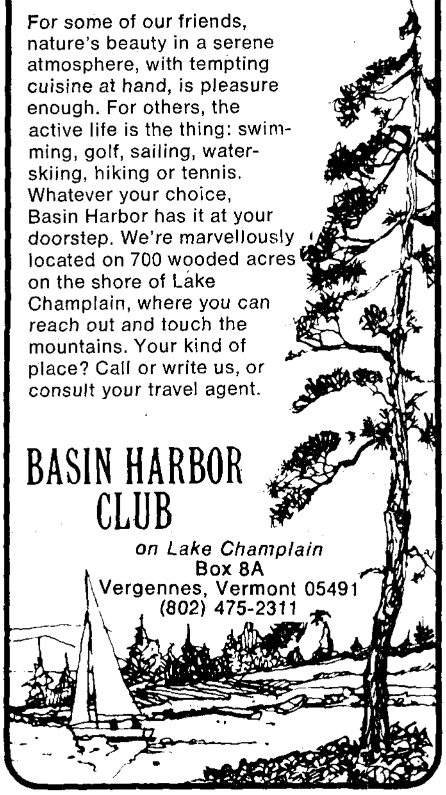
Colored Youth, it opened its doors in the basement of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, between I and K Streets N.W. It moved into and out of three other temporary accommodations before settling down in 1891 in a small red brick building on M Street N.W. Here began the second period of its history. During this time, which lasted until 1916, it dropped the name it was founded with and came to be called the M Street High School.

From 1870 to 1916, the school had nine principals, the men and women who established the high standards for which it became famous. The first—and the only white in the group—was a New Hampshire woman named Emma J. Hutchins, who served for a year and, according to Mary Church Terrell's 1917 article in *The Journal of Negro History*, was "fired with zeal to do everything in her power to educate and uplift the youth of the newly emancipated race." Mary J. Patterson (1871-72) was an Oberlin graduate of 1862; she was "the first woman of African blood to receive a college education" in America, Mrs. Terrell tells us. Richard T. Greener (1872-73) is said by Mrs. Terrell to have been the first man of African background to receive a degree from Harvard (class of 1870). Miss Patterson was reappointed after Greener left to teach at the University of South Carolina, and served until 1884. Francis L. Cardozo, Sr. (1884-96), was a Greek and Latin scholar, educated at the University of Glasgow. Dr. Winfield S. Montgomery (1896-99) was a Dartmouth man, class of 1879, who, according to a colleague, "stood for high scholarship, with a leaning toward the classical high school." Robert H. Terrell (1899-1901) was another Harvard man, class of 1884, and had been a student at the school before it moved to M Street. Anna J. Cooper (1901-06) was an Oberlin graduate and a Latin specialist. William Tecumseh Sherman Jackson (1906-09), a product of Amherst College and the Catholic University, excelled at mathematics. The ninth principal, Edward C. Williams (1909-16), a graduate of Western Reserve University, was a trained librarian—which may be why he is remembered chiefly as an efficient organizer and administrator.

It was under these principals that the school began gaining a reputation for light-skinned, middle-class snobbery. Many of Dunbar's graduates have denied strenuously that the school had any such reputation, although they have also



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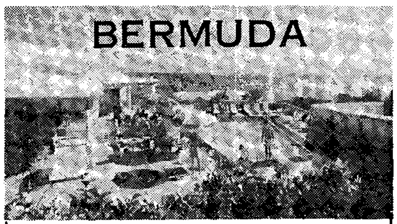

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been proud to declare that academically it was an élite institution. Others, however—graduates and nongraduates alike—have said enough to suggest that Dunbar's reputation for snobbery was by no means unearned. Not long ago, in an article on the school for *The Public Interest*, Thomas Sowell, a black professor of economics and a student of black educational history, had this to say:

> Given the general predominance of mulattoes among the "free persons of color" and their descendants, it seems probable that the light-skinned mulatto stereotype was applicable to the early Dunbar students and teachers. This group continued for many years to be over-represented among Dunbar students and teachers—but this is not to say that it constituted a majority. . . .
>
> It is true, however, that the history and traditions of the school were to a large extent shaped by members of a few prominent families in Washington's Negro community. These were, typically, descendants of the antebellum "free persons of color," light-skinned in general, and in particular cases physically indistinguishable from whites. This group was not numerically dominant, and did not intermarry with the mass of blacks during most of the period under discussion, so it had little *biological* effect on the rest of the Negro population.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, class and color (or shade) were prominent features of the relationships among black Washingtonians, and it would have been surprising if the relationships at Dunbar had managed to escape these influences. A witness to how things were during that period is Ernest McKinney, a former journalist who, at ninety-two, is still active as a teacher, at Rutgers. Mr. McKinney graduated from the M Street school in 1905. "At that time, the black middle class was made up of a handful of teachers, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, businessmen, and government employees," McKinney told me recently (we were talking in his office at the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund, in New York, where he is assistant to the president). "True, Jim Crow was so rigorous then that it didn't make much difference whether you were a black registrar at the Treasury; you couldn't go into a restaurant and eat, any more than a black street-sweeper could. But, despite this, there were strong color distinctions among Negroes. One of the topnotch Baptist churches in Washington had only light-skinned members. There were no *black* folks in that church at all. It was a lily-white Negro church. You had other élite churches, like the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and St. Mary's Church. If you had gone to one of their socials, you wouldn't have seen a black-skinned girl there. And it wasn't because they were barred. They just knew they didn't belong. In those days, a black-skinned girl couldn't get a job in a Negro lawyer's office. You found some of these same color distinctions at the M Street school. It may not have prevented you from getting a good education, but you couldn't help noticing that it was a factor in the students' general behavior."

The assistant principal of one of Washington's elementary schools remembers a time when "teachers at Dunbar looked down on you if you were not from a professional family and if you were dark-complexioned." And in July of 1975, there was a letter in the Washington *Post* that said, "The pride that Dunbar alumni rightfully have in the academic achievements of their school should be substantially tempered by sadness—the criteria for a guaranteed comfortable and successful student sojourn at Dunbar were, in order of importance (1) parents in professional jobs, (2) a minimum of melanin in the skin, and (3) a fairly high scholastic average, not necessarily deserved."

The third period in Dunbar's history began in 1916, when the school moved to a newer and larger building, at First and N Streets, a stone's throw from its previous home on M Street. At this point, what had been the M Street High School was renamed the Paul Laurence Dunbar High School, after one of the first black Americans to gain national recognition as a poet. The school adopted one of Dunbar's poems as "the creed and inspiration" of its students:

Keep a-pluggin' away.
Perseverance still is king;
Time its sure reward will bring;
Work and wait unwearying—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

Keep a-pluggin' away.
From the greatest to the least
None are from the rule released.
Be thou toiler, poet, priest,
Keep a-pluggin' away.

One wonders whether the students were by then in need of inspiration. They had been doing rather well without any such spur, because from the very beginning the ethic of Dunbar had been nothing if not striving and perseverance.

What was the Dunbar experience like for the students who went there after 1916? Some time ago, Charles L. Morris, who attended the school in the early twenties, gave this account, in a letter he wrote to one of the Washington newspapers:

> I had been exposed to the extraordinary Dunbar milieu, and for me that was a priceless experience.... Let me give a hint of this milieu. Immediately on entering Dunbar, the freshman sensed something different from the common street conduct. You lowered your voice and looked at your shoes; maybe you ought to have polished them.... The first time in my life that I was ever called "Mister" was as a freshman at Dunbar High—fourteen years old and in knee pants.... Faculty excellence was the standard at Dunbar in every aspect. The teachers not only had the paper credentials, but personality and the ability to teach and inspire. The Spanish teachers, in order to perfect their subject, vacationed in Spain when they could; the French teachers went to France. And I would bet that those enthusiastic Latin teachers visited Carthage and Gaul in their dreams.... We had two fine teachers who, in their given names, recalled the Union side in the Civil War: William Tecumseh Sherman Jackson and Ulysses Simpson Grant Bassett. Both were strict, no-nonsense pedagogues reminiscent of the English public school system.... Many felt the magic touch of the old Dunbar, and were given a keen sense of decorum and the love of reading, learning and thinking. I am proud I was lucky enough to have shared in it.

Reminiscing, a while back, with a reporter from the Washington *Post*, Senator Edward Brooke (class of '37) said:

> We sort of lived in a cocoon. Dunbar sort of had an intellectual élite.... We were not aware of what we were missing because of segregation. It was very competitive.... Dunbar took the cream of the crop. They did well at Howard, where I went. Negro History Week was observed, and in American history they taught about the emancipation of the slaves and the struggle for equality and civil rights. But there was no demand by students for more, no real interest in Africa and its heritage. We knew about Africa as we knew about Finland.

In his preface to Mrs. Hundley's book on Dunbar, Dr. Robert Weaver (class of '25) wrote:

> My roots in Dunbar High School are deep. My mother was a graduate of the old M Street High School, and my only sibling, an older brother, Mortimer, graduated from Dunbar, as did I. The efficacy of this high school is certainly expressed in the success of its graduates. My own debt to Dunbar is great.... I can recall at least a half dozen outstanding teachers who not only exposed me to the subject matter and instilled an appreciation for high standards of achievement but also inspired me as human beings. Perhaps the finest tribute I can pay to Dunbar ... is the fact that, when I graduated, I went to Harvard College where many of my classmates had been trained in some of the best preparatory schools

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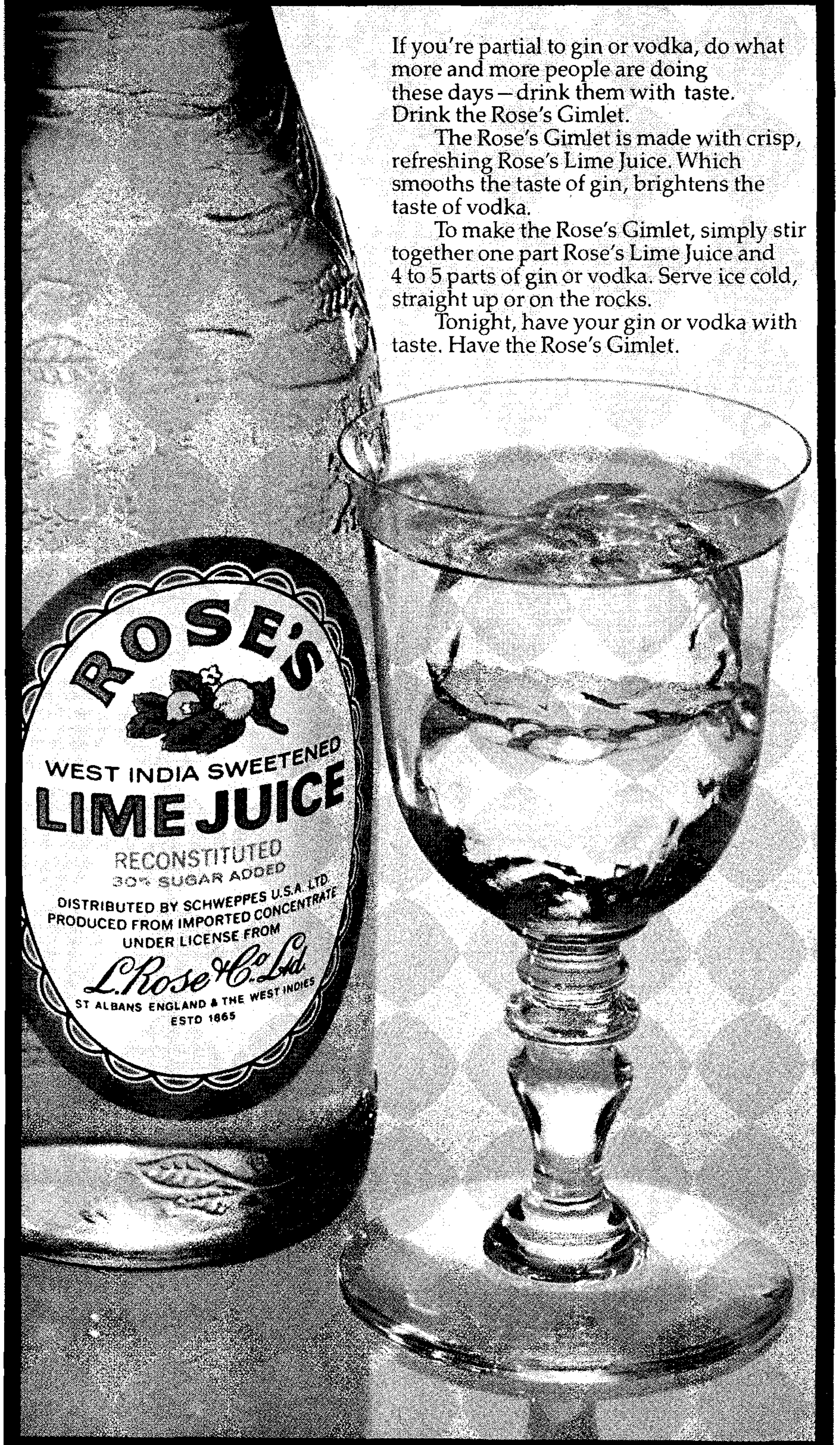

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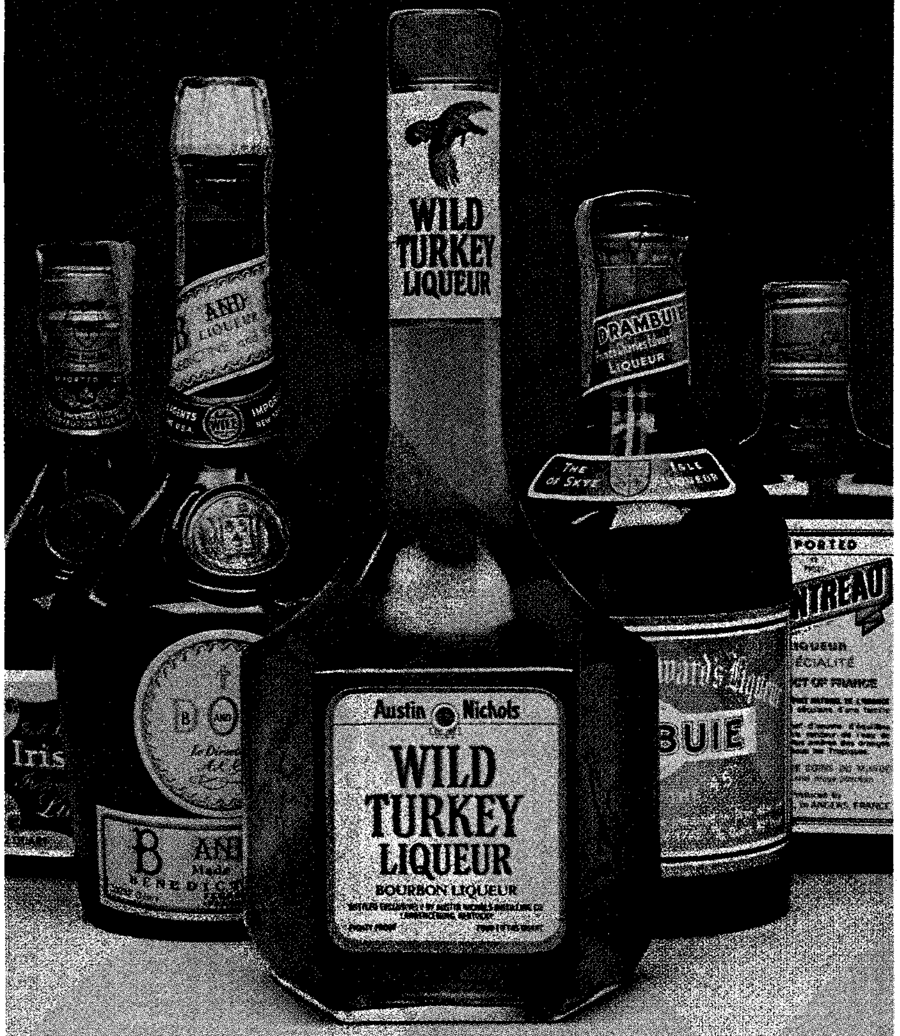

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in the nation. I found myself on the whole about as well able to survive in the college as were they. My brother, who graduated from Williams College, Phi Beta Kappa, had a similar experience there, and subsequently at Harvard where he took his Master's degree.

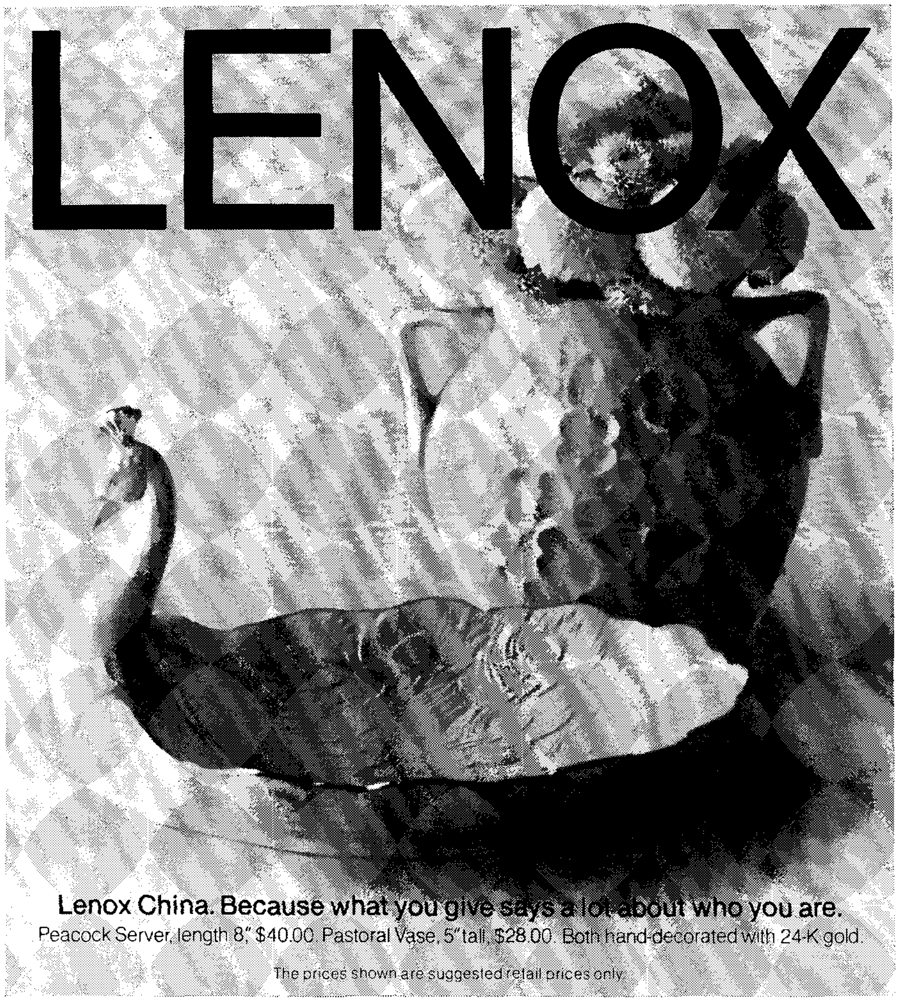
William Branch, a writer and film director, told me in a letter a while ago, "Though I was at Dunbar only briefly, in 1944 and 1945, that one year had a deep and lasting impact upon my life. Academically, Dunbar held its own with far more privileged white schools. It was certainly known among blacks as the black prep school of the East Coast. A very direct link with pride of past for me at Dunbar was the fact that Haley G. Douglass, a grandson of the great Frederick Douglass himself, was a member of Dunbar's faculty. Barbara June Pinchback, granddaughter of P. B. S. Pinchback, black lieutenant governor of Louisiana during Reconstruction, was a classmate of mine. So was Yvonne Terrell, granddaughter of the famous Mary Church Terrell. At Dunbar, the campus hero was not the football or basketball star but the oratorical champion. Another inspiring teacher was Henry Grant, the band director, who had been Duke Ellington's music teacher at Dunbar before Ellington moved on to Harlem." (In his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress," Ellington wrote: "Henry Grant, who taught music in our high school, heard about me and invited me to come to his house to study harmony. It ended up a hidden course in harmony that lighted the direction to more highly developed composition. It was a music foundation, and I jumped at the opportunity because most of the advanced musicians had taken harmony from Henry Grant.")

ADVOCATES of segregated education point with relief to the example of Dunbar High, an all-black school. And opponents of segregation find it hard to believe that an all-black school—especially in a "Southern" town like Washington—could have had such an exceptional record of achievement. An important part of the answer is that among segregated schools Dunbar was unique, and became so almost by accident. It was not racially segregated education, as such, that made Dunbar the success it was but a combination of its students' social class and a peculiar set of historical circumstances that existed in the early years of its development.

These circumstances were what produced Dunbar's faculty—the best that any all-black high school has ever had.

As almost every early Dunbar graduate likes to boast, all the teachers had B.A.s, M.A.s, or Ph.D.s, and many were members of Phi Beta Kappa. Why was this so? First of all, the federal government paid black teachers in Washington the same salaries as white teachers—possibly the only place in the South where such parity existed. That policy alone might have been enough to attract highly qualified teachers. But without another special circumstance there might have been no such teachers to attract. Many of the exceptional black teachers who came to Dunbar had turned to teaching only because there was not much else for them to do. In the early years of Dunbar's history, black college graduates—however well trained, however brilliant—were seldom hired by white institutions in any serious intellectual capacity. Those who were not lucky enough to be lawyers or doctors—and who did not wish to be postal clerks, low-level government workers, soldiers, Pullman porters, or manual laborers—found that teaching was the most distinguished career open to them. And those who resorted to teaching either joined the faculty of a black university like Howard or headed for Dunbar High School.

Dunbar's success was also explained by the presence of highly motivated middle-class students, who from the outset made up a large part of its enrollment and whose emphasis on intellectual accomplishment and competitiveness helped maintain the high academic standards the teachers set. Concerning the contributions of such students to the uniqueness of Dunbar, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, the black social psychologist, has an interesting opinion. (Dr. Clark's opinion on the subject would be interesting in any case, but it is especially so because of the strong influence his studies and findings are said to have had upon the Supreme Court's desegregation decision of 1954.) "Dunbar was, in effect, a 'white' school in a segregated system," Dr. Clark told me recently. "Washington had a class system among blacks of different shades and economic backgrounds. Therefore, excellence at Dunbar represented the few—the percentage of Washington's black community that was middle class and upwardly mobile. Dunbar is the only example in our history of a separate black school that was able, somehow, to be equal. But this was possible only because of the class distinctions among blacks. Therefore, I would caution against generalizing from Dunbar to the pat-



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tern of segregated education for blacks. The Dunbar phenomenon was atypical. It reflected variables that came together at a particular time and place, and that are not likely to be duplicated. It could scarcely have existed in any other part of the country."

In our talk, Ernest McKinney had called attention to a few supporting reasons for Dunbar's excellence: "You cannot ignore the basic elementary-school training that students used to get before they entered Dunbar. Those old-time elementary-school teachers didn't have a broad education, but they knew what they knew. They *knew* arithmetic, and they *knew* English grammar. Most of all, they were totally dedicated to teaching. That, I believe, is what produced the educated Negro. Without that, Negroes would not have excelled at Dunbar as they did. Then, you also have to ask, Why did all those Dunbar teachers go to prestigious Northern colleges, the best in the country? The answer is that at one time it was the ideal of most black people to go to places like Harvard. This ideal began with emancipation. The white teachers who went South to teach in the first years after slavery went there with the idea of New Englandizing the South. They didn't realize that white Southerners weren't going to let them get away with any such thing. But they got away with it where many of the Negroes were concerned. The Negroes were receptive to that effort, because they realized that New England was where the abolitionists came from. The abolitionists were their friends. So their orientation was toward the best standards of New England education. Some of them even adopted the mannerisms of the New England upper class. But the most important thing about those old Negroes who came back to teach at places like Dunbar was that they brought back a great education with them from the North, and they poured everything they knew into our heads."

MENTION of Dr. Kenneth Clark is a reminder that the fourth period in Dunbar's history began in 1955, a year after the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. This era of Dunbar bears little or no resemblance to the earlier ones—or even to the ideals that inspired the decision. Since 1955, academic standards at Dunbar have fallen drastically. Once the best high school in the District of Columbia—black or white—Dunbar is now one of the worst. Only about thirty per cent of its students go on to college, as against the eighty per cent who went in the old days. Today, special programs in reading and writing are in greater demand than the progressive liberal-arts preparatory courses upon which the school built its reputation. Many of the teachers who taught these courses either retired or fled to other schools in the city after the 1954 desegregation decision.

From the beginning, the building itself—a red brick structure with white stone trim, rectangular bay windows, crenellated Tudor-style towers, and castellated cornice line—was an attractive and historic-looking piece of architecture. But after 1955 it began to be scarred by signs of deterioration and vandalism; the bannisters of its stately front stairway—sweeping up grandly from both sides of the main entrance—were ripped away in places, and some of its lovely old bay windows were full of holes. Senator Brooke said recently that when he was a student at Dunbar, in the nineteen-thirties, an occasional window would be broken, but, he went on, "it probably would have been an accident, and it would not stay broken beyond that day." He added, "Certainly there was no vandalism. There was great respect for the school—nothing comparable to today." It all adds up to what many of the Senator's contemporaries and predecessors—those who went to the school in the years of its renown—are heard to say these days: "Dunbar is not Dunbar anymore."

They are not the only ones who have mourned the old Dunbar's passing. They may even have been surprised to find that one of their sympathizers was Vice-President Spiro Agnew, who in a speech in the spring of 1970 praised the old Dunbar for having trained "a natural aristocracy with unrivalled success." They must surely have wondered whether Agnew's interest in black educational excellence was genuine or whether he was merely using Dunbar as an occasion for restating his doctrinaire resentment of the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. In any case, the Washington *Star* carried this report of Agnew's speech:

> Dunbar, Agnew said, was highly successful in educating capable black students until it was "allowed to become just another school in the inner city" after the Supreme Court's 1954 decision. "In my opinion Dunbar High School was sacrificed by the levelers and ideologists on the altar of educational egalitarianism—and I cannot believe that the black people of the Capital or the nation are better for the loss," he said.

The truth was, and is, that there *are* many black people in the capital who feel that they are better for the

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"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer"—Robert Burns
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loss—who hate the “élite” standards and values that the old Dunbar promoted, and are glad to be rid of them. In taking exception to Agnew's remarks, one of these people, Anita Allen, then the president of Washington's Board of Education, said, “I don't think most black people buy this thing of a natural aristocracy . . . which for too long was one that consisted only of whites or of black people with money, connections, or light skin.” But, that sort of objection aside, Agnew's conclusion seems plausible—until one looks at the real reasons for the school's decline. The aims of the Supreme Court's decision had no direct bearing upon the collapse of Dunbar. Nothing resembling “educational egalitarianism” or racial integration ever came near its doors.

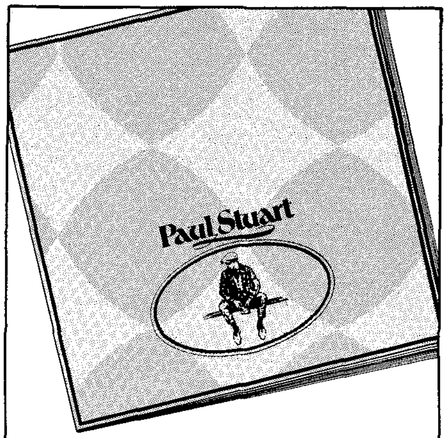
Agnew was quite right in saying that after 1954 Dunbar became just another school in the inner city. But that happened only because the school became, in a way, more restricted than it had ever been before—hardly what the Supreme Court had intended. Before 1954, Dunbar's students had come from different parts of the city and even from Maryland and Virginia. After 1954, in order to bypass what the Supreme Court had ordered, Washington reorganized its school system. Students were now restricted to schools within their residential districts, and since Dunbar was situated in the middle of one of the poorer black neighborhoods of Washington, all its students now came from poor or working-class backgrounds. This fact, combined with the departure of many of the old teachers, led to the collapse of academic standards at the school.

While visiting there some time ago, I had a talk with Phyllis Beckwith, a middle-aged Jamaican-born educator who was the principal until last summer, and she described to me what the Dunbar of today is like. “The school is quite different now,” she said. “We are a comprehensive school, trying to meet the needs of the particular students who come here. Many of the old Dunbar graduates turn up their noses at the present Dunbar. In their day, I believe the school was rather selective. I understand that your acceptance depended somewhat on the background of your parents and on your academic endowments. Today, we have to accept anybody who comes from within the designated school zone. And we have to keep students until they graduate or reach the age of twenty-one. No matter what or how they do, we have to keep them and work with them. The students who come here are very beautiful, but they have many problems. They are poor, and some of them are in trouble with the law. We have students who are pregnant. That never happened in the so-called great days of Dunbar. The parents are much poorer than in those days. We have students who are on welfare. About a third of our students have to work part-time and come to school part-time. We have attendance problems, drug problems, and students who are under the supervision of probation officers. The school now reflects the problems and the people of the community, and it has to try and serve the community as best it can.

“When I became principal, in 1970, I realized that the emphasis had changed. Students were not so interested in going to college. Many of them preferred to learn trades and develop skills. If a student does not want to go to college, you have to find out what he or she wants to do, then work toward that end. When I came here, I saw that if you are not meeting the changed circumstances of the student body then you are not doing any kind of a job. If I can find out what the students want to do in life, and if I am able to help set them on that path, then that's all I ask.”

ANOTHER period in Dunbar's history has just begun. In April of 1977, the school vacated the quarters it had occupied since 1916 and moved into a new building behind the old one, on New Jersey Avenue, between N and O Streets. Of the new building's design, Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic of the Washington *Post*, has written:

> The new Dunbar is, first of all, an urban school. That means that it must provide all the many facilities that only a school building complex, located on a relatively small parcel of land, can offer inner city young people. It does so generously. It will have sports fields and courts, an outdoor amphitheater, an auditorium, a gymnasium, an armory . . . and other spaces that both accommodate organized activities and invite spontaneous human interaction. But this is possible only because the learning takes place in a 90-foot-high tower.
>
> The new Dunbar is, furthermore, a community school. The learning tower looms above a complex sprawl of lower buildings, containing the auditorium, gymnasium, armory, swimming pool and rooms for business education and home arts, which the school shares with the neighborhood. The people of the neighborhood, in fact, participated in planning this potentially bustling neighborhood center. It is designed to include and invite. . . .
>
> But most of all, the new Dunbar is a



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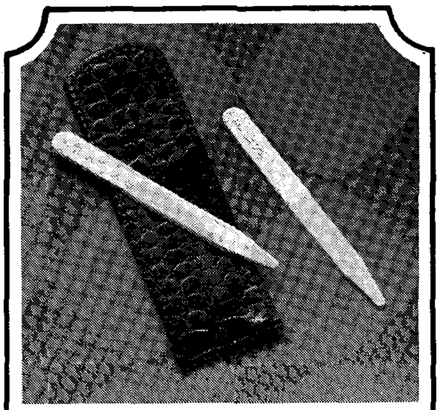

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Although it was the functional character of the building that Von Eckardt was describing, some of his words—"a community school," "people of the neighborhood," "the constant in our time is change," "proud to be but a humble container"—also suggested the departure from Dunbar's past which the new building signifies. Many black Washingtonians wanted such a clean break with everything Dunbar once represented that they began calling for the destruction of the old building as soon as the new one was ready. But admirers and older alumni of the old school would have none of it; they demanded that the building be preserved as a monument to what they achieved there, and to the pioneering role it played in the development of higher education among blacks. Thus, the relatively silent war that pro- and anti-Dunbar factions had been waging for decades erupted into a loud and hostile confrontation.

The spirit and the wishes of the anti-Dunbar faction were championed by the Board of Education, which wanted no further reminders of what the old school stood for in the life of black Washingtonians. It was the board, therefore, that led the fight to have the old building demolished. A good many of its members were young black professionals, politicians, and grass-roots community leaders. Some of them came out of the civil-rights movement of the nineteen-sixties, were educated in other parts of the country (or at other high schools in Washington), and had no feeling for what others call Dunbar's illustrious past.

Ironically, it was one of the inadequacies of the illustrious Dunbar—its poor athletic facilities—that gave these people their best argument for knocking the building down. The school never had adequate playing fields of its own. Its athletic activities were often conducted on whatever playing fields in Washington it was able to find and borrow. If the new Dunbar school—which, as Von Eckardt said, occupies a relatively small parcel of land—was to have its own sports stadium, on its own premises, then there was no space for it except where the old building stood. This prospect made loyal Dun-

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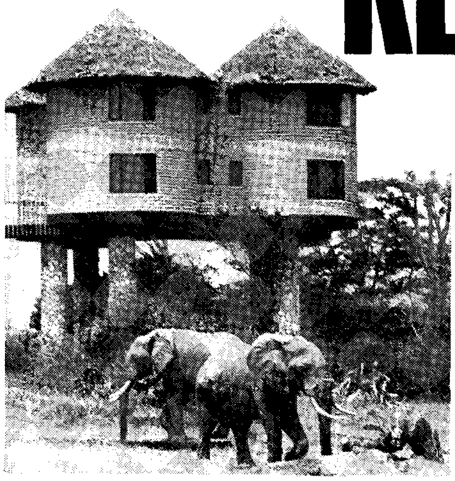

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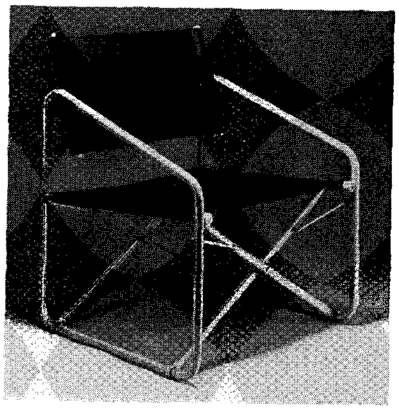

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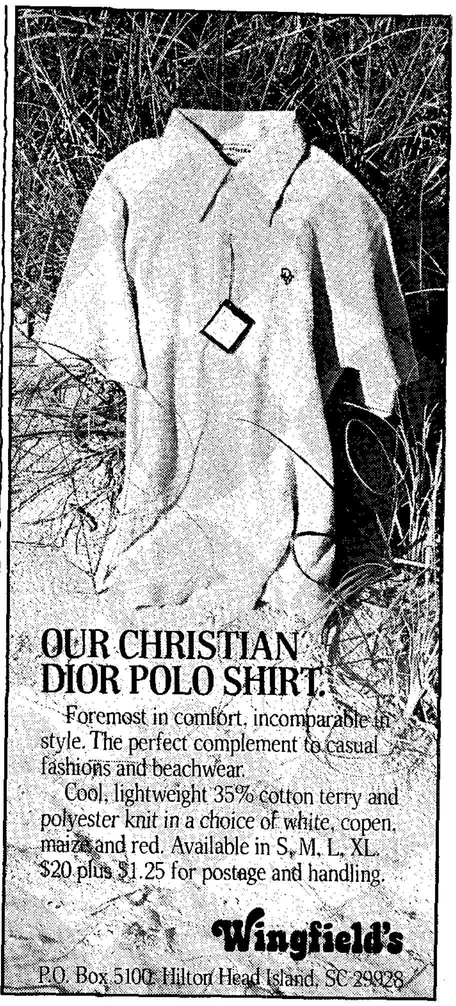
bar alumni even angrier. It was bad enough that the people who hated Dunbar's past wanted to destroy the distinguished old building—but for a football stadium? Hell, no!

As the principal, Mrs. Beckwith could not help being on the side of those who wanted to do away with the old building. "There is a group of people who feel that this building should be preserved as a statue to its famous graduates," she said to me when I visited the school. "I do not deny that Dunbar had its famous graduates. But the school has served its purpose well. It is better to write your name in the hearts of people than in bricks and mortar. And what would they do with a building like this? It would take about two million dollars to put it in good repair. Wouldn't it be better to put that money into new facilities to help the students? None of the people who are fighting to save the building live in this area. They live way out on the outskirts. And yet they are trying to dictate to the community. But the fact is that we don't have a gymnasium or a stadium. My basketball coach has to go down to a junior high school to hold his practices. At football time, we have to call up wherever we can to get to practice. The old Dunbar graduates are saying that academics are more important than athletics. But I don't know of anything that can build school spirit more than athletics. This year, our school was so together! We won every one of our twenty-nine basketball games. Our coach was named the coach of the year. Not long ago, Cornelius Greene, one of our graduates, quarterbacked Ohio State in the Rose Bowl. He was later drafted into the National Football League by the Dallas Cowboys. And yet, with all these fine things happening to us, they are saying we don't need playing facilities."

The first formal request—made by Mayor Walter Washington and the Board of Education—to have the building torn down came before the City Council, an appointed body, in April of 1974. At the time, there was a pro-Dunbar majority on the council—lobbied effectively by Senator Brooke—and the request for funds to demolish the building was turned down. The chairman of the council's Education and Youth Affairs Committee then was Dr. Marjorie Parker, who, with her husband, Barrington D. Parker—a judge on the United States District Court for the District of Columbia—had graduated from Dunbar in 1932. (They are the parents of the young man whose wedding was celebrated in



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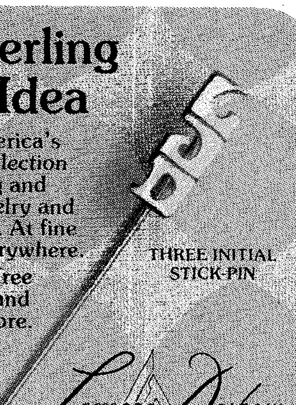

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Westchester.) "Black history, black culture, black heritage did not begin with Cornelius Greene," Dr. Parker said in arguing against the request for demolition. "There are more things that go into the making of education than football." Dr. Henry S. Robinson, another council member who was educated at the old Dunbar, stated his objection in these terms: "To us, tearing down Dunbar High School is like somebody trying to tear down the Washington Monument or the Capitol. It might be hyperbole, but that's how we feel." The anti-Dunbar forces had lost. But that was only one round of what would become a long battle.

Under circumstances that were more favorable to the anti-Dunbar forces, including new powers of home rule for the District of Columbia, the battle resumed in the spring of 1975, before a new City Council—Washington's first elected council in a century. The old Dunbar alumni had lost their seats, and the request for demolition was resubmitted. "Oh, no, not again," Senator Brooke groaned when he heard the news, according to an article in the Washington *Star*. "I thought this was all settled a year ago." The article went on to state that Brooke also said he "would again attempt to mobilize influential alumni and historians to head off a defeat in the council. If the effort fails in the District Building, the lobbying doubtless will shift to Capitol Hill, where the Senate and House District appropriations subcommittees also must approve the demolition." The pro-Dunbar fighters were now a handful, at best, but they were full of perseverance and tenacity. And what Senator Brooke said was an indication of the hidden reserves of influence they were in a position to call upon.

Senator Brooke failed in his attempt to head off defeat in the new City Council. Dominated by younger members, most of whom disliked the old Dunbar or saw no point in fighting to save the building, the council voted in favor of demolition. One member said, "There are people in this city who say that the school represents a symbol of an élitism among blacks that should never happen again. I say we should raze it." Another described the effort to preserve the building as "a lot of sentimental hogwash." And Sterling Tucker, the council chairman, remarked, "It's difficult to deny this generation the best facilities to preserve the sentiments of the past."

If the voice of the people is what echoes in the correspondence columns of newspapers, then most black Wash-

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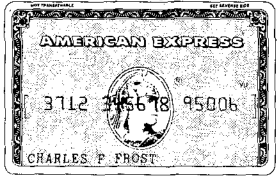

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ingtonians were solidly behind the action of the City Council. One letter writer said, "I think that Dunbar should be torn down and the sooner the better. All of us can cherish the memories of what it has meant to so many." Another said, "I think it is distressing that we have a group of 'old-line Washingtonians' still trying to hang on to the old Dunbar. . . . It appears to me that those who are clinging so lovingly to the past should look to the future; or do they feel they have no future?"

Surprisingly, the sentiments for the past were not felt very strongly by some of those who had attended Dunbar in the days of its greatness. Here is what another letter to the editor said:

> Save the old Dunbar High School? For what? The building was in an advanced state of decay when I was a student there in the late thirties, and it has not improved with age. Nor has the thinking of those ex-teachers and alumni who want to preserve it as a monument to the self-proclaimed "black élite" who walked its halls so long ago.

There were other instances of proud Dunbar graduates who were not aroused to fight for the survival of the building. Robert N. Mattingly—ninety-two years old, son of a house slave, M Street alumnus ('02), Amherst graduate, and member of Phi Beta Kappa—said to me when I talked with him at his house, in Washington, "It is nonsense to want to keep the old building. What they ought to revere is the old M Street building, which is still standing. Most of the people who want to preserve the Dunbar building are womenfolk. They have a lot of sentiment. I think it would be a waste of money to preserve it."

I also heard from Edwin B. Henderson ('02), Dr. Weaver ('25), and William Branch ('45). Henderson, a retired public-school administrator in Tuskegee, Alabama, said, "I sympathize with efforts being made to maintain the old Dunbar as a memento to the services it has rendered, but, from my standpoint, if there is not sufficient room for a suitable field for physical education and athletics, it should be removed." Weaver told me in a letter: "The preservation of Dunbar High School lies in its past achievements and the alumni, rather than in the building per se. This is particularly true since Dunbar no longer performs the role that it did in the past, and the building, therefore, in my opinion, has less significance than it did in earlier years." And Branch said, also in a letter: "I believe in the preservation and conservation of important elements of our past. Whether or not this movement [to save the building] succeeds, however, I feel it is of far greater importance to preserve in lasting form the story of accomplishment by this landmark institution."

After their defeat in the City Council, the old Dunbar loyalists regrouped and began to lobby in other quarters of influence, as Senator Brooke had promised they would. They received support from editorial commentators in Washington and elsewhere. In March of 1975, shortly before the vote in the City Council, the Washington *Star* said:

> Dunbar eminently is a monument to past achievements and should spark new ones. We share Mayor Walter Washington's concern that a stadium site for the new Dunbar be available. But there must be an alternative to destruction of the graceful old building and its connotations.

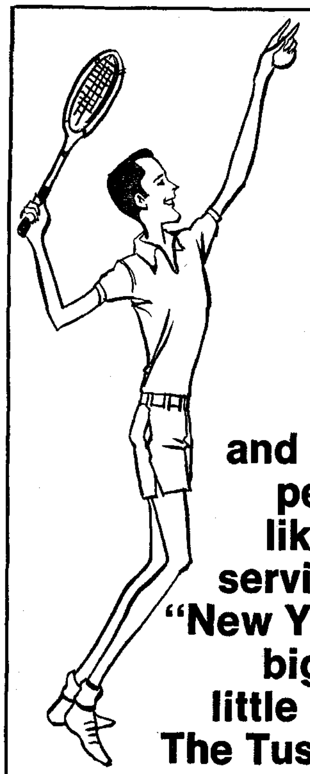
In late April, after the council voted to raze the old Dunbar, William Raspberry, a columnist for the Washington *Post*, wrote:

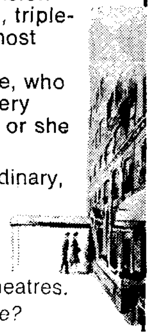
> The old Dunbar building is more than fine architecture, although it is assuredly that. It is the embodiment of the proposition that black children, rich and poor, can, if excellently taught, achieve excellently. It is a very special monument to black achievement. . . . That is what the city council voted . . . to destroy. To make way for a football stadium. I find that personally offensive even though I—like a majority of the city council members—was not even in the city during the days "when Dunbar was Dunbar.". . . Maybe it's silly to argue about the Dunbar shell unless we are willing at least to try to recapture the academic excellence that made Dunbar Dunbar. What's the point of preserving the crib if no one is trying to revive the baby?

And in June of that year the *Wall Street Journal* commented:

> Dunbar has a special place in the history of black America. Even during the darkest period of segregation, it compiled a record of excellence which confounds most of the current assumptions about black education, and which deserves to be more widely known. . . . We sympathize with the regrets over the decision to tear down Dunbar but more than that we regret the loss of standards that Dunbar once stood for.

TWO of the main strategists in the battle to save the building were Mary Gibson Hundley and Dr. W. Montague Cobb, both descended from old black families of Washington. Mrs. Hundley, a widow of eighty, is a granddaughter of William Syphax, who founded the school. Her mother, Mary Syphax Gibson, graduated in the class of 1885. She herself is a member





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of the class of 1914. From Dunbar, she went to Radcliffe, from which she graduated, cum laude, in 1918. After Radcliffe, she read for a master's degree in French at Middlebury College, in Vermont, and later studied at the Sorbonne. In 1920, she joined the Dunbar faculty, and taught French and Latin there until 1955.

She is now retired, and lives in the section of Washington called Mount Pleasant. When she and her late husband decided to move there, in the early nineteen-forties, it was an upper-middle-class zone, from which blacks were excluded. In fact, the Hundleys were not able to take final possession of their house until Charles H. Houston, a graduate of Dunbar and the leading N.A.A.C.P. attorney at the time, had fought their case in the federal courts and won a decision that helped to outlaw restrictive covenants in Washington. Mrs. Hundley maintains that Houston might not have won their case had not President Franklin Roosevelt pulled a few strings from the Oval Office. Knowing that Roosevelt was a Harvard man, and that Harvard men respect the education of Radcliffe graduates, she wrote to him for help. And she now feels that the court ruled in her favor partly because, as she puts it, "Roosevelt was watching the case." The Mount Pleasant section of Washington is much different today from what it was when Mrs. Hundley moved there. Most whites who lived there then have departed. Poorer black neighborhoods have encroached upon and even blended into it. She is one of a small number of blacks of her time, class, and background who are still living there, and now the creeping deterioration of the area has reached right up to the wooden porch of her weary-looking row house. Indoors, however, her house remains a modestly genteel oasis of the past. When I visited there, I found her moving about among fine old pieces of furniture, antique lamps and lampshades, lace-trimmed tablecloths, well-worn Persian rugs, old first editions (some of them ready to come apart at the spine), cupboards filled with notebooks she had used as a Radcliffe undergraduate, and fading pictures of her parents and grandparents. Like so many who spring from the old black middle class of Washington, Mrs. Hundley is very light-skinned. She is of medium height and build, exudes vivaciousness, and has an insatiable appetite for conversation. Visitors are warned before going to see her that they will need to keep an eye on the clock and that they are not likely to

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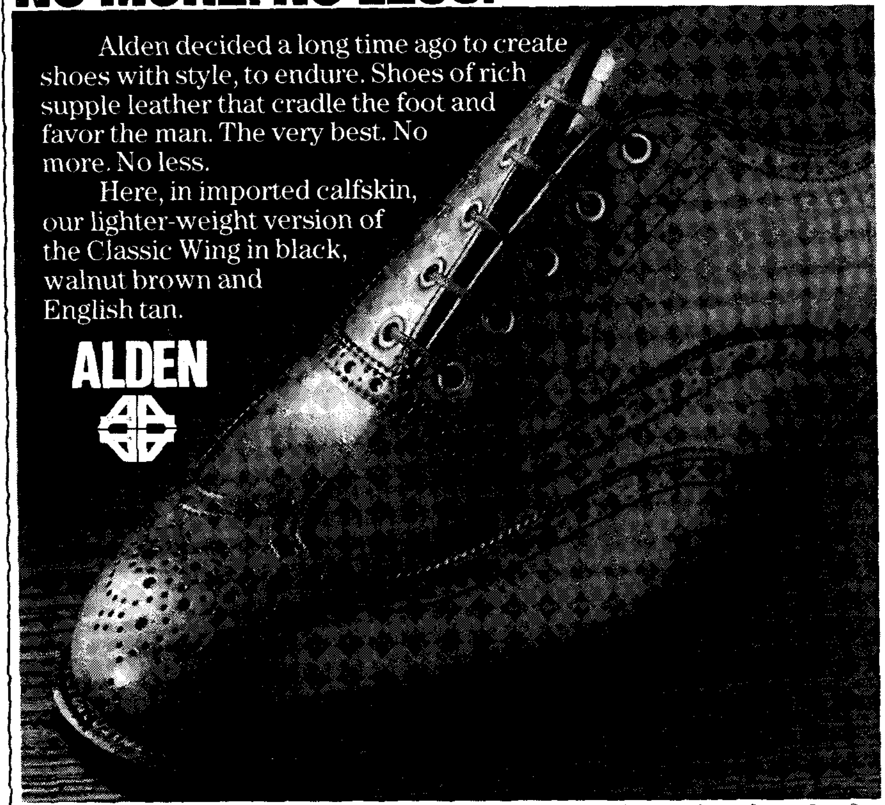

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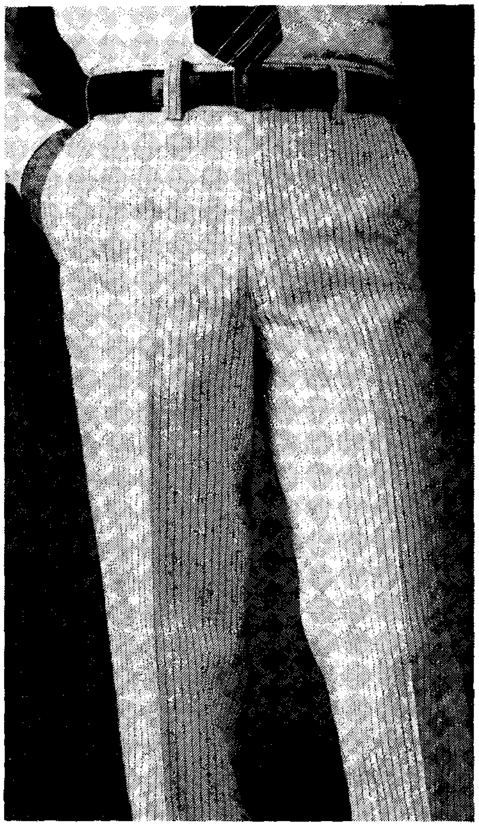

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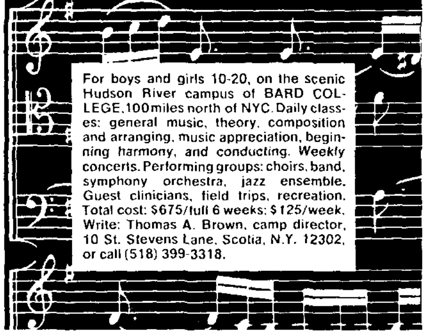

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get in many words of their own, for she is one of the great non-stop talkers in Washington. I found all this to be true—especially when it came to defending her beloved Dunbar High School and the accomplishments of those of her generation who went there.

"Now, why do these people want to tear down Dunbar?" she said to me, in the course of holding the floor. "The reason is simple. The new colored people who came to Washington after us are jealous of what *we* did at Dunbar. You would think they would be proud. After all, Dunbar was the first school to prove that colored children could do as well in college as anyone else. Instead, these new people hate and resent us for what we did there. Then you have all the politicians on the City Council and on the Board of Education who are playing up to them. They all know they can't meet the standards we set in the past. Some of them who came here from the Deep South can't even speak good English. When they get mad, they disgrace themselves and the language. They call the old Dunbar a school for snobs. Well, the only reason they say that is that they can't match what we did there. These people, now, they are so eager to help the poorest ones that they are stepping all over the middle class. I know you are not supposed to say this—it is what the French call a *question délicate*—but it is true.

"I grew up right here in Washington. And it was the academic preparation I got at Dunbar that enabled me to pass a college-entrance examination when I was sixteen. I had four years of Latin, three years of French, and three years of math before getting a tuition scholarship to Radcliffe. Without Dunbar, I could never have gone to Radcliffe. My mother could not have paid the tuition. My father was a lawyer, but he died when I was three. My mother was a schoolteacher. A colored woman growing up in my mother's time either stayed in school and became a teacher or dropped out and became a domestic. Well, when I got the tuition scholarship, my mother dropped her teaching, put our things in storage, went up to Boston with me, and got a job to support me through Radcliffe. When I got to Radcliffe, they asked me, 'You mean you never had a white teacher before you came here?' I told them I never did. 'Then where did your teachers *come* from?' they said. They were so impressed with my academic preparation, you see.

"There are many people who say I should have become a principal of Dun-

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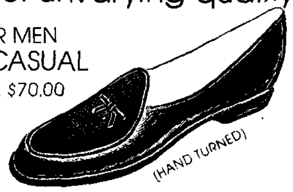

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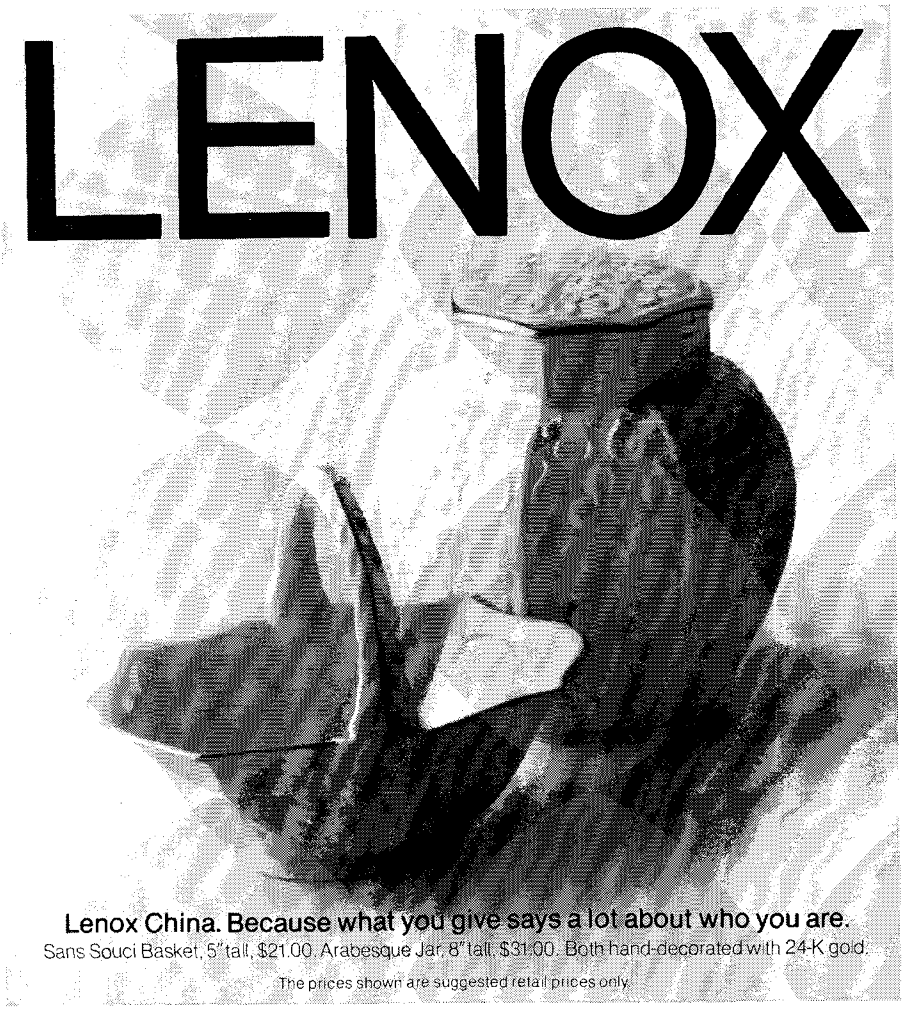
bar. They are right. But I wasn't allowed to. I had opinions, and I was told at Dunbar that you can't become an official if you have opinions. The last principal of Dunbar when I was teaching there was a graduate of Howard. He was bitterly opposed to sending children to white colleges, probably because he didn't go to one himself. He was telling the children to stay home. That broke my heart. And he kicked me out of college guidance because I was encouraging children to go to white colleges. So after the desegregation decision of 1954 I wanted to go to an integrated school, in a better neighborhood. But I couldn't find a vacancy. You see, they were slow to let colored teachers in the integrated schools. So I spent three years teaching in a poorer neighborhood, and then I retired. At that point, Howard University said, 'We need you,' and I went there and taught French until 1964, when I finally retired.

"At Dunbar, I taught Senator Brooke. I taught him Latin. I taught Dr. Weaver Latin and French. I taught Judge Parker. I also taught Dr. Monty Cobb, who is helping me in this fight to save the old school. He is one of our great Negro doctors, and he taught at Howard University for many years. In the nineteen-sixties, when young people were rising up against standards, they practically drove Cobb out of the medical school. The students said he was too hard on them. But his standards are those he learned at Dunbar, you see. That is why the fight to save Dunbar is such a sacred cause. We are fighting everybody—politics, City Hall, and all the people who hate our achievements. They have much power in Washington. But we haven't lost yet."

Dr. Cobb is a short and light-skinned man of seventy-three who puffs almost continually on a pipe. His manner is suave, and his eyes have a searching and penetrating play. Born and raised in Washington, he graduated from Dunbar in 1921, from Amherst College in 1925, and from the Howard University School of Medicine in 1929, and he earned a Ph.D. in anatomy and physical anthropology from Western Reserve University in 1932. He is Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Anatomy at Howard. He edited the *Journal of the National Medical Association*, the professional society of black physicians, for twenty-eight years. He is a past president of the National Medical Association and the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, and is the current president of the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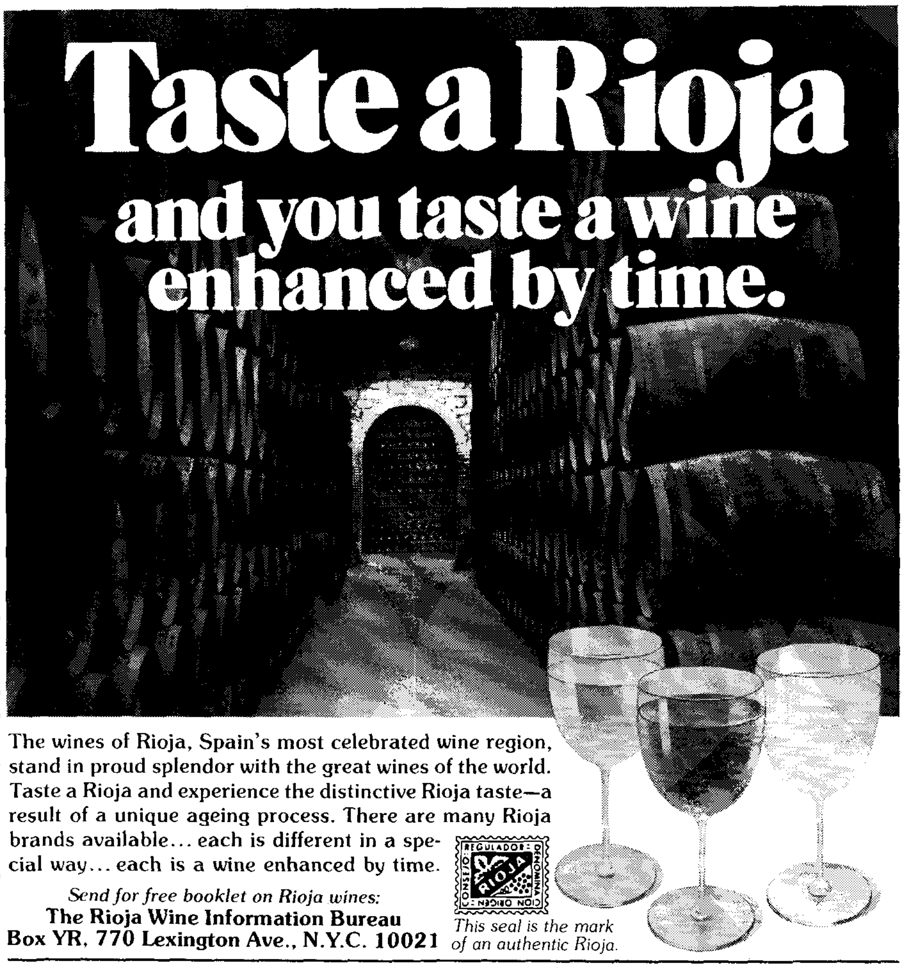
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N.A.A.C.P. Dr. Cobb lives in Washington, a few blocks away from Mrs. Hundley. There must be something about retired teachers that makes them want to seize and hold the floor, for, like Mrs. Hundley, Dr. Cobb seldom encourages dialogue if monologue will suffice. However, his style as a filibusterer is more urbane and entertaining than Mrs. Hundley's. He is full of languid and shapely phrases, wry anecdotes, and odd bits of erudition in fields ranging from literature and music to history, anthropology, and Egyptology. Every so often—as he trails a word into a careful and deliberate pause—he looks to see whether one is impressed by what he is saying and by all the things that one may not have thought he knew. His somnolent and elegant but also incisive diction reminds one very much of Hugh Scott, the former Senate Minority Leader from Pennsylvania. These gifts of eloquence and composure were rather well suited, one would imagine, to the uphill battle he and Mrs. Hundley were waging to preserve the high-school building in which they were educated, for while the opposition may have exceeded them in clout and in numbers, it was unable to match them in tactical coolness and inventiveness, or in the cleverness of verbal in-fighting.

Without the skillful maneuvers of Mrs. Hundley and Dr. Cobb—and Senator Edward Brooke—the order to knock down the old Dunbar building would have been swiftly issued, signed, and delivered. Even before the City Council voted, in April of 1975, to raze the building, the Hundley-Cobb forces took their case to the Joint Committee on Landmarks of the National Capital, which represents the mayor's office and two federal agencies. Not only was the committee likely to share their feelings about the history and the architectural character of the building but, as it happened, Mrs. Hundley was on good terms with some of its members. Leaving nothing to chance, Mrs. Hundley approached Dr. Letitia Brown, vice-chairman of the joint committee (who has since died). In late April of 1975, the joint committee voted to place the old Dunbar building on the list of Washington's historic landmarks. As everyone knew, the joint committee had no power to prevent the demolition of any building it had designated a landmark, but its decision had the effect of delaying demolition, since no landmark building could be torn down until the joint committee had made a study and passed its recommendations on to the State Historic Preservation Officer, Lorenzo Jacobs, Jr. As the Hundley-Cobb forces realized, this would take time, and as long as there was time their chances would still be alive.

Early in 1976 the city—fortified by the eight-month-old City Council decision in favor of demolition—moved to have the building torn down. The application was referred to the State Historic Preservation Officer. At this point, Mr. Jacobs called a public hearing on the matter, but before doing so he called upon the Joint Committee on Landmarks for its advice. Replying on February 19, 1976, the joint committee stated that destruction of the building "would be contrary to the public interest," and asked that any decision concerning demolition be delayed. With this recommendation before him, Jacobs convened a public hearing, on March 22nd.

It was Dr. W. Montague Cobb who got up to make the main presentation in behalf of his old school. This is part of what he said:

> The significance of the old Dunbar building to this community, to the country, and to the world is as a symbol of black excellence. It should stand forever as evidence of the quality of educational achievement which can be built up from nothing and forge its way through all kinds of obstacles. It would be a terrible indictment of the Board of Education and the legislative and executive arms of our city government if they were to allow this symbol of black excellence to be destroyed.... Could it be that our elected community leaders are afraid of anything that associates intellectual excellence with blacks?... Responsible municipal bodies should not permit the private prejudices of some of their members to obtrude upon sound judgment, which demands respect for what their predecessors accomplished against greater odds than they face. Rather, they should let concrete evidence of prior achievement stand, and see how well they can do.

The day after the hearing, Jacobs made this ruling:

> The State Historic Preservation Officer is of the opinion that the demolition of the building should be delayed for 180 days to permit him and the professional review committee to negotiate with the owner or owners of the building and civic groups, public agencies, and interested citizens, to find a means of preserving the building.

During the hundred-and-eighty-day delay, the rival groups entered the negotiations Jacobs had ordered. As it turned out, however, the proceedings were not conducted in a very conciliatory spirit. Apparently, the two sides failed to reason together, and this was because the battle lines had remained fiercely drawn. Two statements illustrate the unyielding attitude that both camps took into the meetings. Before the sessions began, one of the defenders of the old building was heard to say, "They'll never tear down Dunbar. Why, everybody who is anybody has gone to Dunbar." And while the discussions were going on a member of the opposing faction said to me, "The building has to come down, it must come down, and it is going to come down." The speaker went on to suggest that people in the community were prepared to do something about it. No elaboration on this point was offered, but I formed the impression that he was alluding to the possibility of arson—as a last resort.

Of course, the great majority of the anti-Dunbar forces did not feel that such an extreme measure would be necessary. Because of their positions, they could not support so violent an alternative, and, because of their power, they didn't have to. One of their leaders was Mayor Walter Washington. The fact that his wife was a graduate of the old Dunbar did not prevent him from agreeing that the building should come down. Other leaders were on the City Council, and still others were on the Board of Education. And if further support was needed the Reverend Walter Fauntroy, the District of Columbia's delegate to the House of Representatives, could be counted on. In other words, the machinery of home rule in Washington was strongly behind—or in the vanguard of—the movement to get rid of the old school building. So among most participants in this movement there was no need to fear that the dispute would require the intervention of the torch.

The small band of pro-Dunbar alumni were not without confidence of their own, and it was not unsoundly based. It was an overstatement to say that everybody who was anybody had gone to Dunbar. It might have been true in the old days, but by the nineteen-seventies such a claim could no longer stand, except as a wishful figure of speech. The pro-Dunbar partisans knew, however, that a few key positions of influence in Washington were held by people who had attended the school in the years of its greatness and who had no desire to see the old building disappear. There were at least two strong cards, in two powerful places, that these partisans had not yet played. One of these places was the District's Superior Court. Some of the black judges on the court—among them James A. Washington, Jr., Norma

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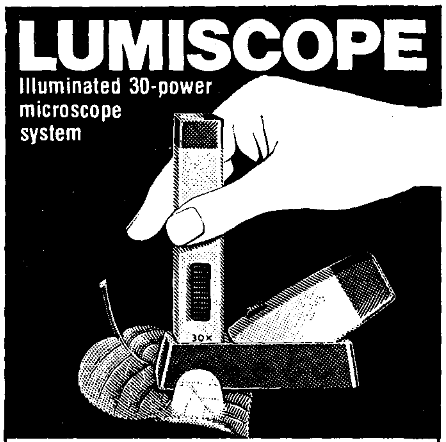

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Holloway Johnson, and John D. Fauntleroy—were graduates of the school. If the negotiations ended in defeat for the Dunbar forces, their plan was to take their case to the Superior Court. They felt that the issue might well come before one of their fellows on the bench, and in that event it was inconceivable that the decision would go against them. But should things not work out that way, they still had their second, and more powerful, card. That was Senator Edward Brooke. They had been given to understand that the Senator would further use his position to block the funds needed to finance demolition.

When the hundred-and-eighty-day period ended, in late September, the pro-Dunbar elements had in fact been defeated. The position of their opponents had been upheld in the negotiations, and the path was virtually cleared for the city to go ahead and destroy the building as soon as it was vacated. At this point, the Dunbar people put their first ace into play. Hayden C. Johnson, an attorney who had graduated from Dunbar in 1926—and whose father, Dr. John Hayden Johnson, a former vice-president of Washington's Board of Education, had attended the school when it was on M Street—filed for an injunction to restrain the city from demolishing the building. Soon, however, the prospects for the plaintiffs began to seem less hopeful. Their case did not come before one of the Dunbar graduates on the court but before Chief Judge Harold Greene, who was not even black.

Their fears were unjustified—for a while. In April of 1977, Judge Greene granted a temporary injunction. According to a report in the Washington *Post*, Greene's ruling was based upon a section of the District of Columbia building code which requires the city "to make a good faith effort to hear and consider views of civic groups, public agencies and interested citizens on possible alternatives to demolition." In his opinion, the city had not engaged in "meaningful negotiations" during the hundred-and-eighty-day period.

Following Judge Greene's order, another round of negotiations began. Now, more heavily than ever, the burden was on the Dunbar forces not only to argue the cultural and historical significance of the building but also to show convincingly that there were indeed alternative uses to which it could be put. They did the first well enough—no one could have done better—but they failed entirely on the second. As a result, in June, Judge Greene was obliged to lift the injunction he had granted in April. He was now satisfied that meaningful negotiations had been held, and the city was once more free to do as it pleased with the building.

It was at this time that the Dunbar alumni decided to play their last ace. But it turned out not to be the trump they had imagined. Senator Brooke could not block the funds needed for demolition. The city was in a position to demolish the old school by using funds that had already been appropriated for other purposes but not spent, and to do this they needed the approval *only of a Senate subcommittee*—a subcommittee of which Senator Brooke was not a member. (If the funds had not already been appropriated, the city's request would have gone before a Senate committee on which Brooke did sit.) In any event, the demolition crew began to move in.

The fight was over. The plucky struggle to save the remains of a beloved old institution had been lost. The building was vacated in April, when classes moved into the ultra-modern structure next door. Demolition took place during July. Phyllis Beckwith, who had been principal since 1970, and who had argued for the razing of the building, will not be at Dunbar to see the playing field she wanted in its place. In August of 1977, she resigned, and assumed an administrative position at the Board of Education. The new principal is a man named Thomas Harper. All signs of the old order—at least in these precincts—had vanished.

AFTER the wreckers' ball had finished its work, I spoke again with Mrs. Hundley and Dr. Cobb. They were beaten but did not sound vanquished. Spunky as ever, Mrs. Hundley came out swinging. "What these people did to our building is a disgrace to home rule in Washington, D.C.," she said. That statement may have bordered upon being a low blow to Washington's new black power structure, but Mrs. Hundley probably reasoned that she now owed nothing to rules that had served her cause so poorly. When she had calmed down a bit, she continued, "At the very least, it desecrates the past of those who led the way in higher education for colored people. But I know what we did at that school, and no one will be able to take that from us. It is the children I'm sorry for. What do they have now to measure themselves against?"

Dr. Cobb was bereaved in more ways than one. His old school was gone, and, in the months since our first meeting, his wife, who had been ill, had died. He had lost one home and was virtually alone in another. But he was his usual suave and controlled self—still indulging his taste for elegant diction, the shapely phrase, and odd morsels of learning. "The new building is a monstrosity, and that's all I'll permit myself to say about it," he declared. "I'm concerned chiefly with the loss of the old building and what the loss signifies. In his 'Saint Joan,' Shaw said something to the effect that superior ability itself terrifies. It is clear to me that that is what happened here in Washington. Our opponents were terrified by the superior accomplishments for which the old Dunbar was famous. They kept saying that Dunbar was an élite school, and that such a thing has no place in the world of today. I'm not able to say whether they are right on the second point, but I'm quite sure they are wrong on the first. It is not my impression that ours was an élite school. Dunbar stood for something that is more important than élitism. That something is excellence. The school cared passionately for excellence. And I'm afraid I'm too old to find any merit in the view that excellence has no further place in our time. I happen to be reading an issue of *Science* magazine in which a writer argues against the abolition of standards. He makes the point that it is the establishment of standards that brings mediocrity up. I leave it for you to judge what this says for the old and the new Dunbar. I will end on this point, however: The building is gone, but its spirit will live on among those of us who cherish its past. Perhaps a handful of the present students will find a way to be inspired by what the school once was and what we did when we went there."

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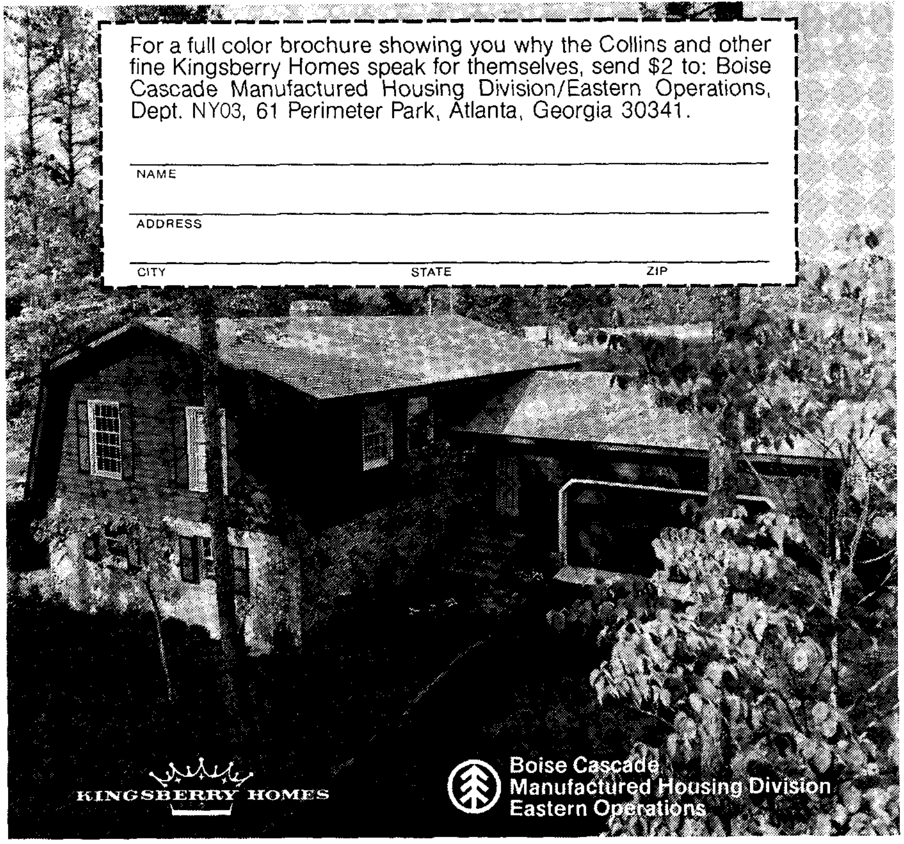

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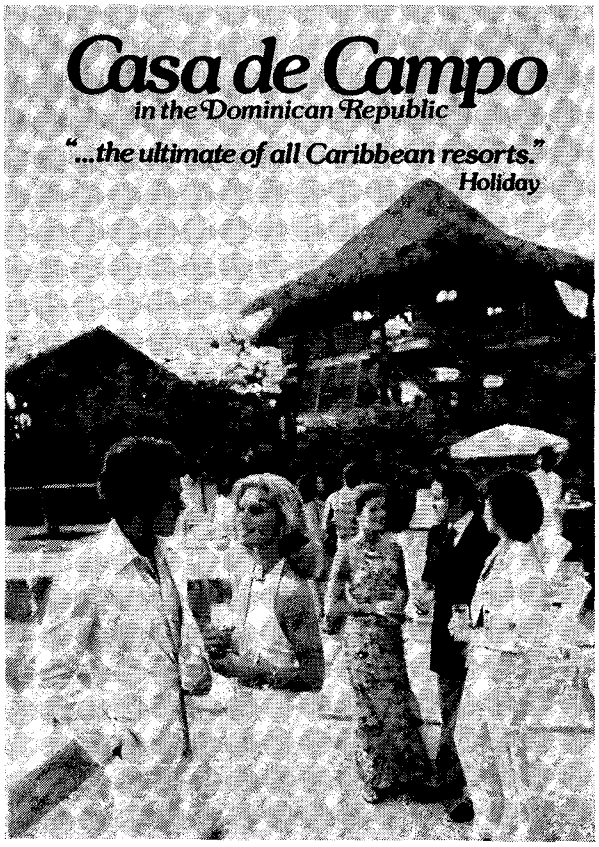

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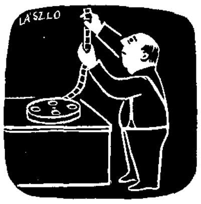
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shivers

THERE'S an ecstatic element in Brian De Palma's new thriller "The Fury": he seems to extend the effects he's playing with about as far as he can without losing control. This inferno comedy is perched right on the edge. It may be to De Palma what "The Wild Bunch" was to Peckinpah. You feel he never has to make another horror movie. To go on would mean trying to kill people in ever more photogenically horrific ways, and he's already got two killings in "The Fury" which go so far beyond anything in his last film, "Carrie," that that now seems like child's play. There's a potency about the murders here—as if De Palma were competing with himself, saying "You thought 'Carrie' was frightening? Look at this!" He's not a great storyteller; he's careless about giving the audience its bearings. But De Palma is one of the few directors in the sound era to make a horror film that is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world. Inside that world, transfixed, we can hear the faint, distant sound of De Palma cackling with pleasure.



Most other directors save the lives of the kind, sympathetic characters; De Palma shatters any Pollyanna thoughts—any expectations that a person's goodness will protect him. He goes past Hitchcock's perversity into something gleefully kinky. In "Carrie," he built a two-way tension between our hope that the friendless, withdrawn, telekinetic heroine would be able to sustain her Cinderella happiness at the school prom and our dread of what we feared was coming. De Palma builds up our identification with the very characters who will be destroyed, or become destroyers, and some people identified so strongly with Carrie that they couldn't laugh—they felt hurt and betrayed. "The Fury" doesn't have the beautiful simplicity of the Cinderella's-revenge plot of "Carrie," and it doesn't involve us emotionally in such a basic way; it's a far more hallucinatory film.

The script, which John Farris adapted from his novel, is about two teenagers, spiritual twins who have met only telepathically. They are superior beings; in a primitive tribe, we are told, they would have become the prophets, the magicians, the healers. In modern civilization, they become the prisoners of a corrupt government (ours), which seeks to use them for espionage, and treats them impersonally, as secret weapons. In the opening scenes, set on a beach in Israel, the psychic boy, Robin (Andrew Stevens), is captured by an agent, Childress (John Cassavetes). The picture deals with the efforts of Robin's father, Peter Sandza (Kirk Douglas), to find him. The search centers in Chicago, where Sandza enlists the help of the psychic girl, Gillian (Amy Irving). Douglas gives a creditable professional-powerhouse performance; his quest has a routine action-film quality, though, and doesn't affect us emotionally. Once again, the suffering center of a De Palma film is a young girl. Amy Irving (she was the chestnut-haired, troubled Sue Snell, the survivor of the prom, in "Carrie") brings a tremulous quality to "The Fury;" she's lyrical in the most natural way. The script is cheap gothic espionage occultism; she humanizes it. Both Gillian and Robin have the power to zap people with their minds. Gillian is trying to cling to her sanity—she doesn't want to hurt anyone. And, knowing that her power is out of her conscious control, she's terrified of her own secret rages. There's a little of the young Sylvia Sidney in Amy Irving's apprehensive, caught-in-the-glare-of-headlights beauty. Her sense of alarm makes us feel that real lives are at stake. With her blue, heavy-lidded almond eyes, she can look like an Asiatic princess in a fairy tale or a mask of tragedy. Farris's complicated, rickety plot doesn't give Robin an opportunity to demonstrate his prodigious gifts before Childress corrupts them. And it doesn't develop the core relationship of Robin and Gillian, so that we'd feel her need to get to him (and to avenge him). This film's dark, symphonic terror might seem almost abstract if Amy Irving weren't there all the way through, to hold it together. De Palma's virtuosity and her unaffected performance play off against each other, to the great advantage of both.

There's a third major collaborator: Richard H. Kline, whose deep-toned, velvety cinematography keeps the whole movie vibrating. Kline, who shot "King Kong," knows how to light to create hyperbolic imagery; scenes such as a telepathic vision on a staircase and gunfire on the streets at night have the lustre of a binful of garnets, amethysts, cat's-eyes. The compositions have so much depth and heavy shadow that objects stand out as if they were in 3-D; one can touch the metallic sheen of the cars, respond to Robin as a sculptural presence (he's shot to resemble Donatello's David). There's also a fourth major collaborator: John Williams, who has composed what may be as apt and delicately varied a score as any horror movie has ever had. He scares us without banshee melodramatics. He sets the mood under the opening titles: otherworldly, seductively frightening. The music cues us in. This isn't going to be a gross horror film; it's visionary, science-fiction horror. De Palma is the reverse side of the coin from Spielberg. "Close Encounters" gives us the comedy of hope, "The Fury" the comedy of cruelly dashed hope. With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh.

Obviously, De Palma was offered this project because Robin and Gillian have telekinetic powers, like Carrie's, and, just as obviously, although he uses some effects similar to those in "Carrie," he's too original not to have embroidered them and turned them into something different. The violence is presented in such a stylized, aestheticized way that it transcends violence. When Peter Sandza is in a commandeered Cadillac at night in a pea-soup fog and the cars chasing him go up in balls of flame, the scene is so spectacularly beautiful that it hardly matters if one doesn't know why he sends his car flying into Lake Michigan; maybe he's just blowing off steam—having a destruction orgy because De Palma felt that this flourish was *visually* necessary to complete the sequence. There is a joke involving an amusement-park ride which is surely one of the great perverse visual gags of all time; one knows exactly what's going on, yet here, too, one is struck by the languorous richness of the scene. The joke itself has been aestheticized. Most directors are so afraid of losing our attention that if two people are sitting together talking we're not allowed to see what's happening around them. De Palma pans around the rooms and landscapes slowly—a Godardian ploy—to give us more and more to look at, and to key up our expectations. He doesn't quite make good on his promises: he doesn't provide the crucial actions—the payoffs—within the circling, enlarging movements. But the expansiveness is essential, because of the stodgy dialogue; he anticipates the boredom of the ear by providing excitement for the eye.

No other director shows such clear-cut development in technique from film to film. In camera terms, De Palma was learning fluid, romantic steps in "Obsession;" he started to move his own way in "Carrie"—swirling and figure skating, sensuously. You could still see the calculation. Now he has stopped worrying about the steps. He's caught up with his instructors—with Welles in "Touch of Evil," with Scorsese in "Mean Streets." What distinguishes De Palma's visual style is smoothness combined with a jazzy willingness to appear crazy or campy; it could be that he's developing one of the great film styles—a style in which he stretches out suspense while grinning his notorious alligator grin. He has such a grip on technique in "The Fury" that you get the sense of a director who cares about little else; there's a frightening total purity in his fixation on the humor of horror. It makes the film seem very peaceful, even as one's knees are shaking.

"The Fury" isn't tightly structured; there are rising and falling waves of suspense, and De Palma's visual rhythms outpace the story. (Sometimes the characters talk as if they hadn't noticed that the movie has gone past what they're saying.) Randall Jarrell once quoted some lines from Whitman and commented, "There are faults in this passage and they *do not matter*." The visual poetry of "The Fury" is so strong that its narrative and verbal inadequacies *do not matter*. No Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences.

Carrie Snodgress returns to the screen in the role of Hester, Peter Sandza's lover and confederate; she's so pale and thin-faced that she's unrecognizable until one registers her eyes and hears that purring, husky voice of hers which seems to come out of furrowed vocal cords. Her plaintive, low-pitched normality helps "The Fury" to touch the ground now and then; fortunately, she goes out of the picture in a tense, slow-motion death-knell sequence that does her full honor. Fiona Lewis, who plays the woman Childress assigns to watch over Robin and satisfy his sexual needs, is not so lucky; she goes out of the picture in perhaps the most gothic way that any beloved has ever been dispatched by her lover. Her exit is topped only by that of Childress, and this is where De

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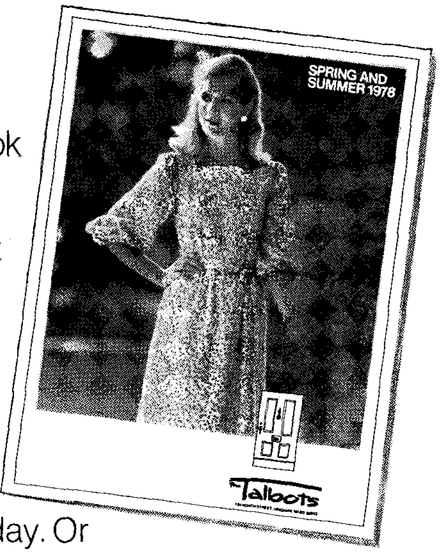

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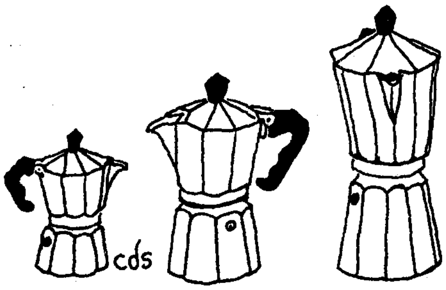
Palma shows his evil grin, because we are implicated in this murderousness: we want it, just as we wanted to see the bitchy Chris get hers in "Carrie." Cassavetes is an ideal villain (as he was in "Rosemary's Baby")—sullenly indifferent to anything but his own interests. He's so right for Childress that one regrets that there wasn't a real writer around to provide dialogue that would match his gloomy, viscous nastiness. He's been endowed with a Dr. Strangelove dead arm in a black sling (and there's a nice touch: his dead arm hurts), but only his end is worthy of him. This finale—a parody of Antonioni's apocalyptic vision at the close of "Zabriskie Point"—is the greatest finish for any villain ever. One can imagine Welles, Peckinpah, Scorsese, and Spielberg still stunned, bowing to the ground, choking with laughter.

IN the early fifties, a Cleveland disc jockey, Alan Freed, built a following of black listeners by playing rhythm-and-blues records produced by small companies for the "race" market; the driving beat and shouting, screaming, raving voices caught on with white teen-agers, too, and his nightly "Moondog Rock 'n' Roll Party" became a key element in the youth subculture. Freed is generally credited with having invented the term "rock 'n' roll;" in fact, he successfully filed a copyright on it. In 1954, New York's WINS decided to feature rock, and signed him up. Freed introduced the new mixture of rhythm-and-blues with country-and-Western to thousands of teen-agers in the late fifties, and they flocked to the three films he appeared in and to the live, interracial shows he produced and m.c.'d, which were generally staged in movie palaces. He became the kingpin in the world of selling rock 'n' roll records to teen-agers, and there's another term that he's associated with—"payola." A famous example: when a record of the Chuck Berry song that became known as "Maybellene" was sent to Freed, he arranged to receive twenty-five per cent of the writer's credit; then he played "Maybellene" on the air, and played it and played it. Freed got into trouble with the law in 1958: there was a riot after one of his presentations in Boston—somebody got stabbed and a dozen or so people were assaulted and robbed. He weathered that mess, but in 1960 a House subcommittee looked into corrupt practices in the record industry, and he was indicted for accepting $30,650 from six companies to play their records; in 1962, he pleaded guilty and received a six-month sentence, which was suspended. He died in Palm Springs, California, in 1965, at the age of forty-two, of uremia.

Alan Freed (played by Tim McIntire) is the hero of "American Hot Wax"—one of the smartest hustles ever perpetrated on the youth market. Freed is presented as a martyr to the cause of rock 'n' roll. The puritan meanies who don't want kids to have any fun are out to destroy him; these racist bigots particularly don't want to see black and white kids enjoying themselves together, and they'll stop at nothing to get him. The heroic, driven, fearless friend-to-youth Freed is Lenny Bruce with a clean mouth. He's so righteous he's Buford Pusser in the world of pop music; the picture should have been called "Spinning Tall."

The moviemakers—the director, Floyd Mutrux; the producer, Art Linson; the screenwriter, John Kaye—have set about their mythmaking in a singularly clear-eyed manner. In Mutrux's last film, "Aloha, Bobby and Rose" (which he both wrote and directed), Tim McIntire played a generous Texan named Buford, and the suggestions of Pusser here seem calibrated for the rural audience that makes hits of the vigilante movies and the Burt Reynolds chase comedies. In casting McIntire, with his tiny features and puffy cheeks (he could be Jackie Gleason's younger brother), the moviemakers have contrived to turn a Jewish disc jockey who became a New York phenomenon into a good ol' boy. They've covered themselves: there are just enough details in the film—such as Freed's being upset by his father's refusal to accept money from him, Freed's offering to buy a mansion and not worrying about the price, Freed's refusing to sign an affidavit that says he has never accepted money or gifts—so that they could claim they haven't whitewashed him. But, of course, they have: their Alan Freed may live in a society in which disc jockeys are only human, and he may not always be within the law, but in everything that counts he's pure—he never betrays youth or rock 'n' roll.



The moviemakers should have had more trust in the fifties-rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie *except* this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. That includes McIntire's performance. He creates a layered character inside the myth. Freed is weary, omniscient, and slightly uninvolved—a man who sacrifices himself because he doesn't care enough to save himself; he's tinny and self-pitying in the show-biz manner of obnoxious, depressing comedians. What makes "American Hot Wax" so entertaining is the unashamed tackiness of a milieu in which people's minds aren't violated by ideas. The fast-talking lapel grabbers who rush in and out simply want success and fun. (It's what used to be a B-movie milieu.) Mutrux has a feeling for the crass, pop surfaces of things, for the energetic seediness and the too bright smiles of the singers and agents and managers and promo men and assorted hangers-on who clamor for Freed's attention. They surround him at the radio station, at the recording studio; they gang up on him in hallways and outer offices, and they wait for him on the street. The supplicants run the gamut of show-business types; there's even a sisters act, and the younger girl—she looks like an eight-year-old Gilda Radner—is so dead set on stardom she won't stop belting out her music when the audition is over.

Freed's unabashedly shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is in the middle of the congestion—noisily adding to it. (Jean Harlow might have been her voice teacher.) Sheryl has a blank, open, pretty face with nothing in reserve; she swings her full skirts and proudly explains how she coördinates her clothes for work (she picks them out the night before). Sheryl's happy ordinariness runs along the edges of Freed's maudlin martyrdom, and the edges are the life of the film. Fran Drescher, who played the bit part of Connie in "Saturday Night Fever," was born in 1957 and was first runner-up to Miss New York City Teenager of 1973, when she was fifteen. As Sheryl, she suggests a nasal fifties version of the appealingly vacuous friend-of-the-heroine parts that Lucille Ball used to play in the mid-thirties. But Sheryl isn't contrasted with a middle-class ingenue who speaks in dulcet tones. She's the only love interest in the movie, and Mookie (Jay Leno), Freed's shovel-faced driver, who doesn't know how to court her except by teasing her, keeps her shrieking in outrage; the two of them flirt and bicker constantly—this solves the

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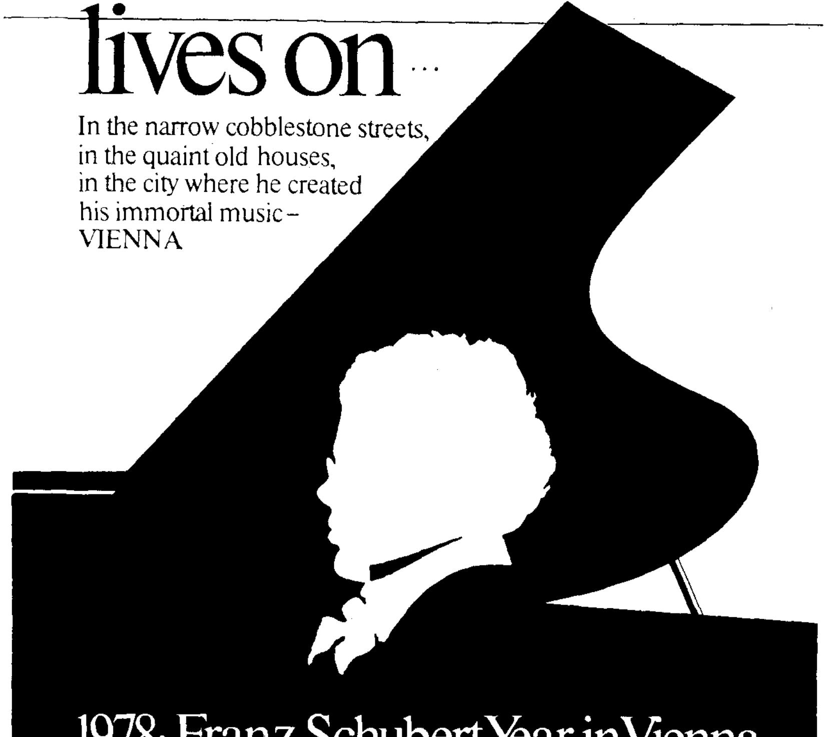

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problem of how to have a love story without conventional romantic scenes. She's all perfect curls, and he's got his slicked-down Presley ducktail. The way Jay Leno plays Mookie, he's like a dogface soldier who's done his basic training in coffeehouse comedy.

The film toys with the conventions of musicals, good-naturedly, half parodistically. The standard earnest young composer who is discovered and set on the path to success is replaced by Laraine Newman as Teenage Louise, a bobby-soxer composer. Newman's stylized emphatic way of speaking her lines gives them a comic twist, and when Louise teaches a song she's written to four young black men she meets on the sidewalk outside the radio station, and they start to harmonize on her material, the song turns into a spoof of countless "improvised" routines in earlier movies. At other points, such as in dealing with a twelve-year-old boy (Moosie Drier) who's president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members), Mutrux dances on a satirical tightrope. He's helped by John Kaye's dialogue; Kaye (who also did the script of "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins") writes a subtle form of verbal slapstick—people having normal conversations sound as if they'd shorted a few circuits.

Mutrux has worked with the same cinematographer, William A. Fraker, on three pictures now, and they must have a good accord, because Fraker does less of his usual lyric blur; the contrasts are sharper, and there's more going on within the frames. Fraker keeps "American Hot Wax" from having the drabness of the old B musicals centering on the world of radio. When Freed is in the outer room of the recording studio listening to a group cutting a record, we see the group through a glass wall, with the responses of Freed and his entourage reflected on it. In the last part of the film, when Freed puts on a big rock 'n' roll show at the Brooklyn Paramount (it was actually shot in L.A. at the Wiltern Theatre, with its signs changed), the backstage activity and the numbers are shot in such high spirits that the intrusion of the story line seems an insult.

Up until the big show, the editing has been fast and snappy, and the short scenes have been just long enough. But during this show, when the music should mount in excitement, the editing style doesn't change, and the great performers are edited into short sequences just like everybody else. Chuck Berry, singing "Reelin' and Rockin' " and doing his duck walk while playing his gui-

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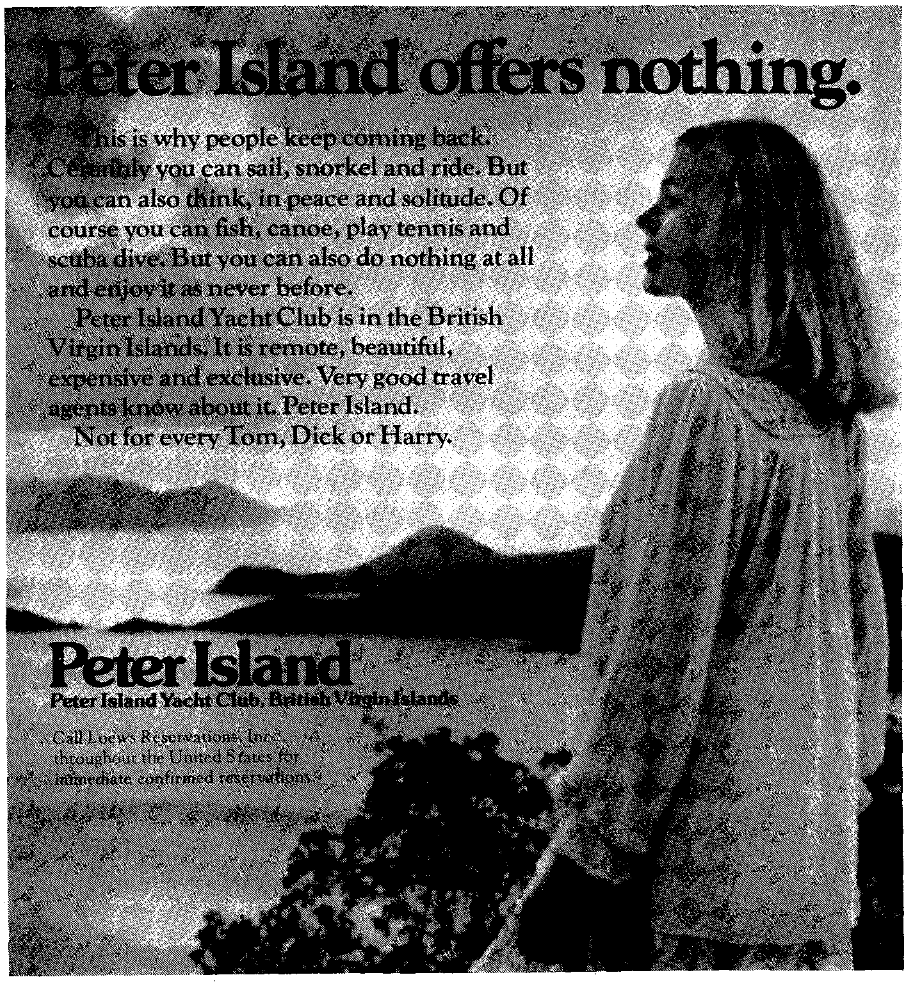

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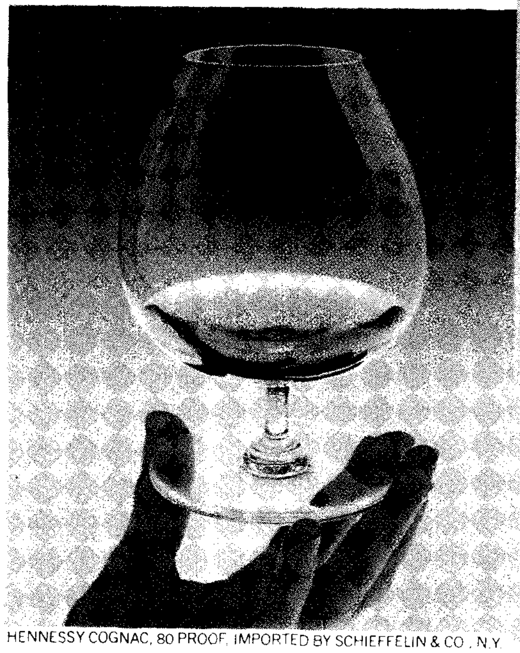

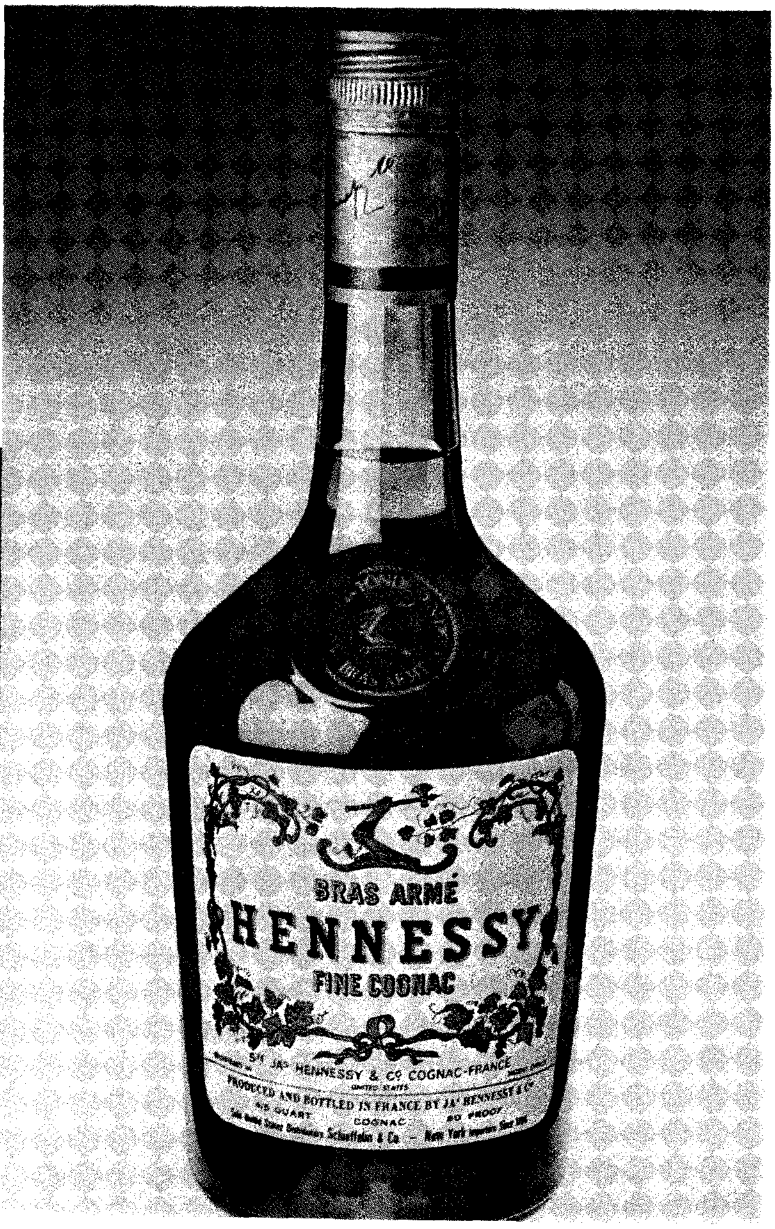
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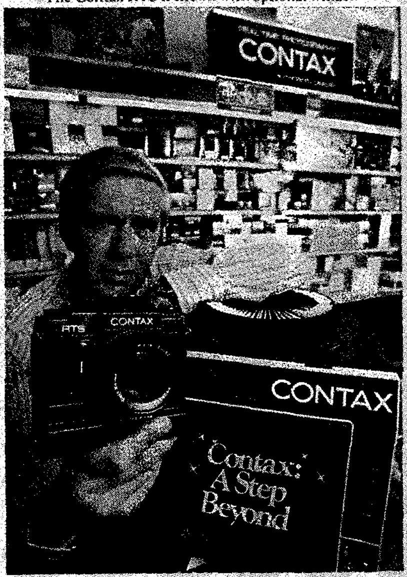

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tar, is followed by the raunchy white Louisianian Jerry Lee Lewis punching the piano and singing. The kids in the audience at the Paramount are dancing in the aisles by now—happy interracial dancing, out of fantasyland—and backstage the head villain, the D.A. (John Lehne), is about to close down the show, because in his view Freed is making the kids "behave like animals." And Freed delivers these saintly lines: "Look, you can close the show. You can stop me. But you never can stop rock 'n' roll." Wearing this jive halo, he rushes into the pandemonium that follows the D.A.'s action, scoops up the little president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club, who is about to be trampled, and carries him to safety. The sham is so obvious that viewers may enjoy the hokiness, but the moviemakers must have gone past what they could stomach; they tossed in an abrupt ending—a few "American Graffiti"-style titles indicating that Freed was taken off the air. They flubbed their heartbreak finish. But it's a super B movie.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR may be generous enough to forgive the director Harold Prince and the cinematographer Arthur Ibbetson for what they've done to her—out of the innocence of incompetence—in "A Little Night Music." But she may not be able to forgive herself for the sad fact that she can't get by in the role of a famous stage actress—not with her little-girl-with-a-cold-in-her-nose voice and her sloppy carriage. How is "A Little Night Music"? Well, it's a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. This film is an adaptation of the Broadway show "A Little Night Music" (also directed by Harold Prince), which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's fin-de-siècle love roundelay "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. The attempt at stylization results in pale-pink interiors that look like rooms in a doll's house, and there's a dear sweet young girl with a voice that's a piercing reminder of Julie Andrews.

The camera angles weren't planned in terms of how the film could be edited, and whoever put the scenes together seems to be yelping in despair. The images jump back and forth, from one humiliated frozen face to another. The actors' flesh tones recall Marlon Brando's alternately yellowish and grayish-pink complexion in "A Countess from Hong Kong" (also shot by Arthur Ibbetson). This picture has been made as if Harold Prince had never *seen* a movie. Two of the performers survive: Diana Rigg, because even though her comedy expertise sticks out a little too much in the crawling, dragging scenes, she has great chest tones in her whoops and honks; and Lesley-Anne Down, who is so lusciously, ripely beautiful in her peach-blond wig that her trained, accomplished acting suggests an intelligent form of self-respect. Rigg and Down actually manage to get a performance rhythm going in a few of their scenes. But you know what you're in for near the beginning when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." Do people really enjoy Stephen Sondheim's sour sentimentality—songs like "Every Day a Little Death"? The punks are cheerful by comparison.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.

• •

Last May General Motors recalled 2.2 million 1976 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Cadillacs and GMC trucks. They were called back because the power brakes didn't work right when temperatures dropped below zero. I've got a 1976 Chevy Impala but GM never sent me a recall notice. Is this because I live in warm and sunny South Florida?—H. G. B., Stuart

Nope. In 1976 GM produced mor of rower brake work. All vehicle identification numberyour Impala to any Chevy dealer and giving the dealer your vehicle identification number. The dealer will pick up his telephone and hook in to GM's computer. The machine will know if your carach to their liquid terrazo cleaner until they read the label on the cleaner bottle. If there's ammonia in the cleaning liquid, don't add bleach. The combination produces chlorine gas and it's toxic.—M. Weiss, Miami Beach

—*"Action Line" in the Miami Herald.*

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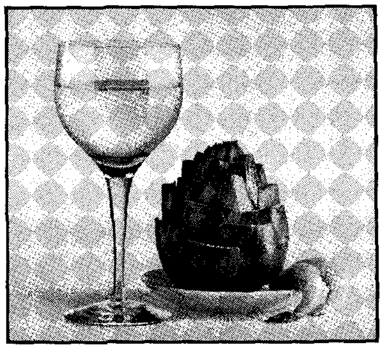

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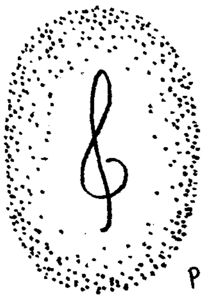
MUSICAL EVENTS

Alphabet of the Stars

"THE 'Rite of Spring' of our day" and "the best concert of the season" are accolades as imprecise and meaningless as, say, "the best concerto since the 'Emperor' " and "the greatest tenor in the world." But if I had to bestow them on a large-scale orchestral work composed since the war and on one concert of the current New York season, they would go unhesitatingly to Pierre Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli (Portrait de Mallarmé)" and to the Carnegie Hall concert last month at which Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble gave "Pli Selon Pli" its American première. "Pli" was acclaimed as a towering masterpiece after its first full performances in 1962 and has dominated the contemporary orchestral repertory ever since. But in America none of the great orchestras have played it; nor, for that matter, any of the lesser orchestras. No student orchestras have tackled it. Until last month, we had to make do with the Columbia disc of the piece, recorded in 1969 by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under the composer. But "Pli Selon Pli" needs to be entered as a living landscape. The printed score is a map of its domain, the disc an account of just one journey through it—a journey recorded in fine, clear detail, it is true, but in two dimensions. At the Carnegie Hall performance, "Pli Selon Pli" was alive, and it was good to be living with and within it. The poet, Mallarmé said, sets down black on white; "he does not write, luminously, on a dim ground, the alphabet of the stars." But the musician can write in such an alphabet—or so it seems when his black-on-white pages are turned into luminous sound.



"Pli Selon Pli" lasts an hour. It has five movements: "Don," "Improvisations sur Mallarmé" I, II, and III, and "Tombeau." The outer movements are for fairly large orchestra (respectively, forty-eight and thirty-seven players); "Don" begins and "Tombeau" ends with an isolated line from a Mallarmé sonnet, sung by a soprano soloist. The central Improvisation is for soprano and nine players; I and III are for soprano and, respectively, thirty-five and twenty-six players. In I and II, Mallarmé sonnets are sung; in III, just the first three lines of one. Because of the varied instrumental distributions—seven percussionists in "Don," eight violas in Improvisation I, etc.—fifty-six players are needed in all. The composition extended over some five years. Improvisations I and II ("Le Vierge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui" and "Une Dentelle S'Abolit") appeared and were published in 1958; "Le Vierge" at that time used just seven players (harp, vibraphone, bells, and four percussion), and "Une Dentelle" nine (piano and celesta joined the ensemble). Both pieces were widely performed by adventurous chamber ensembles. "Tombeau" was first done in Donaueschingen in 1959, in memory of Prince Max-Egon zu Fürstenberg, the founder and patron of the Donaueschingen Festival; it was extended in 1960 and again in 1962, and published in 1971. "Don" was first played by the composer as a piano solo at the 1960 ISCM Festival in Cologne, in an interim performance of a work billed for the first time as "Pli Selon Pli (Portrait de Mallarmé)." But that first version of "Don" disappeared into the chamber piece "Éclat," later expanded into "Éclats-Multiples," and a new "Don," for orchestra, using some of the material of the piano solo, appeared in 1961 and was published in 1967. Also in 1961, the first Improvisation was rescored and expanded. (The score has just been published.) Meanwhile, between 1958 and 1960 the sections of Improvisation III ("À la Nue Accablante Tu") had been composed; they remain unpublished.

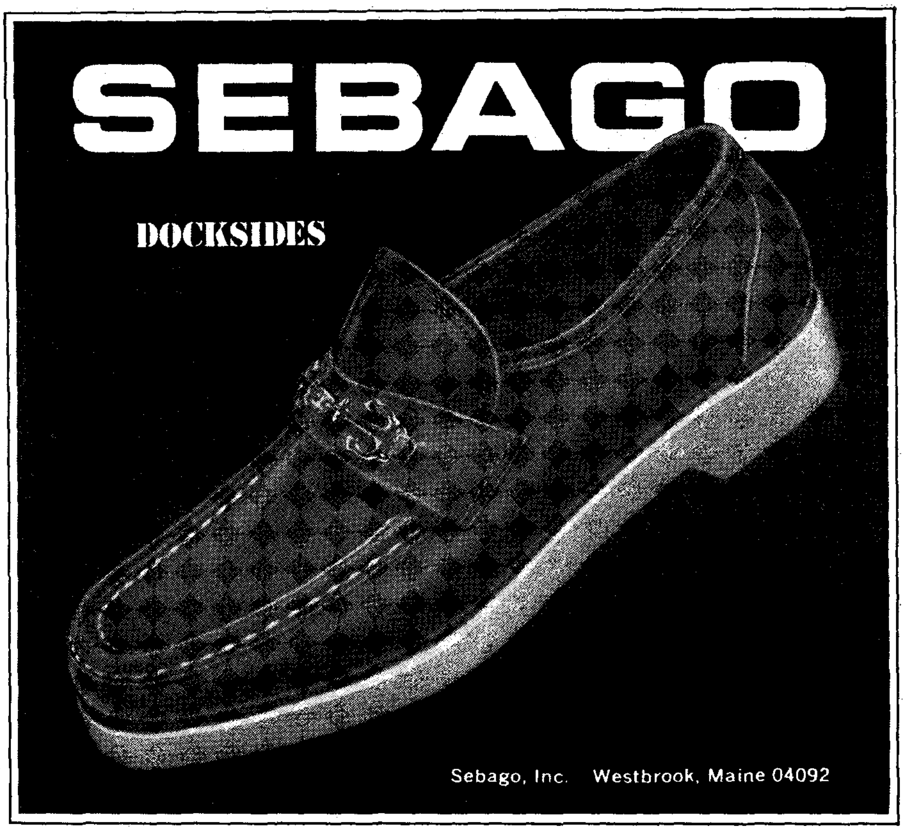
Fold upon fold, in various performances from 1960 onward, the growing work was revealed. It reached its present form in 1962, at the Holland and Darmstadt Festivals. In 1965, it was heard at the Edinburgh Festival, played by the Hamburg Radio Orchestra. In 1966, a scheduled London première, by the BBC Orchestra under Boulez, was reduced to the first three movements; the players had not been able to master the whole piece to the composer's satisfaction. The BBC gave several performances of the whole work in 1969—in its regular concert series, on a European tour, at a Prom, and in the recording studio. And for his farewell concert as chief conductor of the BBC Symphony, at a 1975 Prom, Boulez chose "Pli Selon Pli." That year, the piece was also played by the student orchestra of the Royal College of Music.

"UN *coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard*." A throw of the dice will never do away with chance. Mallarmé's hard saying—set out, with many parentheses and qualifications, as one of his most important poems—was much quoted in those years, about 1955 to 1965, when aleatory music (from "*aleator*," a dice player) was a cause to be debated, defended, attacked. In 1957, Boulez published his famous essay "Alea," in which he suggests—to reduce a subtle argument to a crude summary—that an aleatory composer should load his dice so as to keep some control of the chance possibilities among which his performer or performers are allowed to choose. In the first, fourth, and fifth movements of "Pli Selon Pli," there are some limited options for the interpreters: antiphonal exchanges at the end of "Don" which may be ordered in any of six different ways; alternative vocal lines in "À la Nue Accablante Tu," and a very intricate network of alternative episodes; and an ad-libitum tempo for the coda of "Tombeau." Something, not much, is left to careful choice, and nothing to blind chance. The last line of "Un Coup de Dés" proclaims that "*toute pensée émet un coup de dés.*"

In a preface, Mallarmé explains that he has set out his lines of verse (spaced across two pages at a time, in types of differing weight and size) in a fashion that can serve anyone who reads them aloud as a kind of musical score, distinguishing between principal and secondary motifs, suggesting tempi and rhythms, and indicating whether inflections should rise or fall. Not only for its reflections upon chance but in several other ways "Un Coup de Dés" provides the best introduction to "Pli Selon Pli." The poet (writing in 1897) intimates that he has here reclaimed for letters certain literary devices that music has taken up and developed: placing images or motifs ("prismatic subdivisions of the Idea") precisely in space and in time; defining the instant of their appearance and their duration "within an exact spiritual mise-en-scène;" making clear "their variable distance, near or far, from the hidden conductor wire" of the text. Syntax and typography conspire to create music's effects of rubato ("*d'accélérer tantôt et de ralentir le mouvement*"), of *Hauptstimme* and *Nebenstimme*, of counterpoint, of themes recapitulated, extended, or suddenly abandoned (*"retraits, prolongements, fuites"*), and yet all this is achieved "leaving intact the ancient verse line, to which I ascribe dominion of passion and dreams." Mallarmé does not at all wish to break completely with tradition; he offers his poem not as a sketch but in a "state" where its presentation is "pushed forward in many ways not to the point of obfuscation but far enough to open people's eyes." The genre, he says, may eventually become one like the symphony—different from personal song—in which "to treat for preference (as in the poem that follows) subjects of pure and complex imagination and intellect, which there is no reason to exclude from Poetry: their only source."

Mallarmé is as difficult to translate as James Joyce. When one tries to parse and construe his sentences, the ambiguities encountered are sometimes like those encountered when trying to parse and construe a passage of late-nineteenth-century chromatic harmony. Music has long had the means of, as it were, changing the "case" of a note—the tonic of one phrase becomes the dominant, mediant, or whatever of the next—and of playing syntactical tricks far more complicated than that. Boulez probably went too far (and in a parenthesis allowed his combative youthful contempt for Wagner and for attractive melodies to color his thought) when, in a *Nouvelle Revue Française* essay of 1954, long before any of "Pli" had taken shape, he wrote, "Neither the Mallarmé of the 'Coup de Dés' nor Joyce was paralleled by anything in the music of his own time. . . . (If one thinks of what they loved: the one Wagner, the other Italian opera and Irish songs!)" But, he continued, "to see their investigations as having been marked by a search for a new musical poetics is not illusory." He aimed to create for music a poetic syntax of Mallarméan subtlety and flexibility ("I demand for music the right to parentheses and italics") and to create structures that would not be self-sufficient, closed: "I want the musical work to be not that series of compartments which one must inevitably visit one after the other. I try to think of it as a domain in which, in some manner, one can choose one's own direction."

THERE are creators whose works seem to be installments in the continued creation of a single *"Grand Œuvre"*—Mallarmé's term for the all-inclusive "Livre" he dreamed of writing. And others (Balanchine and Boulez among them) within whose



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œuvres one can discern series of linked, mutually illuminating works, bound more closely than by the customary lines of development from one piece to the next. (Mahler's "Wunderhorn" songs and his first four symphonies form one such series; in a Mallarmé phrase, "*ils s'allument de reflets réciproques comme une virtuelle traînée de feux sur des pierreries.*") Such creators are, on the one hand, constantly revising their earlier works and, on the other, creating new ones in which previous ideas are restated, extended, amplified, and led onward. The former process is illustrated by Boulez's rescorings of "Le Vierge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui" and of his early cantata "Le Soleil des Eaux" (whose latest version he conducted in London this season), the other by the growth of his piano-solo "Don" both into "Éclat" and then "Éclat-Multiples" and into the "Don" that opens "Pli Selon Pli"—or by the flowering of the 1971 epitaph that he wrote for Stravinsky into "...explosante/fixe..." (ten minutes long in 1972, over half an hour in 1973) and by the close relationship of "...explosante/fixe..." to its successor, "Rituel." Ideas of Open Form—both as a domain in which an interpreter can choose his paths and as a structure not so much complete in itself as an "ongoing contribution" to a debate or to a body of congruent musical experiences—were much discussed in the fifties. Composers had been practicing something of the kind since music began. In his great B-minor Mass, his largest choral work, Bach assembled suitable movements from seven cantatas, sacred and secular, written during the two previous decades. Handel was forever repeating or recomposing his own—and other men's—music. Rossini, on a simple level, and Prokofiev, in labyrinthine ways, are "open form" composers. It would be hard to draw strict defining lines between Prokofiev's devices of—like Rossini—getting maximum mileage from a hit number, of salvaging apparently wasted music, of composing new music on existing material, and of recomposing earlier works. Musical compositions, more fortunate in this respect than cathedrals, can undergo adaptation and reconstruction without loss of the original: both the long and the short versions of Prokofiev's Fourth Symphony—and both the chamber and the orchestral versions of Boulez's "Une Dentelle"—are still played. Boulez has not quite said, with Henry Ford, that "history is bunk," but on occasion he has nearly said it. He lives and works in the present, as if the present were all that mattered. What he wrote specifically of Webern studies he demonstrates as a general belief when he conducts works of the past: "They are useful only inasmuch as they have isolated the lines of force active at the present time." He has often declared that "musicians have always been in the rearguard of the revolutions of others." As one who lives his imaginative life in many centuries and can still be excited by hearing, say, what John Taverner and Christopher Tye made of and around the "Westron Wynde" tune more than four centuries ago, I *think* that Boulez is wrong, and that in his explorations he is not only making but also repeating history—doing the kinds of thing that inventive musicians have always done even while advancing into new and uncharted terrain.

Sooner or later, composers seem to decide that an idea can be developed no further or that a work has reached its final form. So far as I know, "Pli Selon Pli" has not been altered in any significant way since 1962. It is now a coherent series of five distinct but related movements, cumulative in effect. The history of its gradual construction is in itself an illustration of its subject. The title is a phrase from a Mallarmé sonnet describing the stone of Bruges revealing itself "fold by fold." In the same way, Boulez says in a program note, "as the five pieces unfold they reveal, fold by fold, a portrait of Mallarmé." The critic of the *Times* dismissed "Pli Selon Pli" after its Carnegie Hall performance as "a dead issue, at best an interesting reminder of the time about twenty years ago when the European music scene was breaking into partisan camps." It *is* such a reminder but also much more than that—and not "at best" that. It is the best piece that came out of those adventurous and prolific years—not just the work in which new techniques were most elegantly and lucidly refined and formulated but the most beautiful, most poetic, richest product of the time. On one level, it is indeed a "portrait of Mallarmé"—and, on another, a portrait of its composer. Maybe it also provides a portrait of anyone who seeks to understand it. (In one of his essays, Boulez quotes with approval the close of Michel Butor's essay on Baudelaire: "Some people may think that, while intending to write about Baudelaire, I have succeeded only in speaking of myself. It would certainly be better to say that it was

Baudelaire who spoke of me. *He speaks of you.*") Beyond that, it is the result of an authentically Mallarméan act of creation: "The pure work implies the disappearance of the poet as speaker; he hands initiative over to the words." For "poet," read "composer;" for "words," "notes." And it was achieved by what Boulez once described as "organizing delirium"—bringing Apollonian lucidity to bear upon, but not chill or destroy, a poetic musician's fine frenzy.

IN his six years as music director of the New York Philharmonic, Boulez conducted none of his own music except the Improvisations I (chamber version) and II of "Pli Selon Pli" and, in his final season, "Rituel." Reproached with depriving New York audiences of important twentieth-century music that other capitals were enjoying, he explained that he was reluctant to impose his own compositions on a subscription and therefore "captive" audience. There may have been a contributory reason: Would Philharmonic audiences have been willing to do the amount of homework that the composer expects? In his note on "Pli," Boulez says, "In my transposition, or transmutation, of Mallarmé, I take it for granted that the direct sense of the poem has been acquired by reading it; I take it that the data communicated to the music by the poem have already been assimilated." That's taking a lot for granted. To prepare large audiences properly, the Philharmonic program books would have had to print, weeks in advance, "Un Coup de Dés" (wherein are ordered many of the images—waves, whiteness, wings, shipwreck, stars, spume, abyss—of "Pli") and the six relevant sonnets, in French and with as helpful an English translation as possible. Perhaps several translations. I have come across no single one of a Mallarmé poem which provides more than glimmers of its full meaning. Untranslatable ambiguities in the French are both sonic and syntactical. Keith Bosley, translator of the Penguin "Mallarmé," notes how the Faun's "*Je tiens la reine*" can mean at once that he holds the queen, the arena (*l'arène*), and the rein (*la rêne*); and only Boulez can tell us whether, in "À la Nue Accablante Tu" (whose fourteen lines turn on a single verb, "*abolit*"), he has understood "*le flanc enfant d'une sirène*"—"the child-flank of a siren" (Allen Edwards), "the side-child of a siren" (record sleeve), "some young siren's infant flank" (Roger Fry)—to have been drowned (Ed-

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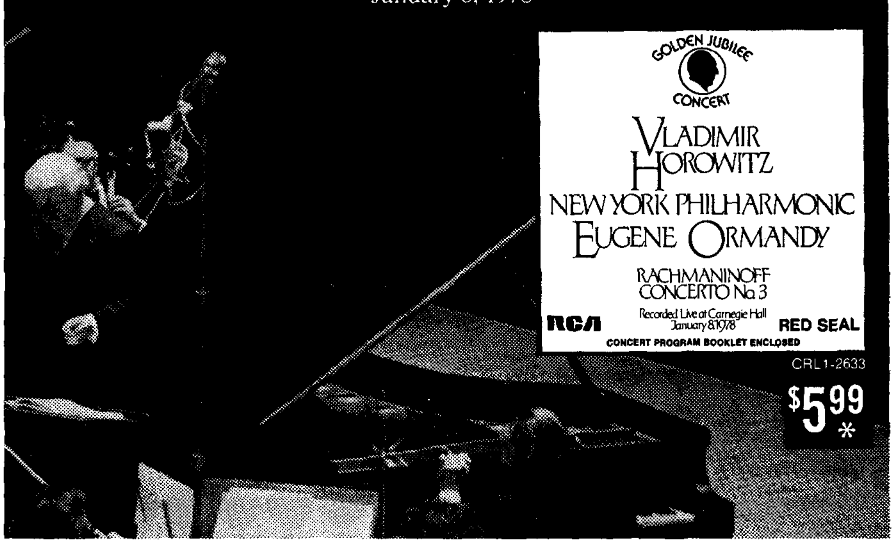
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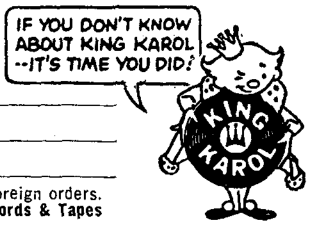
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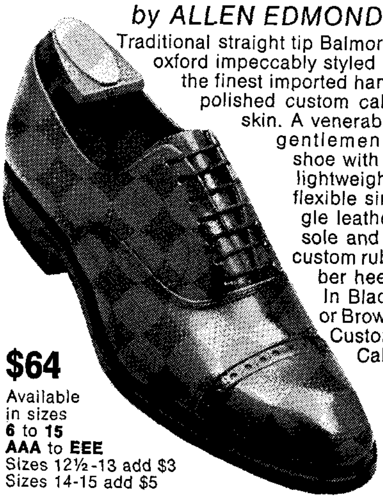

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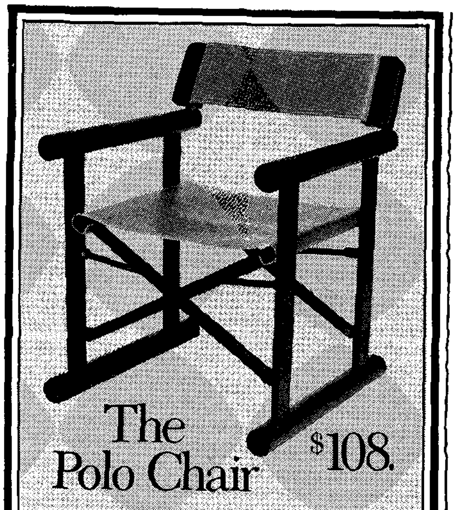
wards, Fry) or to have done the drowning (Bosley). The program of the Carnegie Hall concert contained the "Pli" texts and Allen Edwards' English translations—but it was too late to come across them when one was already in the hall. Only when one has the sonnets more or less by heart can one follow the words as they are sung. Only when one has the sense of the sonnets more or less by heart can one begin to hear the movements as a "transposition, or transmutation, of Mallarmé." In Boulez's words:

> I wanted to find a musical equivalent and that is why I chose the strictest forms. There are various levels of convergence between poetry and music. The simplest is the conveying of the sense of the words. Thus, when Mallarmé speaks of "*absence*," there is a musical sonority—a sound held for a long time—that can convey this idea. Another point of convergence is the form itself. The sonnet has a very strict form which calls for a certain musical structure. My purpose was to ascribe a kind of form to each verse according to the rules of the sonnet itself.

Moreover, to understand the work as a whole one needs to have read more Mallarmé than just the immediate texts. It also helps to have read some Butor.

For Mallarmé himself, music was a sacred mystery. On looking at a score, "we are seized by a religious amazement at the macabre processions of severe, chaste, unknown signs. And we close the missal unsullied by any profaning thought." That is a romanticized view of a perfectly specific notational system that anyone can learn. But Mallarmé's poems are filled with musical sounds evoked in a similar spirit of religious awe. In the sonnet to St. Cecilia, the wings of an angel, who flies down to hear her, become a sounding harp beneath the saint's fingers. In the Wagner sonnet, divine trumpet notes set down in liquid gold (written in the alphabet of the stars?) light up the inky hieroglyphs of old parchments. The dedicatee of "Don du Poëme" has a voice "recalling viol and harpsichord." In "Une Dentelle," there is a lute—musician with a hollow heart. Music comes down to earth with a bump in one of the prose poems: "The piano sparkles, the violin gives light to torn fibres, but the barrel-organ, in the twilight of memory, set me dreaming desperately. Now, while it was murmuring a cheerfully vulgar air such as brings gaiety to suburban hearts, an old-fashioned, hackneyed tune, whence was it that its refrain went to my soul and made me weep as at a romantic ballad?" Mahler could have answered



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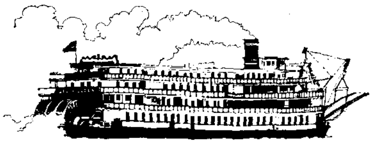

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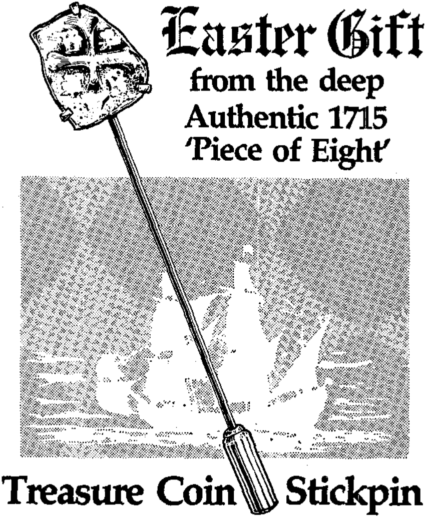

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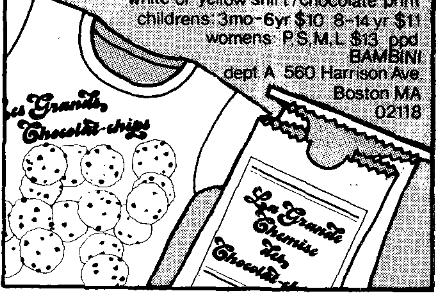
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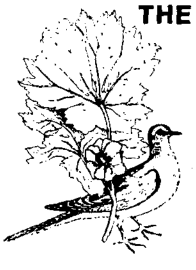

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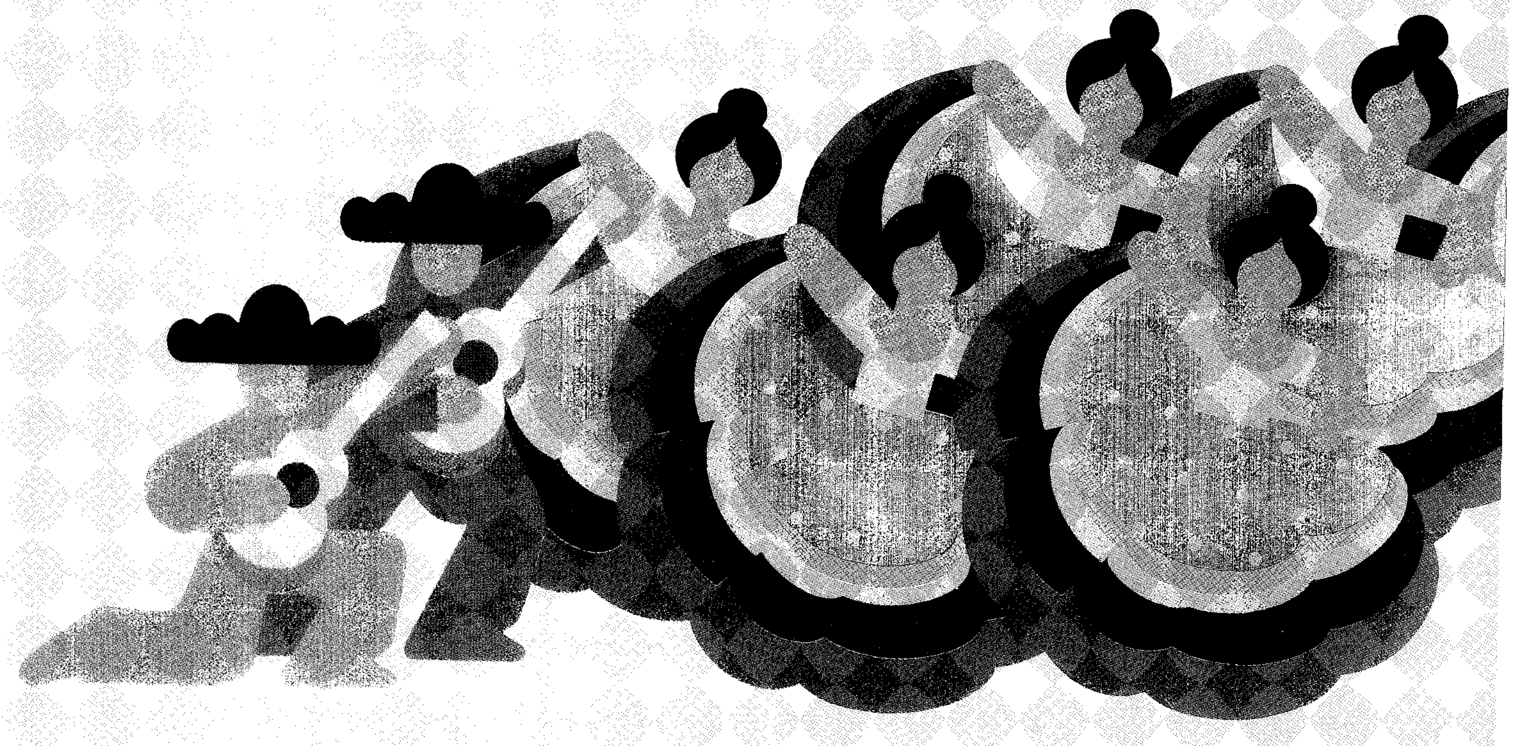

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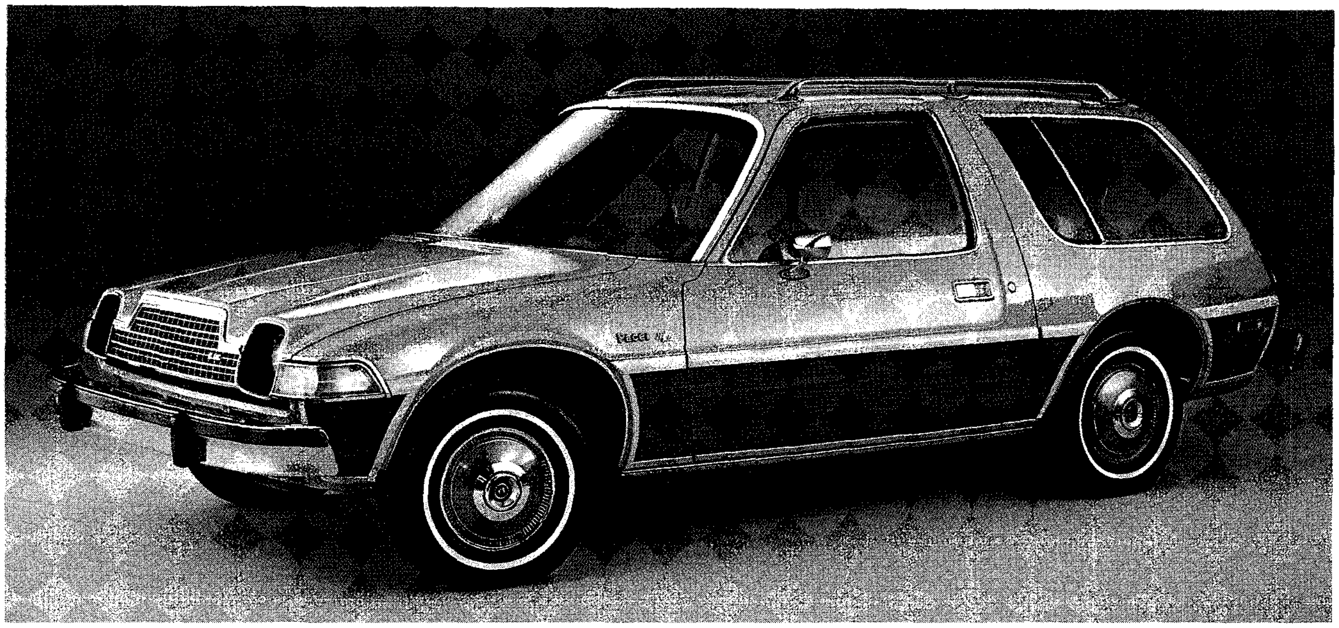

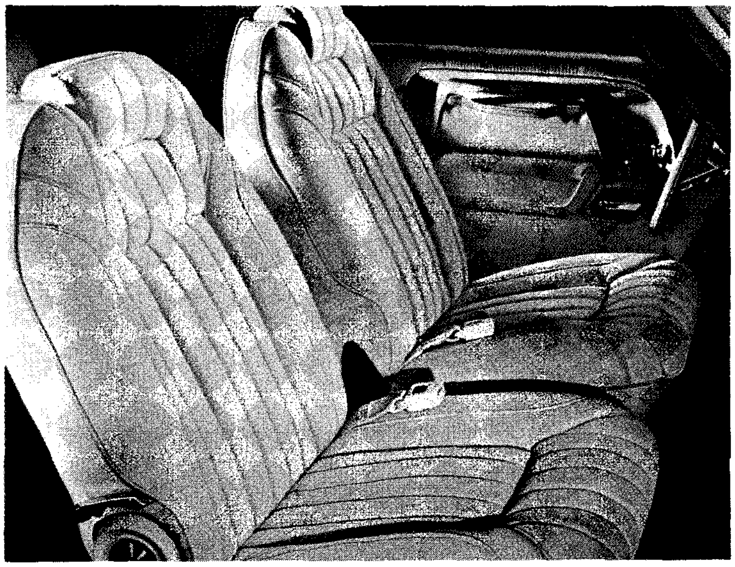

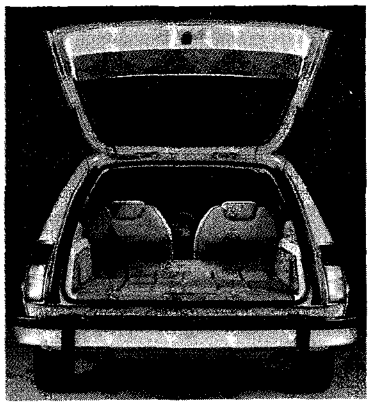

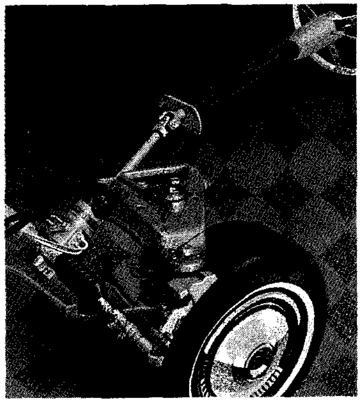

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that question in music; in the scherzo of the Fourth Symphony, perhaps he did. From Boulez it would surely draw no sympathetic answer. The "music" that Mallarmé himself created lies in his manipulation of motif, metre, and syntax.

"Don du Poëme" is the dedicatory sonnet before "Hérodiade," and foreshadows some of its imagery. In his "Don," Boulez sets just the first line of it, quite simply: "I bring you the child of a night of Edom." After an explosion, soft, slow, translucent sequences suggest Mallarmé's "glass burned with incense and gold, icy panes, alas! still dim." And then, through them, motifs of the succeeding movements begin to form—fragmentary instrumental allusions, isolated phrases of text. In the composer's words, " 'Don du Poëme' . . . becomes here a '*don de l'œuvre*.' " In the next two movements of "Pli," the musical form perceptibly follows the sonnet structure—octave in two distinct quatrains, sextet in two triplets. "The musical form may be found already determined if the finished, perfect structure that is the sonnet is taken into consideration. The necessary transposition demands the invention of equivalences—equivalences that may be applied both to the exterior form of the musical invention and to its quality or inner structure." I have no idea what specific systems of musical equivalences Boulez has devised. But in "Le Vierge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui" the soprano's repeated rise to shining, sustained high A flats, each one louder and fuller than the one before, and each followed by a drop, forms a motif that seems to picture the swan-poet-composer trapped in the frozen lake while above him, unattainable, the stars of the Swan constellation mock his aspiration. The fluttering of the lace curtain in "Une Dentelle," set against the long-sustained sonorities of "*absence*," finds a more direct kind of musical expression. "À la Nue Accablante Tu" is a poem of shocked, dreadful silence after some catastrophe. It opens with a long wordless vocalise. "*Naufrage*" and "*furibond*" may be the key words for the percussion toccata that follows. Then the first three lines of the poem are sung. At length, the piece ends in desolation. More of it was composed, in 1960, but the final section has been withheld from performance. The sonnet needs no more than there is here for its expression. "Tombeau" was Mallarmé's epitaph for Verlaine. Boulez's "Tombeau" begins with dark, dense sonorities: "Mourning oppresses

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with many a cloudy fold the ripened star of the future." Signals, strong and insistent, begin to sound: "A scintillation from that star will silver the crowd." As if in benediction, the soprano at last sings the last line of the sonnet in a long, clear line: "A shallow, slandered rivulet, death."

THE Carnegie Hall performance was the boldest, the most confident and colorful, and therefore the most beautiful and moving performance of "Pli Selon Pli" that I have heard. "Pli" interpreters need to be not just delicate, accurate, and poetic; there are passages that call for heroic, exuberant, almost recklessly forthright playing. Mr. Weisberg had enlarged the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, basically fifteen strong, with several of New York's best instrumentalists. His secure grasp of the piece enabled them to give of their best, without timidity or hesitation, without any of that sense of hanging on by the skin of the teeth which marked some earlier performances of it. The important balances within intricate chords, between different, superimposed sonorities, and between antiphonal groups across the platform were justly and eloquently achieved. Phyllis Bryn-Julson was the soprano soloist; the simple—if meaningless—accolade for her would be "the best American singer." To the precision, agility, and sure pitching of widely ranging notes which a contemporary soprano needs she adds beauty, firmness, purity, and evenness of tone, reaching to the highest and lowest extremes of the far-flung lines, and an instinctive command of expressive line. She is, as it were, a fully equipped Bellini singer who sings Boulez as beautifully as if it were Bellini.

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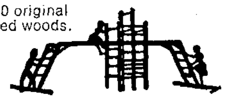
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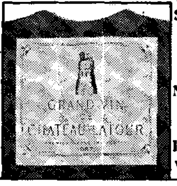
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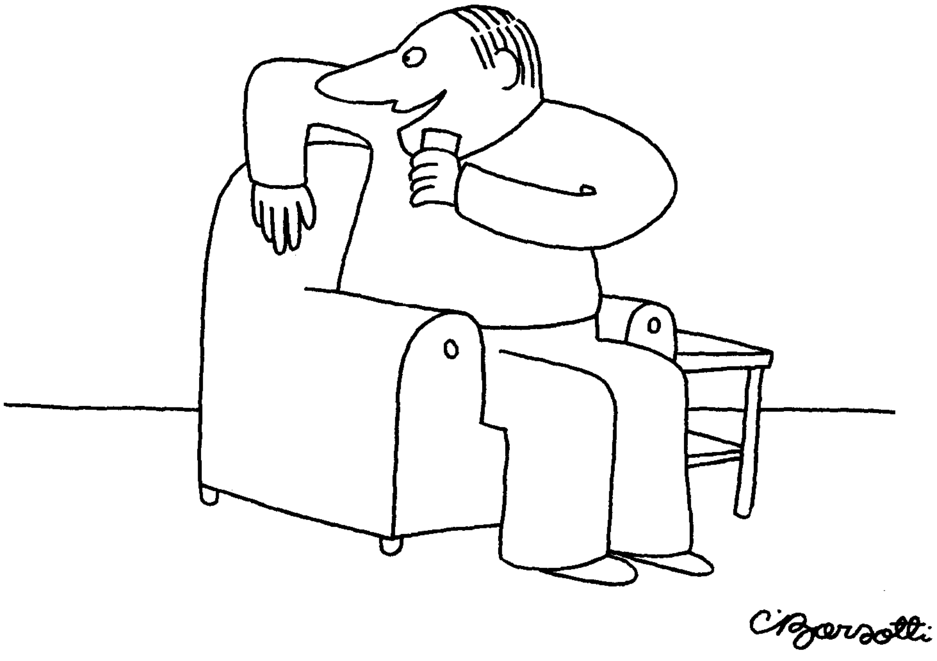
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

March 12

EARLIER this winter, President Carter acknowledged that in 1977 he had overloaded the legislative circuits with complex domestic programs, and that he might have got more if he had asked for less. Now it appears that in the coming months the machinery of foreign policy may be similarly strained, though not because of inexperience or miscalculation on his part; it is simply that the apparatus is being burdened with more than it is equipped to handle. In domestic matters, of course, a President is only occasionally—as in the present impasse in the coalfields—a captive of events. He may feel it urgent to restructure the bureaucracy, but the urgency has been felt by several Presidents for several decades, and the nation can always suffer through another year or two—or three or four, or ten or twenty—of life with the ungainly monster. Common sense may call for a new farm program or the closing of obsolete shipyards or the elimination of wasteful and environmentally destructive hydroelectric projects, but there is nothing in the Constitution or in the 1976 Democratic platform that requires the President to do anything at any time merely because common sense seems to call for it. In foreign policy, the agenda is generally set in other jurisdictions—this year in Cairo and Jerusalem, in Moscow and Havana, in Bonn and Tokyo, in Panama City, in the guerrilla camps in Mozambique and Zambia, and in the Ogaden Desert, on the Horn of Africa. If the heavy thinkers in the National Security Council, the State Department, and the Pentagon persuade the President that something has to be done about the war between Somalia and Ethiopia, he cannot wait until after the November elections; by then, if his advisers are right, the Russians could dominate not only the Red Sea but the shipping lanes in the Indian Ocean that are plied by the tankers bringing us oil. If peace negotiations in the Middle East can be kept going only by promises to sell fighter planes to Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia, the commitments must be made now, while Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat are still on speaking terms—at least through their mutual friend from Georgia. This last case is one in which the legislative branch, preoccupied as it is with the Panama Canal treaties, is so distressed by what the executive has done that it doesn't even want to hear about it; Robert Byrd, the Democratic leader in the Senate, has asked the White House to delay formal notification of the proposed sales until after the treaties have been voted up or down. It may also be a case in which the President has offered a deal he hopes never to consummate. It is the rhetoric rather than the substance—the promises rather than the lethal contents of what Cyrus Vance calls the "package"—that will really matter in the tense period that lies ahead. By the time the warplanes could be delivered—several years from now—there will be a new situation in the Middle East, with probably a new set of leaders there, and possibly here. If there is peace, there will be less need to be concerned about the present balance of military power; if there is war, there will be a new and different balance, or imbalance, to worry about. But the promises made last month may affect the negotiating positions of the principals, and, given Carter's view of the proper American role, it simply wouldn't have done to defer them until he had cleared with Capitol Hill.

The Senate is now in its fourth week of debate over the treaties with Panama, and the numbing arguments—carried live over National Public Radio—may go on into April. If approval is voted, it will be followed by extensive debate in the House, which, as the keeper of the purse, has the constitutional responsibility of making sure that the American taxpayer is not swindled by the greedy and ungrateful Panamanians. Then, perhaps, the Middle Eastern arms sales will be taken up, and there will be much agonizing, particularly over the offer to Saudi Arabia, which has no common border with Israel and would not be a party to any settlement. And if the President decides that it is in the national interest to counter Soviet and Cuban aid to the Ethiopian junta by supplying the Somalis with American weaponry, that will require approval by Congress—indeed, a reversal of the 1976 decision that blocked aid to the anti-Communists (if that is what they were) in Angola. Though the prospects do not look promising now, there may be, later in the year, a treaty with the Soviet Union limiting strategic arms and nuclear testing. Some influential members of the Senate, despite their demanding schedule, are looking into the procedures and the terms under discussion in Geneva. On "Issues and Answers" last Sunday, Howard Baker, the Senate Republican leader, said that he had been consulting with the President and with Paul Warnke, the head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and that he is not at all pleased with their approach. He has his own views on what an acceptable treaty should contain, and he is counselling the Administration that no agreement of any kind should be negotiated as long as the Russians are providing advisers and the Cubans are providing cannon fodder to what he characterized as the Ethiopian "aggressors." (The view at the White House, the United Nations, and the Organization of African Unity is that while the Somalis are an attractive and deserving people fighting for justice to their fellow-tribesmen in the Ogaden, they are in fact the aggressors, having



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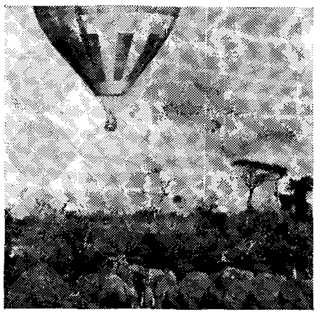
crossed boundaries that may make little sense but are nonetheless recognized in international law.) Baker also feels that we should let the Russians and the Cubans know we mean business by closing down the American mission in Havana and the Cuban mission here, which are exploring possibilities for resuming trade and diplomatic relations. He is not alone in his acceptance of the "linkage" doctrine, which in this case holds the Soviet presence in Ethiopia to be part of a global strategy—part of the larger ideological conflict between East and West—and therefore something that must be weighed in the balance when we deal with Moscow or any of its clients on other matters. (Had Leonid Brezhnev seen matters in this light, he might have decided that he could not accept the first strategic-arms treaty in 1972, which was signed while we were stepping up our bombing of North Vietnam and blockading the harbor at Haiphong.) Though this is not at present official policy—the arms talks will go on, the missions will not be aborted—the President at a recent news conference made it clear that in his mind the connection exists and should not be overlooked. "We don't initiate the linkage," he said.

In stating his view of the proper terms of an arms agreement, Baker was giving the President and his deputies the kind of counsel that is traditionally part of the Senate's role in the treaty-making process. But in threatening to urge the Republican minority to consider the agreement on a basis other than the merits of the proposition he was going a bit further. And he is one of the many senators who have injected themselves, perhaps illegally, into the actual negotiations with Panama. After the terms had been agreed upon—the culmination of bargaining that had begun thirteen years earlier—and the treaties were signed by the heads of state, Senators Baker and Byrd and about forty of their colleagues went to Panama to look things over in the Canal Zone, to confer with General Torrijos and his aides, and, in some cases, to arrange on the spot for changes in the texts of the documents. The advice-and-consent provision of the Constitution clearly meant that the advice should be given to *our* representatives, not those of another country, and that consent was to be given to, or withheld from, *our* President. (In a 1936 decision by the Supreme Court, it was firmly stated that the President "alone negotiates," and that "into the field of negotiation, the Senate cannot intrude.") Legislative involvement in



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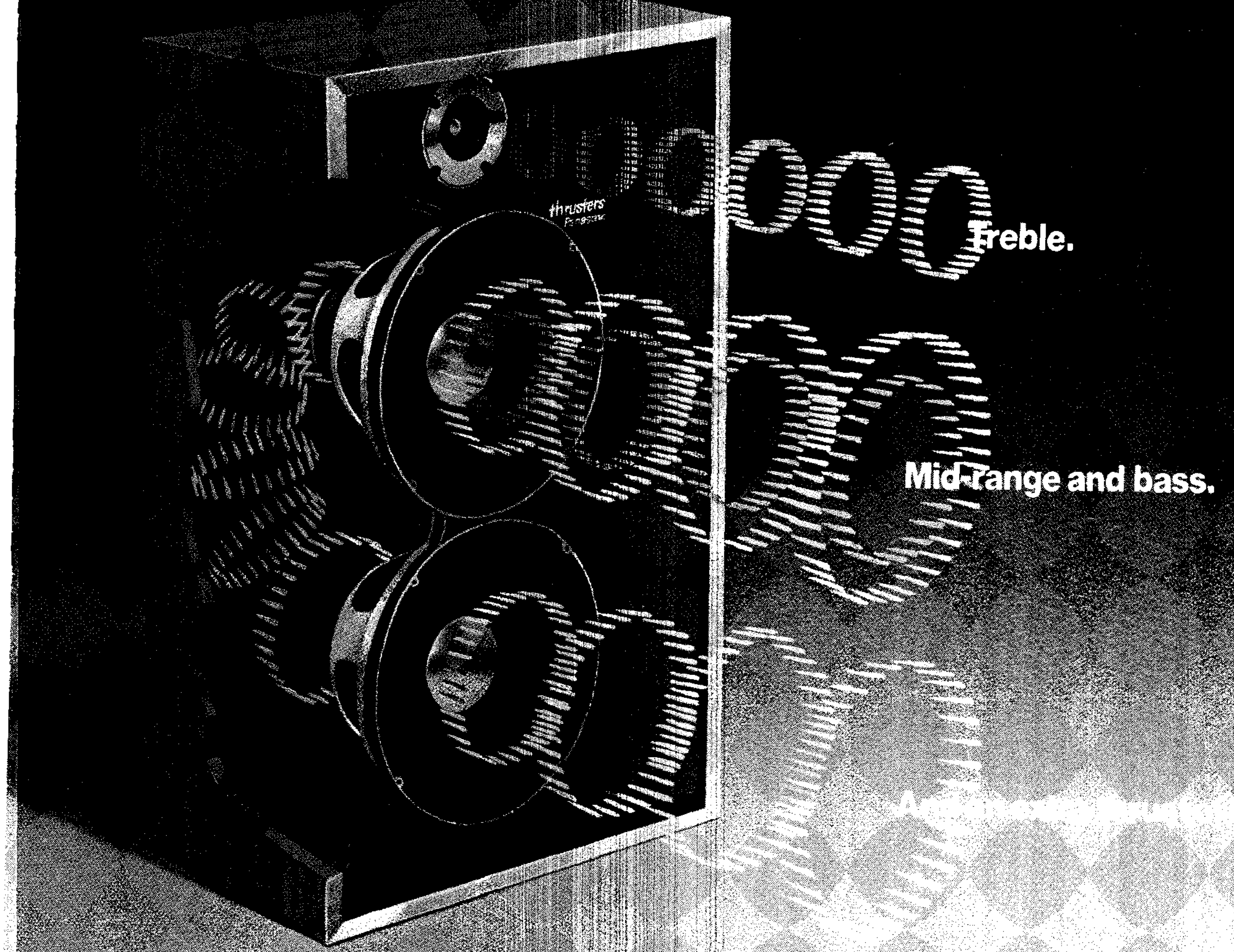

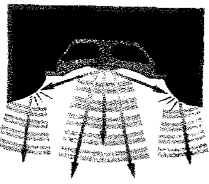
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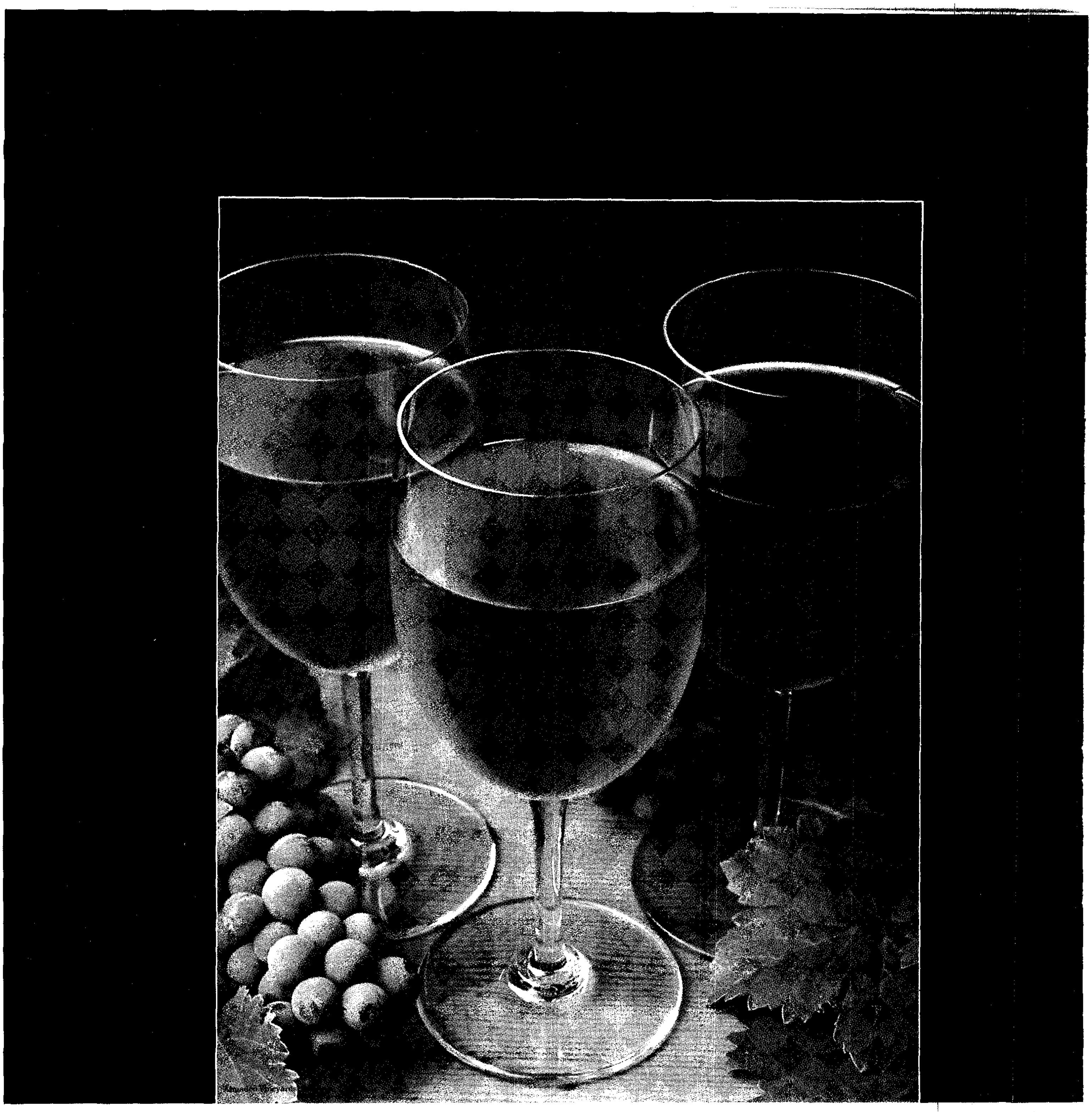

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foreign policy has lately spared the country some executive disasters. But Senate participation in negotiations could lead to diplomatic chaos. If texts drafted by accredited representatives were to be rewritten by legislators after consultation with heads of other governments, the first rounds of bargaining would be no more than opening bids. Concessions would be made not to the President but to Congress. The functions of the White House and the State Department would pass to the Senate by way of the Foreign Relations Committee—in which event the already overloaded circuits would surely break down.

THE President, having concluded his meetings with President Tito of Yugoslavia, will next be entering conversations with an imposing battery of Israelis. Assuming that yesterday's dreadful events on the Tel Aviv-Haifa highway permit, the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Defense Minister will be arriving to protest (as they already have on several occasions) Carter's approval of arms sales to their adversaries, and to present him with a new and lengthy shopping list of their own. But this probably will be a minor theme. Israel isn't about to be destroyed by nonexistent planes. The most pressing issue—in a way, the *only* pressing issue at this time—is the presence of Israeli settlers in the occupied territories, which the Israelis say are not really "occupied" by them but only "administered," adding that not even United Nations Resolution 242, which we insist must be honored by all parties, defines them as occupied. (What the resolution calls for is "withdrawal . . . from territories occupied in the recent conflict"—the conflict being the Six-Day War of 1967.) From a legalistic point of view—and no one can be more legalistic than the Israelis when it suits their purpose—their case is by no means indefensible. It has been succinctly set forth in a widely circulated memorandum ("Israel—What Is 'Occupied Territory'?") by William M. Brinton, an international lawyer in San Francisco, who says that "not one of these areas [the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights] falls within any cognizable definition of 'occupied territories,' " and that, moreover, "any claim that the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, or both, is a Palestinian homeland to which [the Palestinians have] a 'legitimate right' lacks substance and does not survive legal analysis." It certainly doesn't survive *his* legal analysis. When the British Mandate of 1922 became inoperative, in 1948—the year the last British troops withdrew—the West Bank had no recognized status. In the second phase of the 1948 war, Jordan—then Transjordan—seized and occupied the territory, but it did not annex it until two years later. It took the land by force and thus, under law and the U.N. Charter, had no legitimate claim to sovereignty. On the West Bank today, according to Mr. Brinton, Israel is "in control of territory in respect of which no other state can show a better title." Similarly, the Gaza Strip, which was covered by the British Mandate, was seized in 1948 by the Egyptians, who administered it but did not claim sovereignty. "[Acting] in self-defense, Israel displaced Egypt . . . on the legal basis that no weight should be given to aggressive conquest." (To the legally virtuous, "displaced" is to "seized" as "freedom fighter" is to "terrorist.") And on the Golan Heights in 1967 "Israeli troops displaced Syria in the exercise of . . . inherent rights of self-defense under Article 5 of the U.N. Charter." No one disputes the fact that the Israelis have observed the relevant provisions of the Hague Convention of 1907, and the legitimacy of their presence is recognized, Brinton argues, by Syria's assent to the disengagement agreement signed four years ago.

Resolution 242 was a product of compromise and is thus necessarily imprecise in its wording. No one thought at the time, as no one thinks now, that a millimetre-by-millimetre restoration of the pre-1967 boundaries would be conducive to peace in the area. Lines of demarcation were not to be set in a statement of principle, and were not in any case the business of the Security Council or any other U.N. agency; adjustments would have to be made by the states—Israel, Egypt, Jordan, and Syria—whose territories were involved. But the clear intent of those who drew up and supported the resolution was that Israel would in time evacuate by far the greater part of the land it had seized, with the probable exception of East Jerusalem, where sovereignty would be shared by Jordan and Israel or given, as in the case of Vatican City, to some extra-governmental body, perhaps a council of Jewish, Muslim, and Christian administrators; the adjustments elsewhere would be determined by military, rather than by political, surveying instruments. Meanwhile, there would be no colonizing—no establishment of Israeli enclaves except as military outposts and

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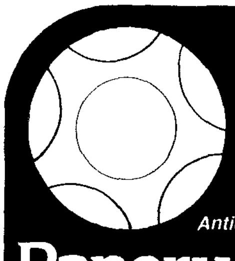

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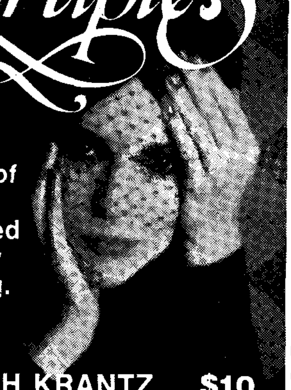

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early-warning units. Israel, having taken the territories in self-defense and by force, was to be no more than a de-facto trustee. Jordan's claim to the West Bank had no more sanction from history than Israel's; its statehood could be described as synthetic, as Switzerland's once was—but then so, really, could Israel's, except in the minds of those who were sure that the matter had been settled for eternity between God and Abraham. What seemed important in 1967 was that Israel should survive and develop its institutions on roughly the same acreage it had occupied for two decades. This was the intent and understanding of the American delegation at the U.N. and of its then leader, Arthur Goldberg, who was the principal advocate of the resolution. And it was also the understanding of Prime Minister Begin at the time: he quit the coalition government in 1970 because, he said, he could not agree to accepting as a basis of negotiation a paper calling for Israel's withdrawal from "Judea and Samaria." Now Begin says that he accepts 242, and maintains that compliance requires withdrawal from only part of one territory, the Sinai.

If President Sadat were a free agent, he would probably be pleased to make a bilateral deal with Israel. Egypt needs peace as much as its neighbor to the east; Egypt's future, and Sadat's, is threatened not by aggression but by the misery of the people. But Sadat is an economic hostage to Saudi Arabia and other oil-rich sheikhdoms and emirates, and he is a political hostage to most of the Arab world. It is conceivable that in time he may be able to act with more independence than he has today. If extremists murder more of his friends and kill indiscriminately in Israel and elsewhere, he may feel that he has done more than enough for the Palestinian Arabs, and the Saudis may agree with him. But in the foreseeable future there seems to be no basis for negotiation except 242. Within that framework, there may be some possibility of compromise, some as yet unexplored ideas for satisfying its requirements by means other than a direct transfer of sovereignties. The Ripon Society, an organization of liberal, and mostly young, Republicans, has recently proposed that a reasonable objective for both sides might be "to establish all or part of the West Bank and Gaza Strip as a free trade zone, benefiting Arabs and Israelis economically and serving as a basis from which to resolve major political and strategic issues." Such a zone, the Ripon report says, would set

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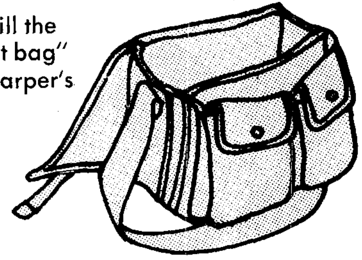

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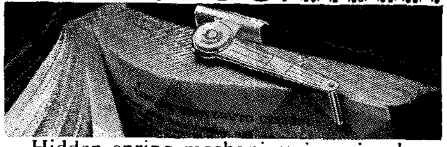

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the problem "in the proper economic context," in which event "the intensity of the political dispute might be lessened." This "would encourage the freest possible movement of goods and people with minimum regulation by government, the minimum possible taxation and treaty-making authority, and hence a minimum ability of any West Bank government to mount a military establishment threatening to Israel or Jordan or a social revolution threatening Saudi Arabia." The report adds, "Though the free zone draws on a view of the state that has gone out of fashion elsewhere, its classical advantages of non-belligerency and economic openness are now uniquely serviceable in the explosive Middle East." The optimistic authors of the proposal cite a couplet by Alexander Pope in support of it—"What man could ravish, commerce could bestow/and he remain a friend who came a foe"—and they point to the economic growth of the free ports of Singapore and Hong Kong as recent precedents.

It is a tidy, fetching idea, but it overlooks the fact that neither the Begin government nor the Palestinian Arabs view the matter in what the report calls the "proper economic context." The contexts for them are military, political, historical, and theological. The Israelis may hope that there will one day be economic coöperation on a rewarding scale, but they want security first—some of them thinking that it can be achieved behind the 1948 borders, others feeling that they must have tight military and police control of the West Bank and Gaza. The West Bank Arabs are hungry, and would surely enjoy the amenities that a free and flourishing international commerce would bestow, but, like most people dominated by those they regard as foreign oppressors, they are at the moment more concerned about satisfying their need for national self-esteem than about creature comforts. If negotiations are to be kept going, neither the real-estate approach of the international lawyers nor the schemes of economic innovators are likely to be helpful. Military security and political independence head the agenda. In fact, they *are* the agenda.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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The school will emphasize the basic sciences, however, he said. "Compassion and sympathy can not compensate for scientific ignorance. You have to have both."—*San Juan (P.R.) Star.*

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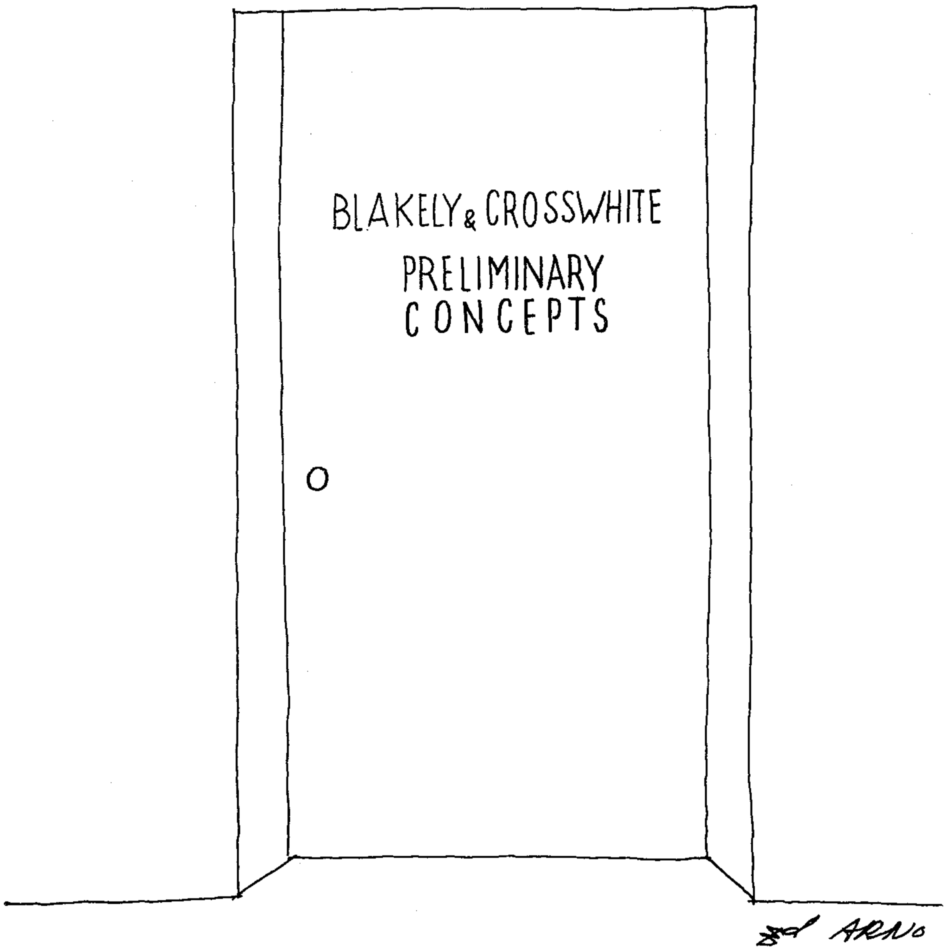
BOOKS

An Exile's Luggage

As readers of the Spanish novelist Juan Goytisolo will expect, exile is his continuing subject. It was established in "Marks of Identity" and "Count Julian;" now "Juan the Landless" (Viking; $10) completes a trilogy. Goytisolo would probably reject the denomination "Spanish," for he is a young Catalan who left Franco's Spain for North Africa: his novels are a sustained skirl of love-hatred for the country he derisively calls "Sunnyspain" of the travel brochures, or "the foul Stepmother." He has the traditional Catalan contempt for the central power of Castilian government and culture, its stagnant bureaucracy, monkish fanaticism, and cruelty—the lifeless formality and obedience to custom which put a lasting puritan gooseflesh on the famous Spanish stoics and saints and on the spontaneous sexual life of the natural man. For him, Spain's classic fiesta was the auto-da-fé. His recalcitrant Catalan is a dramatic, pagan Mediterranean, a descendant of the old Provençal culture, a sensual, volcanic earthshaker—though Goytisolo hates the Catalan bourgeois. Savage digs at the Castilian classics are among the farcical passages of "Count Julian": there was an element of double-take in Goytisolo's caricature of Seneca reborn as one of Franco's vulgar public-relations officers. In that book, the novelist built up the vengeful fantasies of a legendary Arab leader appearing in the desert and crossing the Straits to massacre the dull descendants of the conquistadores. The book was less a novel than a kind of anti-psalm—a chanted autobiography and a work of offensive travel. The evocation of North Africa was unforgettably electric in its images and was provoked by more than a whiff of Indian hemp. There was an exhilarating scorn in that book. In "Juan the Landless," exhilaration turns to pain in the raw.

It is notoriously difficult to know how to sustain the force of a trilogy in its final volume. A scream will turn into a sob unless one can transpose it into thunderous orchestration, all drums going hard. To end not with a bang but a whimper may have suited the twenties, but it is useless now. There are alternatives: one of them is to give one's personal noise a wider geographical and historical territory. Goytisolo plays the dangerous game of solving his problems by enlarging them—as H. G. Wells did—to make them sound global. The danger is that generalized hate becomes vague and loses the force of the specific, and it must be said that in Goytisolo's final volume rhetorical generalities have weakened the force of his destructive fantasy and wit. To offset this, he, like other modern satirists with a revolutionary turn, has fallen back on obscenity. Here his masters are the homosexual Genet and the fashionable Marquis de Sade—sex and the scatological have their anarchic uses. Politically, the exile turns to Beckett for the *clochard*, the outcast and pariah, and finds a sort of anti-hero in T. E. Lawrence, whose sexual aberrations were a private revolt in the desert. Here Goytisolo is a neo-romantic celebrating the nonchalant freedom of the vagrant Arab sodomite. There are also references to Swift's obsession with excrement and gross sexuality, but a critic is bound to point out that the fantasies of "Gulliver's Travels" are in no sense revolutionary: they are narrated by Gulliver, the most orthodox and plainest of haters. Gulliver the citizen suggests the classical notion of a simple rational norm; Goytisolo never does.



"Juan the Landless" is really a book about the exile's imagination. Enlarging his scene, he takes a dive into history, and we find him in what reads like a Latin-American sugar plantation, where the master has called his black slaves together to witness a "portentous occasion." The master sits on a decorative throne, surrounded by his tame, *bien pensant* family and attended by priests, who exhort the slaves to give up their natural and incurable sexual appetites in the interests of working harder for the master. The slaves gaze at the throne, which is really that newly invented European marvel the patent flush water closet, and await the miracle of the master's defecation. When it occurs, joy and dancing will begin, while the priests hold forth on the ingenious theological distinctions between stench and the perfumes of privilege and sanctity. Goytisolo is rich in black comedy, and he knows his theology. The whole scene has the raw caricature of a play by Genet. The Christian God is a colonialist: the world is His slave population. We now turn back to Arab

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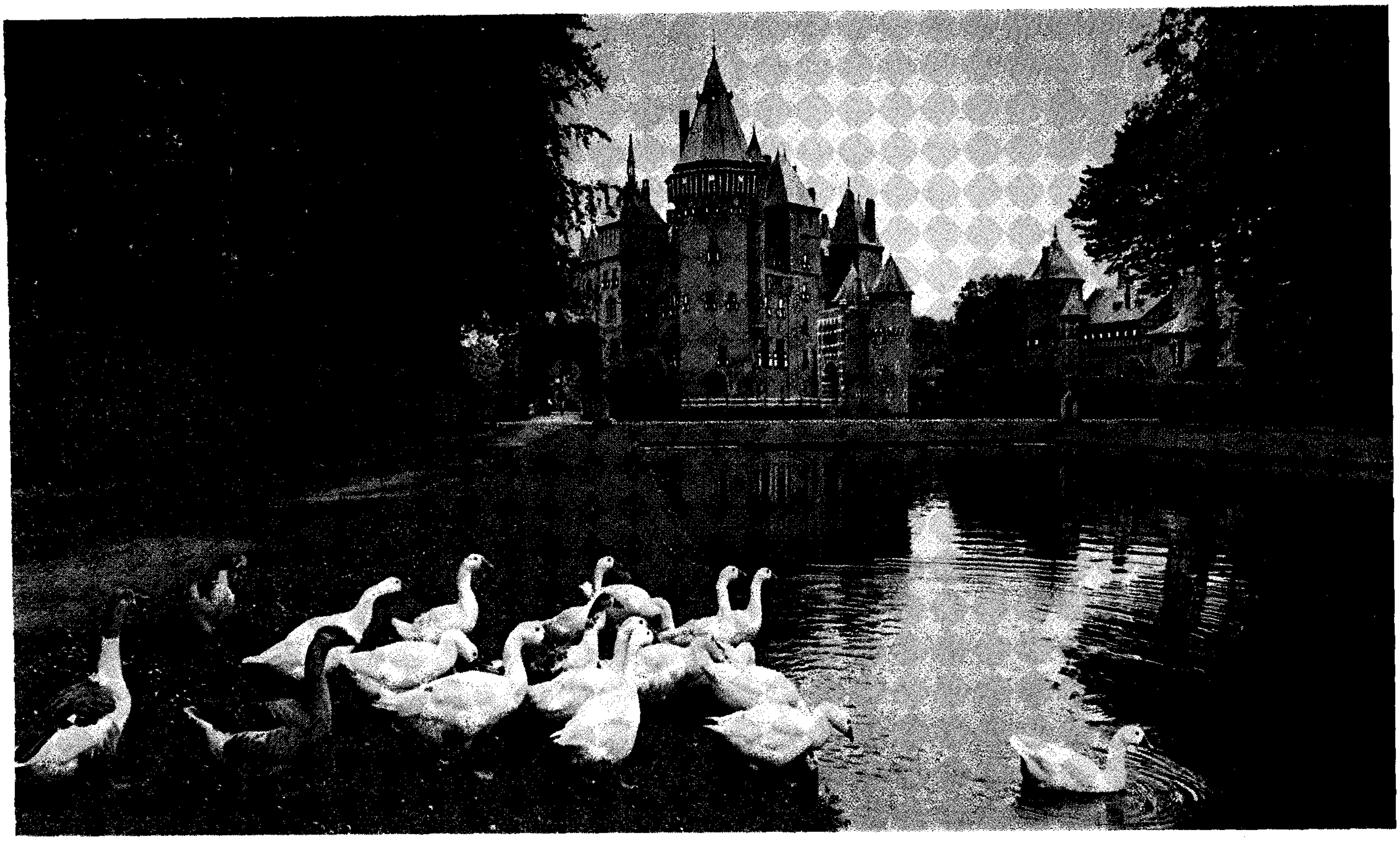

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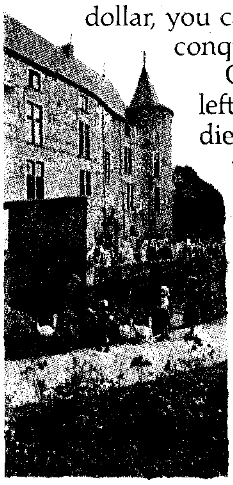
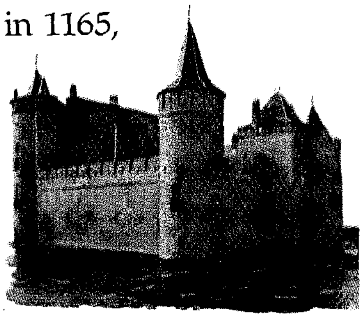


Cross the portal of Wittem Castle (at left) and see in fastidious detail what medieval life was truly like. At the same time you can enjoy all the comforts of modern civilization. For Wittem is also a splendid hotel and restaurant.

Even during the Middle Ages, Europe wasn't all battles and sieges. Some castles became havens for the arts. Perhaps the most renowned of these was Muiderslot Castle (upper right). You should be sure to visit the 300-year-old wine vault at Muiderslot. Now it has been transformed into a delightfully pleasant tavern.



But its castles are just a small part of Holland's charm. Holland is truly a hassle-free country.

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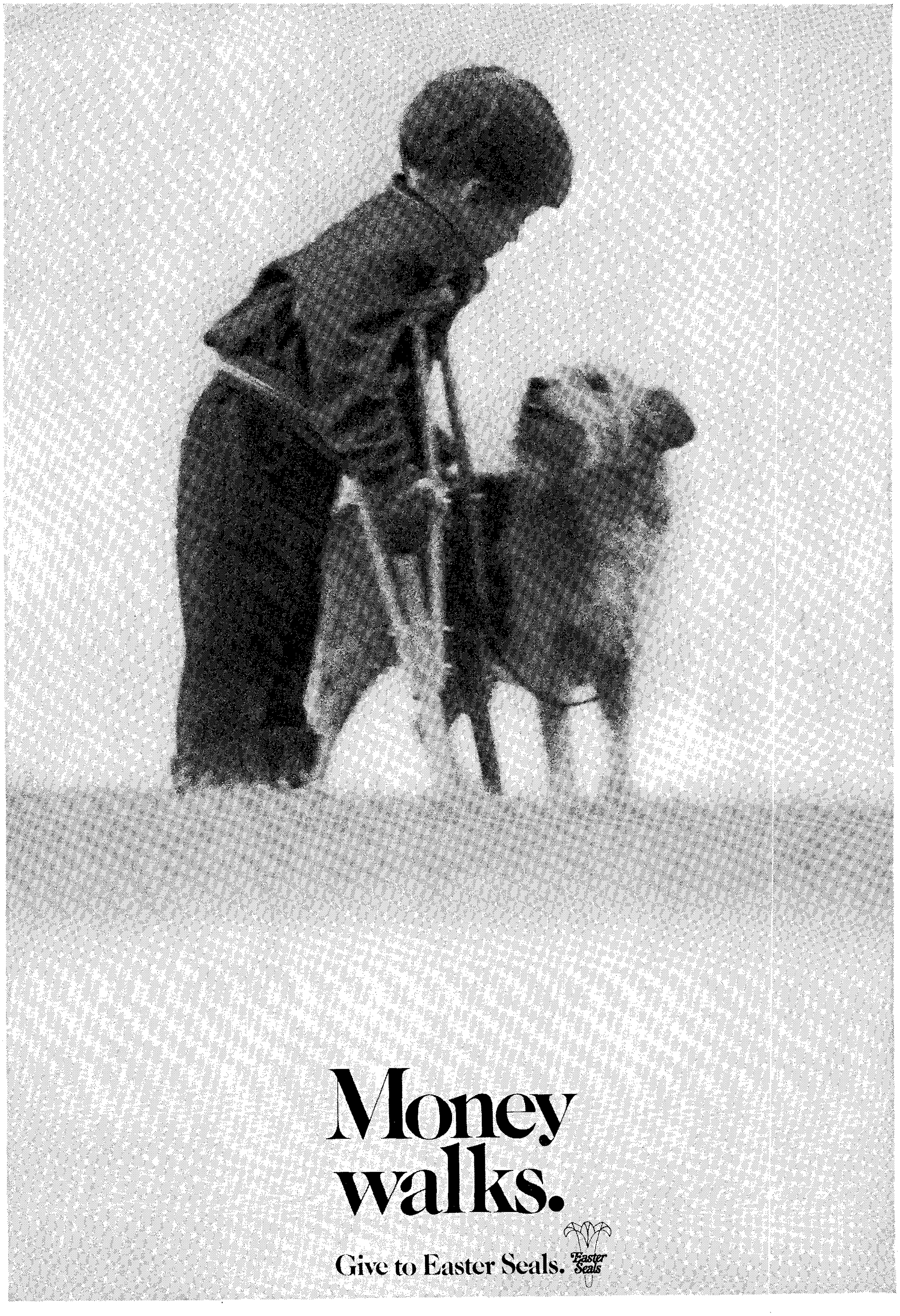
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Africa. Goytisolo's fantasy is of himself as a pariah travelling to Egypt, Istanbul, Baghdad, Damascus, and back to Fez, at one with the stink and sores of beggars who have found a savage freedom in living outside society. Their opposite numbers are ourselves, the ludicrous tourists with our fatuous questions, our cameras slung around us as a kind of substitute genitalia. The mania for taking pictures is natural to the gaping mechanicals of an ersatz culture who have lost contact with reality and live on tidbits of random information. The pariahs like to shock them with shameless homosexual performances in the streets, and Goytisolo derides his private arch-enemies—the perfect, timid, sexually incompetent, respectable, and perpetually disappointed Married Couple. They know nothing of the savage and releasing cruelties of the outcasts in the dunes or the gutters, or of the abasement that relieved T. E. Lawrence when he was the double agent of the exploiters.

Although Goytisolo is rubbing our noses in his disgusts, he is also lashing himself, for the journeys and scenes he makes so physically vivid may not have occurred. As I have said, the joke is that he is imagining it all in his bleak North African room and is really writing about the imagination peculiar to exile; the exile's only capital, his only luggage, is his language. For the artist, language is "the splendid prerogative of our disguise": language dictates his "protean ever-shifting voices," as it certainly did in another of Goytisolo's masters, James Joyce. His North African room is, intellectually, in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. We get glimpses of the private cause of the narrator's homosexuality—the child's frightened sight of a copulation in a rich, pious, immensely respectable bourgeois family:

> I began to dream of colossal disasters, and swift, magnificent cataclysms which, with the same inexorable force as those which devastated ancient Egypt, would finish my progenitors off once and for all and rid the world of their inane and absurd presence . . . I conjured up in my mind (in the vaguest of ways) fierce, barbarous tribes, with bodies as steely and unyielding as knives, whose copper-colored, enigmatic faces would rival the hardness of a precious stone with dazzling polyhedral, crystalline facets . . . I prayed for the advent of torturers who would subject my progenitors' ridiculous, anemic bodies to the rigors of their harsh pleasure . . .

That is Goytisolo at his Catalonian worst. I trust him in the streets of Fez, in all his ferocious caricatures, and in his satire on brochures, travelogues, and corrupt historical films. I trust his laughing phrases: "the double row of sphinxes pierced like sieves by the cameras of sightseeing tours," and "baritone sightseeing guides . . . recite names, dates, limp spaghetti-like bits of serpentine erudition." I admire his "protean voice" when he is sardonic. But when he is evoking T. E. Lawrence and I see "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" on his table I know the tortured prose of that work will infect him. I prefer Goytisolo's tricks. I admire his ingenuity as an original narrator who addresses himself as "You," as if "You" were a kaleidoscope he is shaking, or were the half-mocking yet self-entranced audience of his schizophrenia. We have had a considerable cult of the diatribe in poetry, prose, and the theatre in the last decade, and it now begins to be déjà vu; but even if You bring all the Latin gift for rhetoric to Your diatribe, there is still the difficulty of bringing it to an end. Goytisolo returns to the pain of his remark that an exile's only luggage is his language. The pain is real, and he has made it real to us. (We indeed feel a growing sense of mental exile in our own cultures.) But when we find him ending his trilogy with a tormented avant-garde manifesto about the staleness of the realistic novel, the fraud of character drawing, the autonomy of the literary subject as a verbal structure, his incantation falls as flat as a lecture. Listen to the prose traveller prosing on about the need to free language of "its simoniac, ancillary entelechy: transmuting semantic anomaly into the generative nucleus of poetry and thereby uniting, in polysemic harmony, sexuality and writing," and finally resolving, "The secret equation lying behind your two fold deviation: unproductive (onanistic) manipulation of the written word, self-sufficient (poetic) enjoyment of illicit pleasure."

Great praise must go to Helen R. Lane, the translator. She has succeeded, where so many have failed, in putting Spanish rhetoric into English and has admirably caught Goytisolo's images and his verve. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PLAGUE DOGS, by Richard Adams (Knopf; $10.95). Two dogs who have been used (abused) for experiments in a scientific laboratory in the Lake District of England and have come to fear men escape to the desolate heaths and windy heights of the neighboring country-

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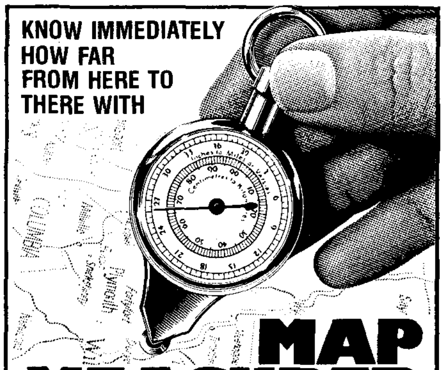

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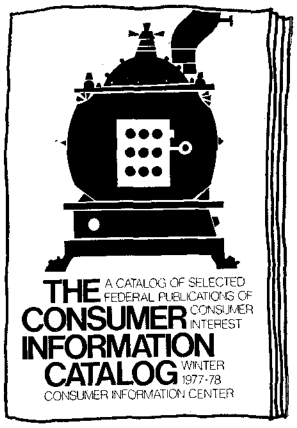
side. Aided by a crafty local fox, they raid chicken coops, kill sheep, and forage in dustbins for their sustenance, taking shelter in the various abandoned caves and copper-mine tunnels that dot the steep ranges. The farmers are, of course, incensed by the attacks on their sheep, and after an unscrupulous reporter puts it about that the dogs may be carrying bubonic plague a general panic ensues, which has reverberations as far as the House of Commons. As always, Mr. Adams writes lyrically about the beauties of nature, wittily about the foibles of men, and brilliantly and touchingly about the capacities of animals. Still, some readers will not like being in the company of talking dogs any better than they liked Mr. Adams' talking rabbits ("Watership Down") or talking bear ("Shardik"). The current volume carries the additional *impediment* of having one of the main characters, the "tod" (fox), speaking in Geordie, an almost impenetrable (for Americans, at least) Lake District dialect. Sample: "Mebbies noo he'll do it ne mair . . . Ye best stick te killin' yows wi' me, hinny. Thoo's a grand chep for yon, an' Ah'll bide wi' ye an' aall. But howway wivvus noo, an' us hangin' aboot here, plain as yon moon i' th' sky!"

GENERAL

DASHER: THE ROOTS AND THE RISING OF JIMMY CARTER, by James Wooten (Summit; $11.95). The author, who has been the chief of the *Times*' Atlanta bureau and is now that newspaper's White House correspondent, here provides us with a readable, credible account of the shaping of the President. He traces Carter's ancestry, clarifies his family's standing in rural Georgia, and shows us an exceptional lad who longed to escape from his native boondocks and therefore sought a career in the Navy. When, in 1953, at his father's death, he learned that his family faced insolvency, he sacrificed his own ambitions, went home, and refloated the family business. That done, he grew restless and, looking for challenge, took up politics. There is no doubt that Mr. Wooten is describing a superior human being, and everything he tells us about Mrs. Carter is equally impressive. Nonetheless, he raises questions about Carter's political accomplishments, past and present—about his candor (or lack of it), about his



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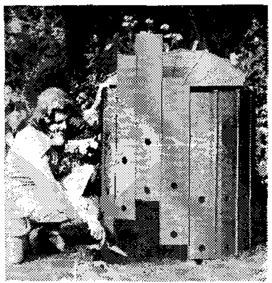

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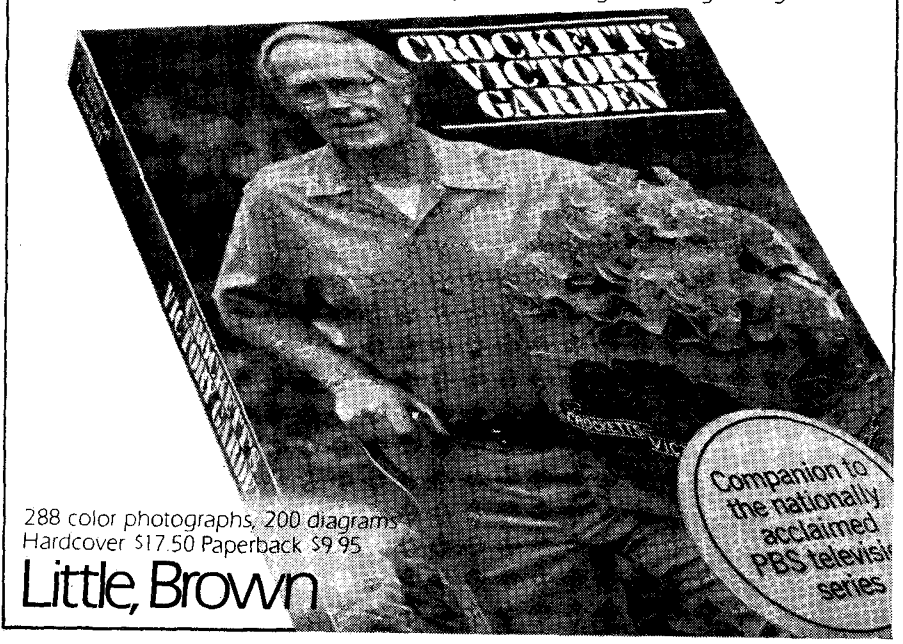
tendency to oversimplify. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

POLITICS AND MARKETS: THE WORLD'S POLITICAL-ECONOMIC SYSTEMS, by Charles E. Lindblom (Basic Books; $15). This intellectually exhilarating book by a professor of economics and political science at Yale compares Communist and private-enterprise industrial societies in terms of their means and ends, their achievements and failures, and the disparate problems they face today. Every line it follows can start a new train of thought—for one example, Mr. Lindblom's likening the relation between government and business in Western democracies to "the medieval duality between church and state;" and, for another, his contrast between, on the one hand, the Communist faith in human intellect (in the persons of the Party élite) to arrive at the correct answer to every problem and, on the other, the democratic assumption of fallibility and ignorance even among leaders; and, for a third example, his suggestion that Western workers may be discontented because workplaces are authoritarian, not because they are privately owned. Mr. Lindblom discusses innovations (Yugoslavia's worker-management system) and hypotheses (ways of trimming corporate power), and he is very astute in assessing the kinds of planning that take place in the Western democracies. His hope is the extension and improvement of democracy, but he is thoughtful enough to see pitfalls along the way.

BLACK ODYSSEY: THE AFRO-AMERICAN ORDEAL IN SLAVERY, by Nathan Irvin Huggins (Pantheon; $8.95). An expository narrative that moves from seventeenth-century Africa to nineteenth-century America—from enslavement to emancipation—and, with concision, precision, and style, gets it all down. This appears to be the classic on the subject for a long time to come. Specialists in many fields (music, ethnology, religion) will be aware of how much information is tucked in; the general reader, for whom the work is written, will simply be enthralled. Within a few generations, slavery in the United States had pretty well succeeded in obliterating tribal and linguistic distinctions among Africans and had created a new group—Afro-Americans. Professor Huggins (history, Columbia) describes the process, and though he is too intelligent to be summary, his



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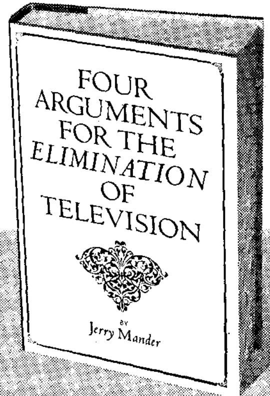

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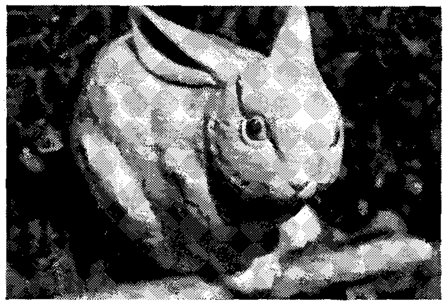

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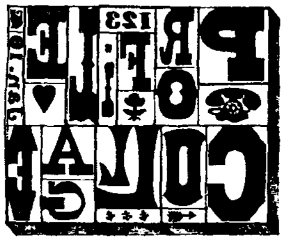

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book suggests that the main characteristics that slavery developed in this people were endurance and common sense.

LERMONTOV: TRAGEDY IN THE CAUCASUS, by Laurence Kelly (Braziller; $12.50). A good biography of the Russian poet and novelist (1814-41), who first won attention with his poem lamenting Pushkin's death in a senseless duel, and who himself was killed in a yet more senseless duel. Mr. Kelly grasps Lermontov's romantic personality—his feeling of kinship with Byron was no pose, and, like Byron, he was by turns charming and difficult, sweetly affectionate and cuttingly sardonic, believing and distrustful, wistful and hostile. As an upper-middle-class Russian youth of his time, Lermontov had nothing in particular to do—the economy and clarity with which Mr. Kelly sketches the political and social background are truly excellent—so that the poet wound up as a junior officer in the Army, and, with the energy of youth and the power of genius, combined war and dissipation, painting and poetry. Lermontov adored the Caucasus, whose magnificent scenery and wild tribes inspired much of his work. Mr. Kelly apologizes that Lermontov's verse is the despair of translators, yet the translations he has included, though of varying quality, allow us a glimpse—and sometimes more than a glimpse—of poems of poignant beauty.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From "Prentice-Hall Federal Taxes 1977"*]

(1) New taxpayers can't qualify.—In general, income averaging is not available to individuals who have just recently joined the taxpaying ranks. Specifically, anyone, who, together with his spouse, furnished less than half of his support for any base period year cannot elect to average income. Sec. 1303(c)(1).

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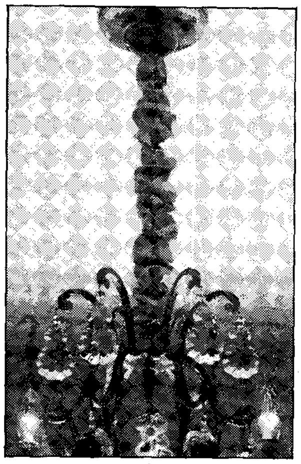

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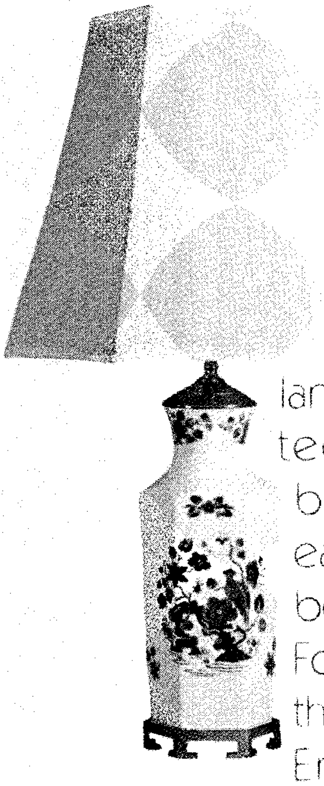

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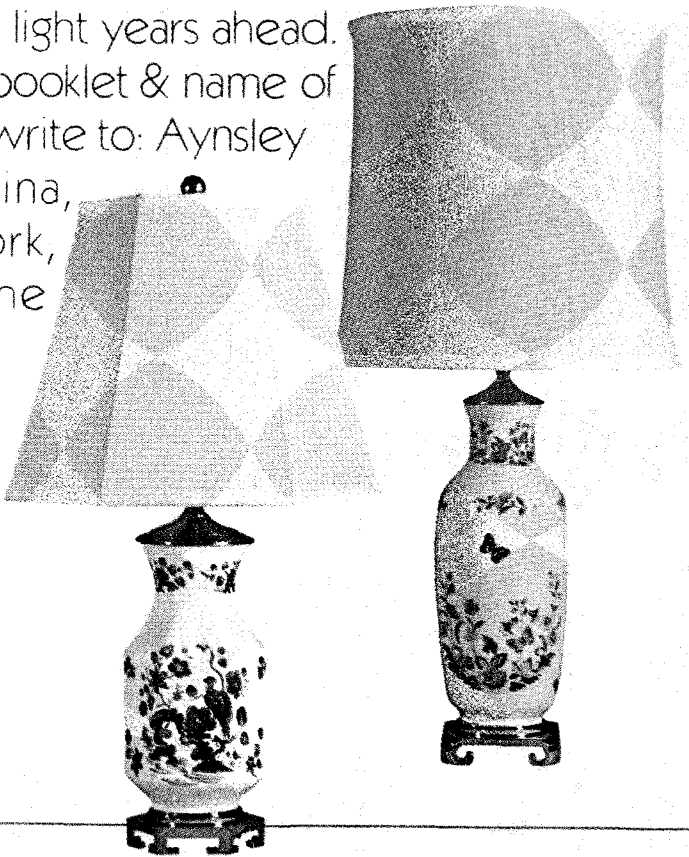

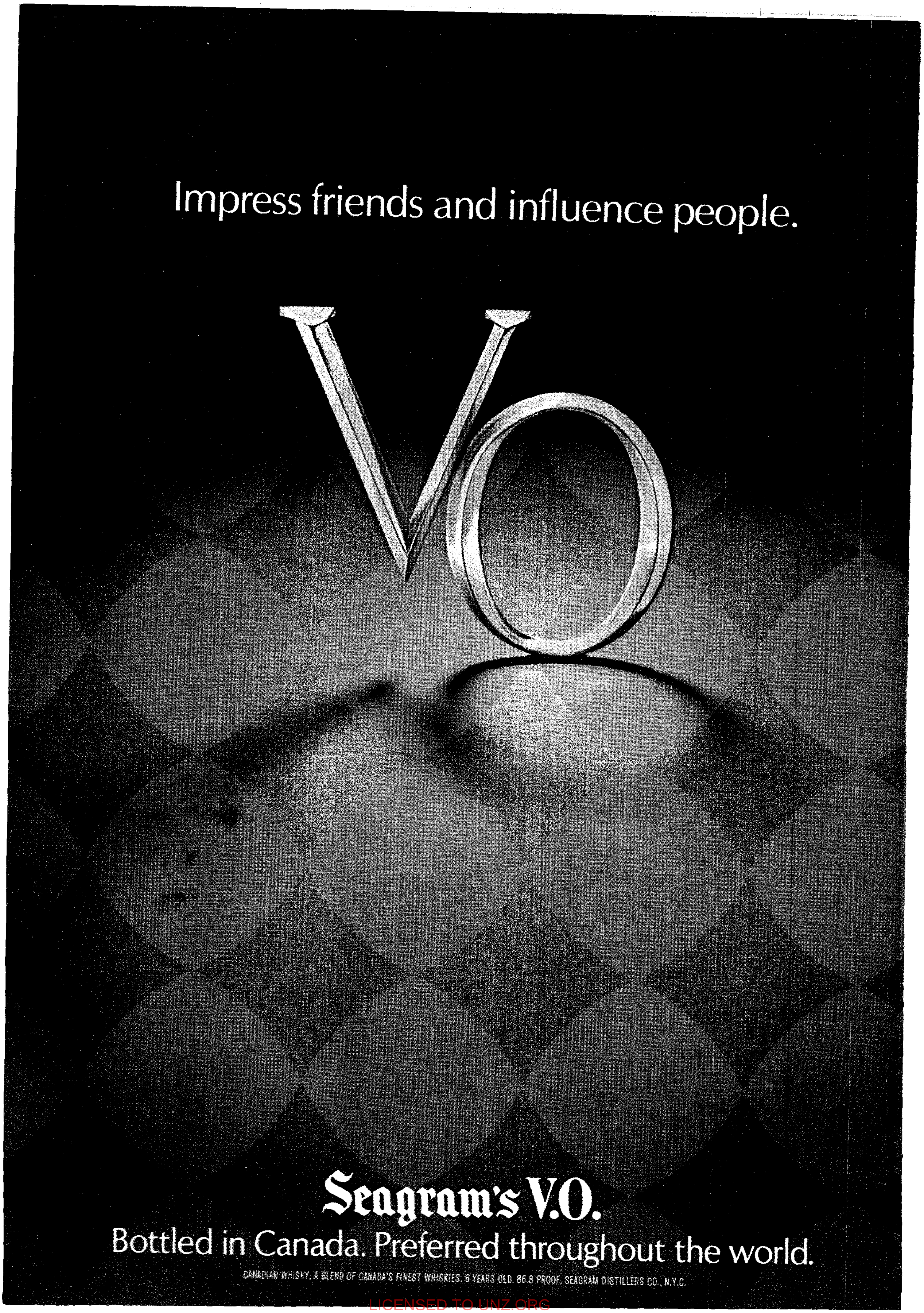
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